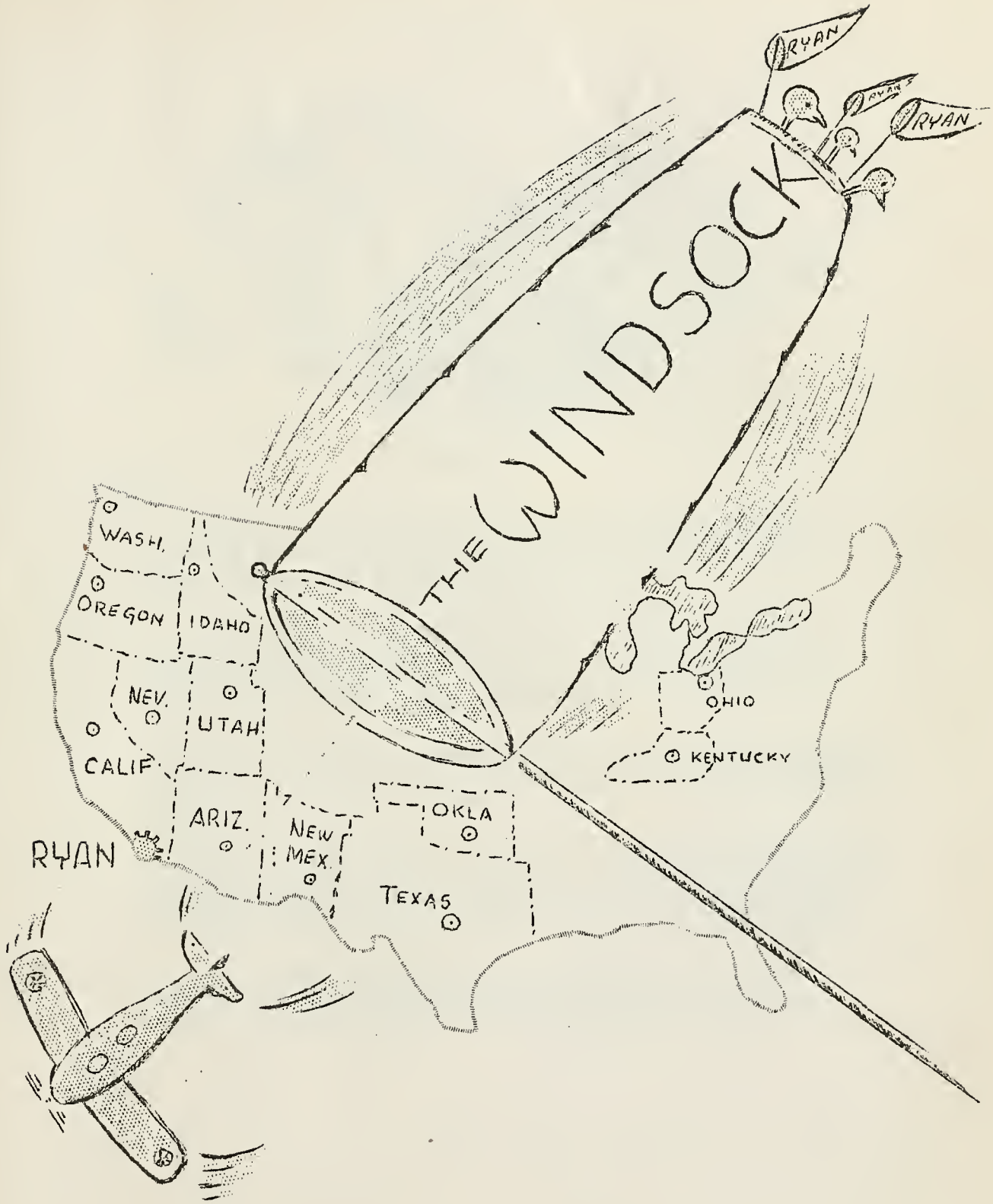
Windsock

DECEMBER 1941 · SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Balboa Park Online Collaborative

http://www.archive.org/details/windsocksandi42d00ryan


RYAN
RYAN
RYAN
THE WINDSOCK
WASH.
OREGON
IDAHO
NEV.
UTAH
CALIF.
ARIZ.
NEW MEX.
OKLA
TEXAS
OHIO
KENTUCKY
RYAN

CLASS 42D

DEDICATED....

To those forces of men and women in America who are striving in their untiring efforts to "keep 'em flying", we the class of 42-D dedicate this book.

To the men in the hangar and on the line. Truly a great task lies on their shoulders, and they are meeting this task with long hours through the day and night. They're keeping those planes flying.

To the men and women who are working in our phenomenally expanding aircraft industry to put America and the forces of freedom "on top" in the air.

To the little army of civilian instructors, both flight and ground school, who have paved the way to the higher road for Cadets as ourselves. Their job is one which may easily be underestimated by those who see only the finished product.

We of 42-D, during our primary training here at Ryan have come to realize and appreciate the efforts of these forces which are making America supreme in the air.

*** ***

PUBLISHED BY AVIATION CADETS

CLASS 42-D

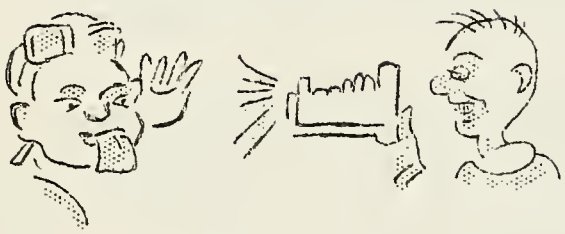
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

EDITOR

Roy C. Brown

PHOTOGRAPHER

Jack Danby



CHIEF AIDES

R. E. Beard

A. R. Holman

ART & CARTOONS

Roy C. Brown

J. E. Stein

SECRETARY

Barbara Molloy

ADVISOR

E. B. Pike

We, the members of the Class 42-D who are about to leave Ryan would like to express our thanks to all those who contributed their services to make our training period a successful one.

Through the whole 10 weeks we probably never realized fully how important some jobs were. Right from the first we've been constantly in contact with certain groups that we would like to mention.

In the first group we are indebted to the various clerks and administrative personnel who kept records and performed routine tasks that must be done. In our contacts with them we found them to be pleasant and interested people.

The next group we all observed from day to day were the mechanics on the line who looked after the planes. With the passing of time we will understand how much they have done to enable us to get our time in.

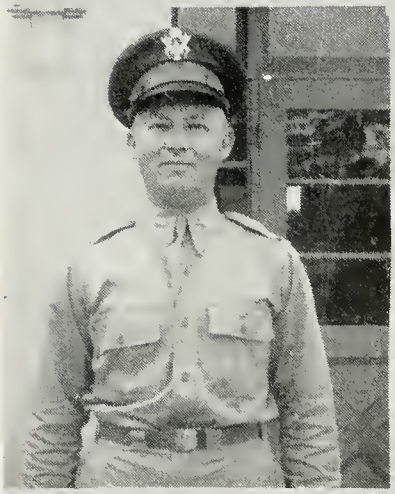
Another group who gave us regular assistance was the medical corps. To us they were the "big brother" - always there to help when you were bothered by some physical ailment.

We can't fully express our thanks to the officers on the post who did their utmost to smooth the rough edges of Class 42-D. To them we can show our gratitude by "carrying on" and accomplishing what they tried to prepare us for.

To all these groups mentioned and to all others in and around our primary "home", we say with sincere appreciation, "THANKS".

- Editor

OFFICERS



LT. J.D. ANDERSON

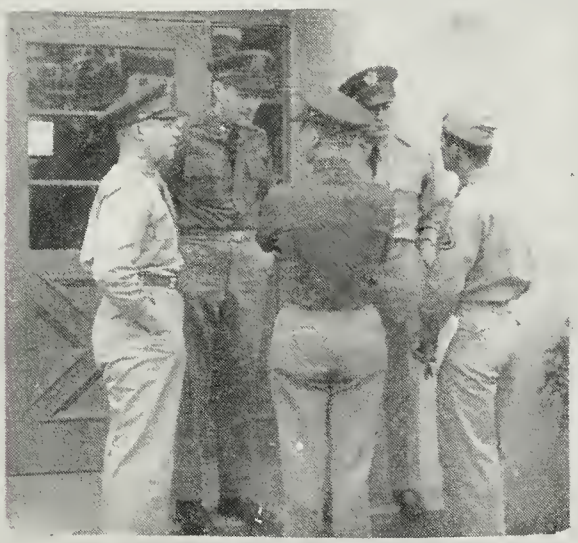
LT. C.E. DANNER

LT. M.R. WILUCKI

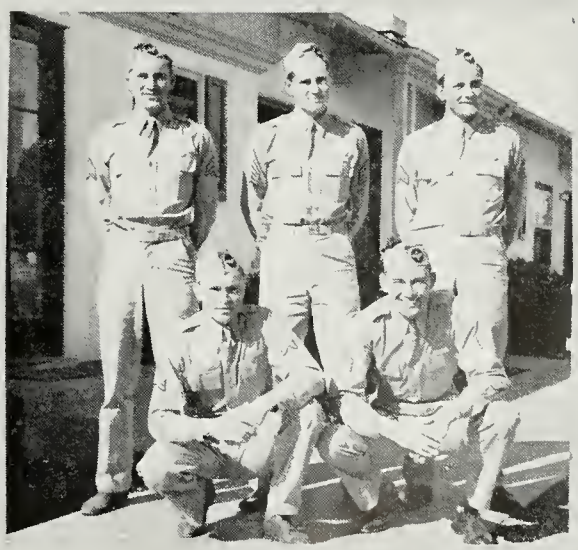
LT. M.H. CARLTON

LT. D.W. HAARMAN

LT. A.G. ROSS



OFFICERS & EDITOR



CADET OFFICERS

Class 42-D:

You have completed the most critical step in your training period as Aviation Cadets. You can be proud of your record while at this Detachment. By your co-operation with the officers and instructors you have made it possible for us to give you a sound start in your Air Corps career.

We have tried to develop in you a clean-cut military bearing and safe habits of flying technique. We know how important these will be to your future.

Keep up the good work!

DONALD W. HAARMAN
1st Lieut., Air Corps,
Commanding

ONE STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

Congratulations 42-D! During the past ten weeks you were being initiated into the Army Air Corps, however, your initiation during this period of primary training has not been as simple as it might sound. It has been a challenge that has caused many to succumb to fear and discouragement. A few of the less hardy turned and ran or became rigid with fright, others were uncertain and hesitant, becoming mentally and physically inefficient, and failed to make satisfactory progress. On the contrary, you gentlemen were inspired by the challenge. When some were dominated by fear you were thrilled with the adventure, instead of being discouraged by long hours and hard work you developed a keener interest and became more vigorous. Now you have completed the first step in the right direction.

I wish each of you all the success possible in your further training and as officers in the Army Air Corps. I am confident you will succeed if you continue to meet the challenges of the more difficult tasks ahead with the same attitude that you tackled your problems while with us at this detachment.

AUGUST G. ROSS
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets

*** ***

To you men of Class 42-D who are completing primary training, congratulations are due. You may be assured that you have made a fine record in all the phases of training you undertook. Continue to master your objectives with the same spirit that was apparent here at primary. Good spirit tends to make learning easier for any man and it is much easier for an instructor to guide one who is high in spirit. Man is comparable to our four-legged friends. Give a trainer a horse in good spirits and before long he can make a blue ribbon winner out of him. A stubborn or down-hearted animal is cast aside for more routine and simple jobs which require little responsibility. A determined man's ultimatum usually demands responsibility because that is what gives him prestige. To rise to such heights demands long sometimes endless hours of work and these dark hours will always brighten and seem shorter if you keep smiling.

You have gained the respect and admiration of the Officers, Instructors, and the Personnel of the Ryan School and I know that they all look forward to teaching classes made up of men of your caliber. I take this pleasure in bidding you well on your journey to advanced learning and that you may win those coveted "Wings".

JOHN D. ANDERSON
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Assist. Commandant of Cadets

*** ***

THE BEST OF GOOD FORTUNE

You of 42-D will long remember your ten weeks of primary training. Mental impressions received while embryonic pilots will be everlasting and form the foundation of your career in Aviation. In the weeks ahead of you and in the years to come you will live again those highlights of primary stage. Airplanes will become larger, faster and more complex, but all airplanes are to be mastered as you did the PT. With this in mind as you proceed on to Basic School we wish you the best of good fortune and upon receiving your wings wear them with pride, a credit to yourselves and the Service.

MERRILL H. CARLTON
1st Lieut., Air Corps,
Assistant Supervisor.

*** ***

JUST REMEMBER - - -

You men of Class 42-D have just completed the first part of your training that will lead to those coveted "Wings" and your commission as an Officer in the U. S. Army Air Corps. Many of your classmates have been eliminated from flying but have been placed in other branches of the Service in which we feel they will be more valuable.

You have not only learned to fly here but all of you have gained some knowledge of Military Courtesy. Not that all of you are proficient in this Department but you have done a fine job considering that many of you have had no previous Military Training. You have learned the importance of Military Discipline and Courtesy, two things which pay large dividends for little effort. You have learned when to salute and come to attention when an officer passes or comes into your room and of the other courtesies given to an officer, both in the Regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard.

In ground school, you have studied Navigation, Meteorology, Theory of Flight, Engines, Instruments and many subjects pertaining to flying. The knowledge you have gained here should be remembered and carried with you throughout your entire period of Service. You have done a "swell job" so far, so let's keep up the good work at Basic.

CARL E. DANNER
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Assistant Supervisor.

*** ***

FLIGHT AND ADMINISTRATION

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

December 1, 1941

Editor
The "Windsock"
Air Corps Training Detachment
Lindbergh Field
San Diego, California

Dear Editor:

Few people who climb aboard one of today's shiny steel streamliner trains have the time or interest to saunter along the platform for a more intimate look at the engine that does the work. Fewer still have the time or interest to think of the hours that the engine spends in the roundhouse in preparation for its regular uninterrupted trips.

In similar measure the average person, thrilled by the observance of a routine or spectacular flight, does not stop to think of the hours of painstaking service that is devoted by a crew of mechanics who are charged with the responsibility to "Keep 'em Flying". But to these men, whether they are in commercial aviation or in the armed forces of the Government, more credit is due than can ever be given for the part they are playing today in national defense.

The cadet who is eliminated for flight deficiency and who is anxious to carry on in some nonflying capacity is as much a part of the functioning of national defense as is the pilot who flies the plane. Each has his job to do, the importance of which should be measured not by its spectacular interest as much as by the realization that each part of the machine bears a relative importance to the others. The important thing is that each person in his individual capacity does his job to the best of his ability.

Here's to the cadet or the employee who will accept any job assigned to him with the cheerfulness and cooperation that can make any task a pleasure!

Very sincerely,

Earl D. Prudden

EARL D. PRUDDEN
Vice President

ks

something new has been added

-BY E.BERTRAM PIKE

A few brief weeks ago you men of 42-D made your first visit to the San Diego Club and found facilities for certain games and sports that you knew very little about. In spite of that first reaction to avoid the situation where no spectator could possibly guess that you had scored 14 points in Madison Square Garden or captained the college tennis team, a good many of you have acquired new skills and awakened interests which may last a lifetime. As you continue your training in Basic and Advanced and as a combat crew member, you will have countless opportunities to develop game skills and express new interests in physical activity. Let me urge you to take advantage of these opportunities and to increase your proficiency. You will find greatly enhanced powers for true recreation, and new joy in keeping physically fit. Remember - the greatest enjoyment and interest comes when you are learning the most and the fastest.

My thanks and congratulations to the class of 42-D for your outstanding spirit of cooperation during the first phase of your training and service and for your willingness to do the job. The best of luck to every man of you!

******

memories

- R. J. KERLINGER

Probably many of you in Class 42-D have just recently taken time out for a few solo moments with yourself, and permitted your thoughts to wonder back over the concentrated activities of the past ten weeks.

You no doubt recalled the day of your arrival; the process of indoctrination; the first flight; and the gradual building-up of experience and ability derived from each succeeding day. Now you suddenly realize that those days are yesterdays (by no means forgotten) and the future stands ready for you to grapple with. Your primary stage of training is complete and Basic lies just ahead.

Now lets take stock of what has been accomplished during these 'yesterdays' we have just recalled. In other words, what difference do we find, comparatively speaking, between the completed product and the raw material from which the product was produced.

Surely you must remember those first few hours of flying; when the rudder seemed to have solely devised as a control for torment and confusion, with no desire on its part to enter into any logical sort of relationship with the elevators and ailerons; when the landing field seemed to be an adjustable surface which delighted in moving itself either lower or higher, just as you were ready to perfect a three-pointer; when during take-offs, the airplane seemed to possess the instincts of an inebriated pelican, with no sense of direction in its soul; when it seemed physically impossible for any mortal to remember all the points your instructor told you had to be remembered. Those and many others and yet, when considering the present, you sort of wonder why it all seemed so extremely complicated at first.

To continue, you further realize, that over a comparatively short period, a remarkable change in abilities and capabilities has been wrought through the medium of proven and concentrated training methods, such methods having been standardized by the Air Corps after years of experimentation and development.

Now that the 'yesterdays' have passed in mental review, the 'tomorrows' stretch out ahead, each of them indicating opportunity for you to continue, through application and determination, the building of a capable military pilot-yourself.

Keep giving and doing your best, just as you have done here. It has been our pleasure to have worked with you and this last line contains our sincere wish for your continued success throughout all future training and service.

*** ***

TO: Flight "C", Class 42-D.

Gentlemen:

When we first met, ten weeks ago, you little realized what a tough assignment you had ahead. To me you were replacing Flight "C", Class 42-B. They were the finest group of Cadets that I had had the privilege of working with. I had worked hard with them and they had shown their appreciation by working just as hard as I. They had helped their instructors and themselves by learning the traffic patterns and procedures and, it seems, they had not made as many mistakes as some of our former classes. They had shown fine spirit, always plenty of snap and pep and really practiced military courtesy.

I could well remember some of the good rides given on the fifty hour checks. How much better they had been than the ten and thirty hour checks! I also remembered the day that they left for Moffett. I had come down to the field to tell them all goodbye and wish them luck.

So, when I met you fellows, you were a raunchy bunch of dodoes, and, thinking of the poor instructors who would have to struggle with you, I thought to myself, "Well, we will do our best, but there will never be another class like 42-B".

I was wrong gentlemen. You have come through with flying colors. You have actually outdone 42-B in one respect: Not one of you gave up and quit of your own accord when you found the going a little tougher than you had anticipated.

I am indeed glad to have this opportunity to express my appreciation to each of you for your cooperation throughout the course.

Remember - when the going gets tough, just get in and pitch and say to yourself, "I got by that cranky old so-and-so at Ryan and I can do this too".

And, when the time comes for those coveted silver wings, if any of you feel that you owe me anything for the extra time spent with you, just send me an invitation to your graduation, and the debt will be re-paid in full.

CLARENCE L. PRESCOTT

******

overcome carelessness in your flying!

I find myself very much in the position of the student whom I requested to write an essay on the subject of carelessness and flying. (It was after an attempted take-off on the left mag only). He wrote an excellent article of fifteen hundred words entitled "The Necessity of Conscientious Effort In Avoiding Careless Errors". The whole of this article could well stand reproduction but I am going to steal only the conclusion.

I quote: "In summarizing this theme, it is readily seen that carelessness is very dangerous, and all tendencies of a pilot to be careless must be overcome quickly and early in the training period. Therefore it is by constant conscientious effort and good clear thinking that a pilot must train himself, thereby overcoming all careless tendencies at all times."

Consider if you will how many of your serious errors were times when you "knew better" but when you were simply careless. Carelessness and judgment are closely related. In fact it is almost impossible to tell where carelessness stops and judgment begins. Judgment is probably the most difficult thing for your instructor to help you with. It is here that you must help yourself.

Do not think that it is too late to improve your tendencies to become careless. As you progress to bigger, faster and more complicated ships those details which have been easy to neglect here will begin to show their importance. Remember it is your responsibility to fly these ships as they come and it will truly take careful planning and a constant conscientious effort to think clearly at all times.

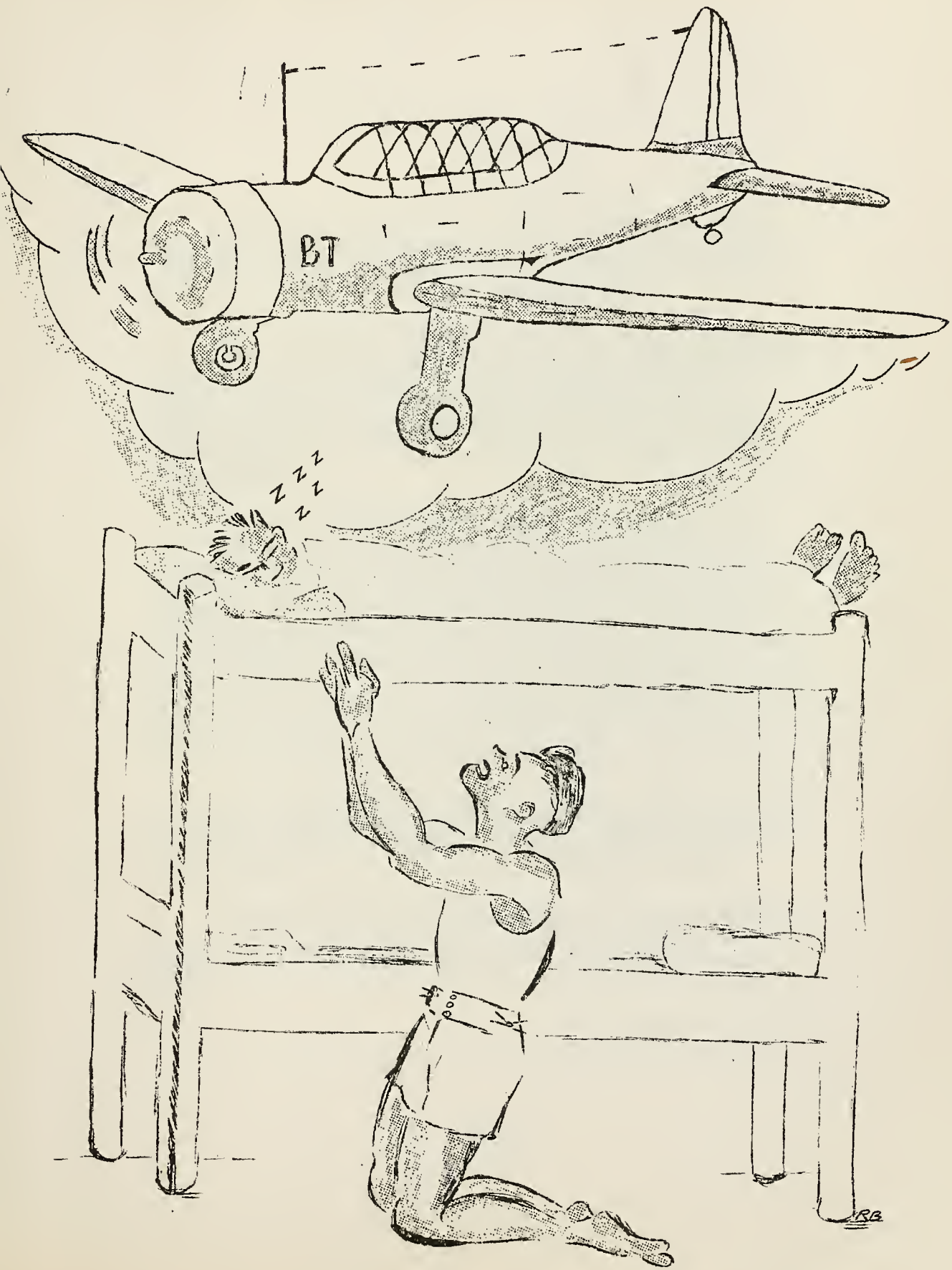
May I dedicate this thought to the students of D flight who, in the early part of the course, were so often verbally whipped by their flight commander for careless errors.

Good luck to all of 42-D.

LEE A. GARNER

***

A DREAM 'N A PRAYER



"INSTRUCTORS"

Now as we, the class of 42-D, are about to depart from this school to another one for more advanced training there are several things that we can now realize more fully than when we first started flying here.

Most of us when we came here did not know how to fly at all. Those who had logged previous time had spent most of their time flying slips and turns around his girl's house and had unconsciously developed many bad flying habits. It was with this type of cadet that our flying instrudtors had to work with and to teach to fly the army way.

Now, we just begin to realize how hard and how patiently our instructors and flight commanders had to work with us, and of the personal interest they took in each and every one. Their purpose was to develop in us a "feeling", or "flying sense" which leads to good flying and good judgement in handling the airplane. This required not only the physical act of flying instruction but also a sound psychology in the handling of his students. Sometimes we were made to feel downright miserable and plenty poor all over but this only served to make our determination to do things right all the greater.

It is with these thoughts in mind that the class of 42-D wish to express our most sincere thanks and appreciation to our flight commanders and flight instructors for their excellent job - - - that of teaching us to fly.

Class 42-E we hope that you show the same cooperation with your flight instructors that they give you and if you give your everything it's "on to Basic and your wings".

Avn/C Barnes, C.J.

****

then & now

- BY EDWARD PYE

Some of us are fortunate in some ways and others in other ways. I was lucky in having traveled considerably, when young, both in the States and abroad.

During the time that I lived in the Near East, which includes Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, Romania and all the small countries we read about in the papers so often now-a-days, I lived some two years in Greece. As far as we knew during that time, Greece was a small peaceful country with only the usual number of foreign entanglements and no internal disorders. There were three revolutions during that time, however, that I knew nothing about until friends and relatives wrote to ask us if we were safe and well (newspapers don't always tell the truth).

Now, however, we don't have these small unimportant revolutions, but a world wide revolution. How it will end no one knows. We have hopes; we believe we will win, but as I have often said in class, "The only difference between the difficult and the impossible is that the impossible takes just a little longer to do" - What did people say about the horseless carriage and the airplane? Maybe Naziism will win - Then what?

Since we definitely want to come out on top, it is our duty, our task, to do our best in each small part of our various "jobs" so that the result will add up to a tremendous success. By this I mean of course, that each day's work, each lesson, each new idea must be digested, torn apart, understood completely. Only in this way can we hope to "Carry On" and reach the objective we have set.

*****

THE AIM OF THE GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTOR

Our task is principally one of "keeping up with the times", as changes are made in the many phases of aviation. We must then attempt to pass this information along to you in a manner that makes sitting in a class-room on a warm afternoon as interesting as doing "eights" over the Mesa.

On the whole the task is not as difficult as it might sound, for the degree of success we achive is measured by one fundimental fact. Do we or do we not create a desire to learn more in our presentation of this basic information?

We have very little which is actually new to present, but we do have something even more interesting. Ours is a "refresher" course in one sense of the word for in most cases we simply present the modern application of some of the oldest laws of nature and science. Flying is new, but the laws governing it are nearly as old as time itself.

In the true sense of the word, does man actually fly even now? When the facts are brought to light it appears that after all the fuss he really isn't "flying" at all. Rather, he still leaves that particular operation to the birds. Man and his various machines are actually supported in and propelled through the air in much the same manner that an ancient barge was supported upon and propelled up the Nile. These same old functions of nature and basic laws of science are applied in relation to our present problems.

If our information has been presented well enough to create this desire to learn more and at the same time supply you with the basic knowledge necessary to continue learning then our aim has been true.

The degree of success we attain in our effort to create in you a desire to learn is reflected by your progress as military pilots. Here them, is a sincere wish for success to you all.

- PAUL MERRILL

*** * ***

PYLON 8's

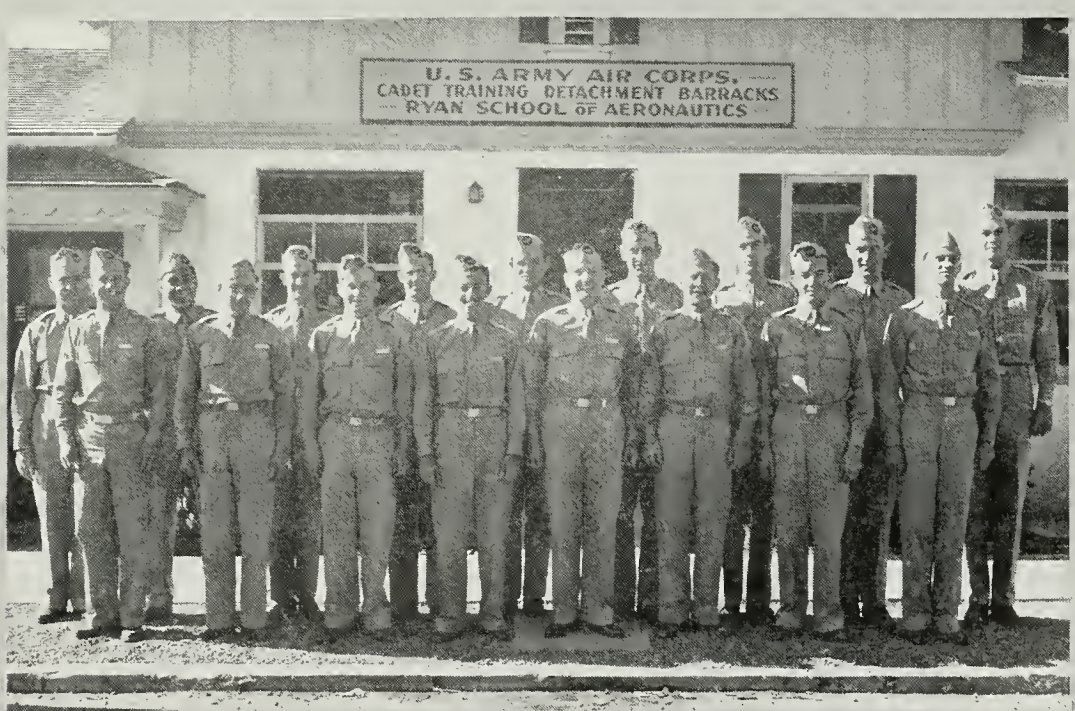
PERSONALITIES

Ashenbrener, R.C.----------"Ashelon"
Ashley, W.E.----------"Driller"
Azar, R.N.----------"The Chief"
Barnes, C.J.----------"Hot Pilot"
Beard, R.E.----------"Bullet"
Brown, R.C.----------"Scoop"
Burroughs, R.W.----------"Trigger"
Chapman, W.S.----------"Three Timer"
Clemens, F.N.----------"Squire"
Danby, J.E.----------"Little Joe"
Dawson, C.N.----------"Talkative"
Day, J.H.----------"Rose Bowl"
Growdon, L.A.----------"Big Dog #2"
Hawks, C.B.----------"Five Spin"
Helmick, G.H.----------"Daddy"
Hensley, G.M.----------"Kaintucky Home Boy"
Hersh, R.----------"Mugsy"
Hinch, John J.----------"Lippy"
Holman, A.R.----------"Blond Adonis"

Holstein, E.E.----------"Mean ol' Sarge"
Holstun, J.J.----------"Jo-Jo"
Horton, N.T.----------"Cap"
Howard, J.H.----------"Cross-Tree"
Hurford, R.O.----------"Horizontal"
Jackson, W.F.----------"Stonewall"
Keeton, E.L.----------"Buster"
Kendrick, R.B.----------"Big Roy"
Lockie, S.M.----------"Raunchie"
Leighton, D.M.----------"Fence"
Melendez, I.F.----------"Speedy"
McCoy, B.L.----------"Black Out"
Nichols, T.----------"Bugler Boy"
Pattillo, L.G.----------"Penguin Head"
Shepard, J.C.----------"Aileron"
Sumner, H.W.----------"Bushwhacker"
Tollen, J.R.----------"McRaunchie"
Turner, B.M.----------"Tex"
Virden, L.M.----------"Long John"
Woodward, R.M.----------"Sarg"

CLASS 42-D

FLIGHT "C"



FLIGHT "D"

Personals

ASHENBRENER, RUDOLPH C.

Hails from Idaho - Gods country to you. "War Baby" of 1917. Bluffed way through 12 years of school, then decided to take a whirl at college life. Spent 5 years at University of Idaho. Played football 3 years there. Coached Freshman football in the 5th year and obtained an M.S. degree. Coached another year in a high school in Idaho - then decided the Air Corps was more adventurous. So here he is. Ambition is silver wings and a chance in the near future to take up with true love in far off Idaho.

***

ASHLEY, WILLIAM B.

One of the three Oklahomans of Class 42-D. You may be sure that he is happy to be from Boswell, Okla. Attended Southeastern Oklahoma State College, and became affiliated with the Sigma Tau Gamma Fraternity. Spent one year in the National Guard in Federal service. Thinks the Air Corps is great and his immediate ambition is to get a commission.

***

AZAR, RICHARD N.

Azar found his true love in the summer of 1940, just 19 years after the great bird dropped him at Clayton, New Mexico. Thanks his lucky star that that bird was thoughtful enough to miss the State of Texas. In June 1940, started flying cubs under the C.P.T.P.; went back to school another year to qualify for the Air Corps. He hopes to become an integral unit in Uncle Sam's flying army. Women? - Not a chance! As long as there is a well built job with a lot of heat in her nose and enough wing-speed to lift herself from this dreary earth.

***

BARNES, CLAYTON J.

This heavy eater kicked the first slot out of the crib one bright sunny morning at Bow, Washington on May 29th, 1916 and has been "kicking" ever since. Moved to a farm near Custer, Washington where upon his liberal education as a farmer was firmly administered. Nicknamed "Barnes" without any special relationship to the farm. Attended Bellinghorn Normal School for two years and then honored the University of Washington with his presence for another two and one-half years. Received private pilots license through primary C.P.T. and was then bitten by the mighty dodo bird for more flying so joined the Air Corps. His two greatest ambitions are to settle down with the one and only blonde and to have the privilege of wearing the wings of the U.S.A.C.

***

BEARD, RALPH E., JR.

Our story begins sometime after the fall of the Almo. After tireless effort (on the teacher's part) was graduated from Marlin High School. Received B.S. degree from Hardin-Simmon University. While there earned three letters in baseball and played in Cowboy Band, Inc. Always wondered how birds flew, so joined the Air Corps. Ambition - to fly like a bird - with a commission.

***

BROWN, ROY C.

Hails from the Buckeye state, Ohio. After completing high school in Cleveland and working at various jobs for three years, he decided college might straighte him out. Three profitable years at the University of Idaho in the heart of God's Country followed. Made his way through by jerking sodas and "slinging" hash for "Pop" Appling. Majored in journalism. The lure of the Air Corps caught up with him last spring. After pestering the mailman all summer, the big moment arrived in September. Swears Ryan "Country Club" has taught him more in a few weeks than college did in 3 years.

***

BURROUGHS, RAYMOND W.

A rollicking Texas playboy, if there ever was one. Born in the open spaces of Spring, Texas. Went to Klein high school for 4 years. Attended Abilene Christian College 3 years. Member of baseball, track and football teams. Greatest ambition is to get back to Texas, and get his wings. Took primary and advanced C.P.T. in Abilene, Texas.

***

CHAPMAN, WALTER S.

"Three-timer Chapie", the scourge of all Oklahoma dodos originated from Mississippi. Born in Mississippi and educated in Texas. Attended so many schools, could go to a Home-coming every Saturday. Graduated from the University of Mississippi. Master Degree - University of Texas. After teaching school for three years, entered Air Corps. Set a new record for attendance in the Ryan School.

***

CLEMENS, FRANCIS N.

This tall dark and quiet chap first saw light of this world on November 30, 1918 on a farm, near Rochester, Minn. He attended grade and high school at the Eyota Consolidated Schools in Eyota, Minn, graduating in 1936. He ventured from the farm to college and spent the first two years at St. Mary's College, Winona, Minnesota and the next two years at St. Mary's University in Baltimore, Md, where he graduated with a B.A. degree in 1940. Majored in Economics. After spending 6 months in the tall pines of beautiful Idaho, working for the Pottalch Forests Incorporated, he decided to become an Army flyer and his ambition now is to become a good dependable army pilot.

***

DANBY, JACK E.

"Candid shot" Danby side-slipped into the world in the year of 1916 at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and spent most of his life there. After pestering the public school teachers and truant officers for 12 or more years he went to Eastern Washington College in pursuit of higher education. By some mix-up in the records he left there in 1938 with a sheepskin. Took a whirl at teaching school, but found it too tame and decided to take to the air. Ambition is to get those wings!

***

DAWSON, CORRY W. JR.

He's so silent you'd never know he was around, but folks say he was born September 24, 1918 in a small town located in the "Panhandle of Idaho". After struggling thru high school at St. Maries, Idaho, attended Lewiston State Normal School at Lewiston, Idaho. Spent 3 years as principal of the Junior High School at Stites, Idaho, and then joined the Air Corps. Greatest ambition is to wear the "Wings" of the United States Air Corps.

***

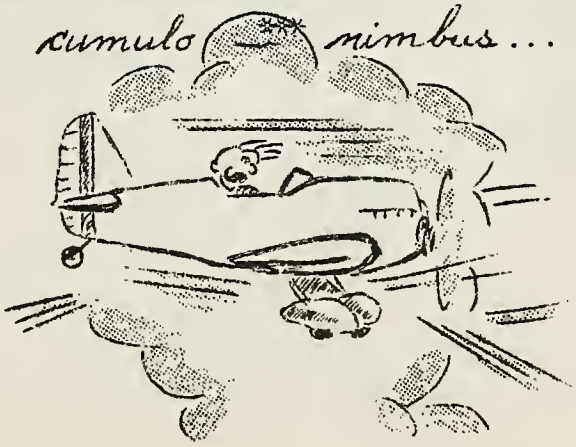
DAY, JAMES H. JR.

Born June 6, 1920 at Cisco, Texas. Went to Abilene High School 4 years and McMurry College, Abilene, Texas for 4 years, '37 to '41. Member of track, golf and tennis teams. Got a B.S. degree and majored in Business Administration. Took Primary and Advanced C.P.T. in Abilene. Ambition - to get wings and fly a P-39.

***

GROWDON, L. A.

"Big Dog" the second of room 24. Came to Ryan from Clovis, New Mexico where he lived most of his life. Attended Eastern New Mexico College two years, became interested in flying while taking C.P.T. at Brownwood, Texas, and joined the Air Corps. Greatest desire is to become flying officer for Uncle Sam.



HAWKS, CHARLES B. JR.

This typical blond Californian made his first forced landing in Alhambra, California in 1919. Attended high school in Alhambra and two and a half years at Pasadena Jr. College. Worked two years for the Shell Oil Company always in hopes someday to obtain pilot training and fly for the U.S. Forest Service. All unexpected hopes came true when sent to "Ryan Barracks Country Club". His greatest ambition is to have the privilege of wearing the "wings" of the United States Army Air Corps.

***

HELMICK, GEORGE H.

Born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, April 3, 1920. Attended Glendale Jr. College and University of Southern Calif. for three years. Pledged Chi Phi Fraternity, spent most of three years working for Standard Stations, Inc. and had just about decided to make Law a career, until he got the "bug" to fly while in college. The one great desire was fulfilled when appointed a cadet in the Army Air Corps. His greatest ambition is to get the United States Army Air Corps wings and to "Keep 'em flying".

***

HENSLEY, GASTON M.

The long necked "goose" developed motor trouble while cruising over London, "beautiful women, etc." Kentucky October 1, 1917, forcing passenger to bail out. Have been a little air crazy (or quoting his instructor - "crazy in the air") ever since. After serving three years in the foot army, (First Cavalry Mecz) kept the maidens hearts fluttering for two years at Los Angeles City College. Decided to join the Air Corps after being reclassified for the draft thus starting his sojourn here at "the Country Club". Ambition is to get those gleaming silver wings.

*****

HERSH, ROBERT

Made original forced landing in three cornered parachute in East Chicago, Ind., on December 3, 1916. He took Horace Greeley's advice two years later, and has stayed in California ever since. He graduated from Beverly Hills high school and prepared for a law career for three and one half years at the University of Southern California; learned the meat business in the meantime. Prepared for fifteen years for pilot training by craning his neck each time he heard an airplane engine. His main ambition is to earn tne right to wear those silver wings and fly for Uncle Sam.

***

HINCH, JOHN J.

Born on November 6, 1918 at Tulsa, Oklahoma. After graduating from Tulsa Central High, he remained loyal to the home town and attended the University of Tulsa. From this institution he received a B.S. and an order to report to his draft board for induction. After serving one year with the 160th F.A., he decided PT-21's were easier to push than 155 mm caissons. Ambition - to fly like Mr. Holm.

***

HOLMAN, ALVIN R.

The noise of "Boomtown" Burkburnett, Texas disturbed the sleep of this Texas towheaded adonis so much that he sought the wide open spaces of the West where he made his home at Paint Rock, Texas for the next 23 years. Here he finished high school with no honors and began his search for higher learning. After several scattering years he managed to salvage from Hardin Simmons University three years of football, baseball and Math. Somehow, he piled up enough hours credit to become elgible for the Army Air Corps. After several months of anxious waiting he was happy to be sent to Ryan School of Aeronautics where he may have a chance to fulfill his ambition to become a good pilot and wear those Silver Wings.

***

HOLSTEIN, EUGENE E.

Bingoed June 27, 1918 for the first time at Charleston, W. Va. Went through grade and high school in Dallas, Texas and started college at Texas A. & M. Switched to Southern Methodist University and majored in civil engineering. Made a big mistake and took primary C.P.T. making it difficult to keep eyes out of the sky. Applied for Army Air Corps and was accepted, being sent to Ryan Country Club. Hope to complete training (safely?) as flying is the major interest.

***

HOLSTUN, JO J.

Stocky "Jo Jo" -'nuther Texan - made first landing in Dallas, Texas and remained in the vicinity for 16 years. Spent two years at the University of South, Sewanee, Tenn., one semester at the University of Texas and ended his educational career with one semester at Southern Methodist University. Pledged Kappa Alpha Fraternity, but never stayed at one place long enough to be initiated. Was in business between schools, but most of his business was playing. Enlisted in the Army Air Corps when he got his college hours and now his ambition is to get those wings, and get back to that beautiful Texas gal.

***

HORTON, NATHAN T.

This tall gent who is entrusted with the hard job of captaining 42-D and E was born in Chickasha, Oklahoma. Graduated from Moyers high school, Moyers, Okla. in 1938. Attended Southeastern State College for two years but when Oklahoma National Guard was mobilized became a soldier, (by request). Spent a year walking over hills of West Texas and swamps of Louisiana drilling selectees. After the proverbial "red tape" the postman finally was run down with the news that meant a new phase of life. Ambition - of course - those wings.

***

HOWARD, JOHN H.

Corrected the stork for torque on April 28, 1917 and landed in San Diego. (Foreigner) Joined the Air Corps for the eighty-seven fifty clear profit all Aviation Cadets receive. Reluctantly graduated from Woodrow Wilson high at Long Beach and two years Junior College. Better known for cross T landings.

***

HURFORD, ROBERT O.

The stork barrel-rolled over Hammondsport, New York May 27, 1917 and a bundle tagged R. O. Hurford slipped the safety belt. The city beautiful committee hastily shipped bundle to far-off scenic Idaho where Mr. Hurford later attended the University of Idaho from whence he came to Ryan. The PT came out the winner at the end of 30 hours and he changed his sights to bear on Photography. Ambition - to "keep 'em flying" and stay awake one whole ground school class.

***

JACKSON (STONEWALL), W. F.

Another one of those thousands of Texans striving to get his wings. Was graduated from McMurry College, Abilene, Texas in June 1941. Became exposed to flying by taking Primary and Secondary C.A.A. which led to the desire to fly for Uncle Sam in the Army Air Corps. A notice from the Local Board hastened and made fast this decision. Greatest ambition is to get those coveted Silver Wings and go back to Texas.

***

KEETON, EDGAR L.

Voted by "secret ballot" 42-D's most handsome product from Texas, this three stripe wearer was born January 25, 1918 near Hillsboro, Texas. Moved to 313 N. Church St. at the age of one in Hillsboro where he has lived since and graduated from high school. Attended Southern Methodist University 3 years and played football on varsity team sophamore and junior years.

***

KENDRICK, ROY B.

Big Roy (an H.P. by gawd) made his first rough landing near Clyde in the great state of Texas. Finished Clyde

KENDRICK (Continued)
high school in 1935. Studied engineering at Texas A. & M. and McMurry College. Worked two years in civil engineering division of Texas Highway Department and completed both Primary and Secondary C.P.T. Courses before entering the Air Corps. Favorite Sport - Flying. Ambition - To get those Silver Wings and to get back to Texas to see A. & M. beat the U. of Texas.

***

LEIGHTON, DONALD M.

Started life very early in the State of Nevada, where he learned to like the mountains and sagebrush. He wanted to fly and study law, couldn't do both, so tossed a coin and law won. After graduating from the University of Nevada and a year at Law School, the draft made it "No Dice" and gave the decision to Flying. Aim in life, now, is to fly a U. S. Bomber.

***

LIECHTY, WILLIAM R.

A stork visiting Provo, Utah in 1915 dropped an eight pound bomb, tagged W. R. Liechty. Since that time the percussion has echoed to all parts of the world. Attended Brigham Young University where he pretended to study Botany and Forestry, but adventure called him to Europe as an L.D.S. Missionary for two and a half years. When the smoke got too thick "over there" he decided to grow some "Wings" - Result - was an appointment to Ryan - and escape of draft. Ambition - Aerial Forest Supervisor.

***

LOCKIE, STANLEY M.

Born on a farm near Merced, California on July 15, 1919. Attended grammer schools all over the State of California and finally settled down to spend four years at Merced Union High School. Attended Fresno State College as an Engineering student where he became interested in flying and enrolled in the C.P.T. Course. Liked flying so well decided to join the Army Air Corps. Greatest ambition is to become an officer in the United States Army Air Corps.

***

MELENDEZ, ISMAEL F.

Hails from the land of real sunshine and where the west begins - New Mexico. A good many moons away he was born on Friday the 13th, in Roswell, the prettiest city in the State. His educational endeavors graduated him from high school in Roswell; Eastern New Mexico College at Portales; and the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque. His career as a teacher in Lincoln County, the home of "Billy the Kid", was interrupted by his decision of becoming one of Uncle Sam's pilots. The desire came after taking Primary and Secondary C.P.T. at Portales and Albuquerque. Favorite sports are football, baseball, and basketball. His ambition now is to become a flying officer in the Air Corps.

***

McCOY, BENNETT L.

Hails from the center of the Great State, San Angelo, Texas. Graduated from San Angelo High School in 1938. Attended Abilene Christian College, Abileno, Texas for three years. Lettered three years in track at A.C.C. Gave the draft board the slip, and here he is proud to be flying. Greatest ambition is to have his wings and still be flying a year from now.

***

McGARRY, LEON J.

Spent his time on farm near Spanish Fork, Utah. Disliked farming, and has had his mind on Aviation since he first entered high school. At college his major was Engineering. Attending Utah State Agricultural College at Logan, Utah, where on the side he studied Aviation. Had to wait to become of age to be called and he finally was. Chief ambition to be a navigator on a B-19 Bomber for the Army Air Corps.

***

NICHOLS, THEO

Our "Bugler-Boy": claims he was born December 6, 1916, Shamrock, Texas. Holds a B.A. degree from Hardin - Simmons University, Abilene, Texas - Major in Music. Strengthened desire to fly by building model planes. Ambition - Wings.

PATTILLO, LESLIE G. JR.

When, on May 15, 1917, the stork left a little bundle in Stamford, Texas, little did he realize that 24 years later its contents would also be taking to the air for his Uncle Sam. Before these aerial exploits, however, we find the fair haired lad struggling through public schools, thence to Southern Methodist University, from whose portals he emerged with a B.S. degree in geology. He was also a member of Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. Realizing his gross ignorance in the finer points of the earthly science, he endured another year of study at the University of Texas, where he began to see his friends joining the air corps. Then after a year, working for an oil company in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he gave up his private life on the ground to join his former friends in the air.

***

SHEPHERD, JAMES C.

Born February 27, 1919 in the thriving metropolis of Fairy, Texas, population 128. Spent 22 years &7 months in the United States of Texas, 2 months in Ryan Country Clug. Wasted 2 years obtaining miscellaneous knowledge at Weatherford College and 1 year in advanced Business Administration at West Texas State. Decided on the Army Air Corps after President Roossvelt invited him to join the foot army. Chief ambitions are to get those silver wings and that Walters girl in Texas.

***

SUMNER, HATTON W.

Born in Itasca, Texas (The Big Little Town). Graduated from Itasca High School in 1937. Upon graduation worked for one and one half years, before deciding to enter college. Entered North Texas Agriculture College, Arlington, Texas. Student in Aero. Eng. also a student in primary and secondary class of C.A.A. One and only ambition is to make the Army Air corps.

***

TURNER, BILLY M.

Born at Temple, Texas, November 21, 1914. Learned tool and diemakers trade at Armbruster Machine Co., Temple, Texas Greatest desire: To get into Air Corps, took mental examination and passed. Greatest ambition: To walk into room with the bars of a lieutenant and the wings of an officer of the U.S. Army Air Corps and say, "Rest Gentlemen".

***

TOLLEN, JAMES R.

Dropped by a dive bonbing stork at Topeka, Kansas on February 11, 1915. Moved to God's Country, Oakland, California two years later. Attended the Oakland Public Schools, San Francisco Junior College and the University of California. Worked for Standard Oil Company for several years before entering the Army Air Corps. One and only dream, hope, and ambition: Those Wings!

***

VIRDEN, LILIUS M.

This Texas Longhorn was born and grazed in Texas, attended High School in Abilene, and Abilene Christian College. Started flying in C.P.T. Took both primary and sscondary at Abilene, This netted the final decision, to fly for Uncle Sam. Has two ambitions, to get those silver wings and get back to Texas.

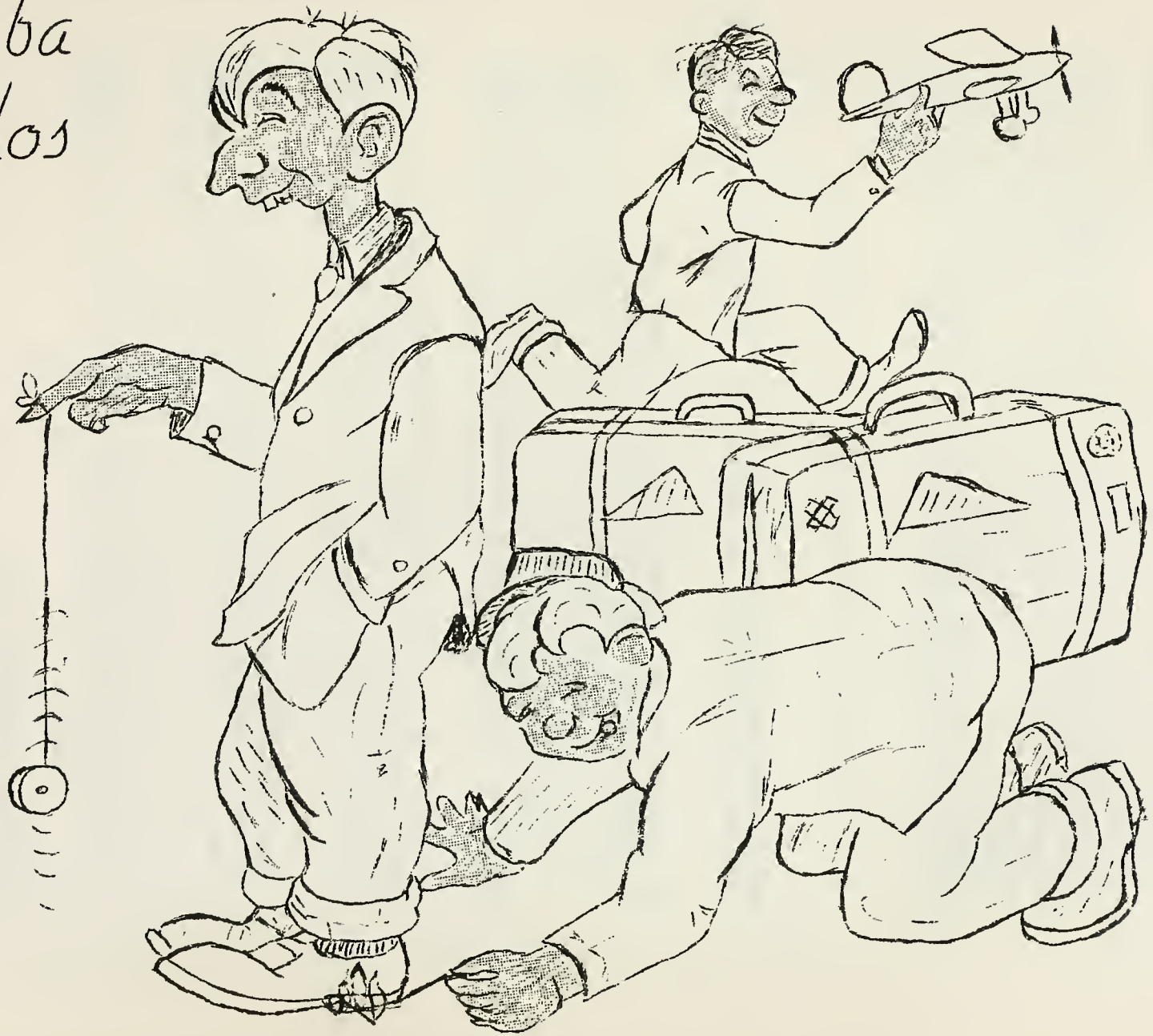
***

WOODWARD, ROBERT M.

He landed in the wild and wooly western town of Ely, Nevada, where the bearded beasts roll down from the copper mines to spend their pay checks in one evening. Attended local grade and high schools, then drifted to tame country to attend Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, and received a B.S. Degree in Business and Secondary Education in 1941. However, he wasn't satisfied until the chance came to fly an airplane. Now his greatest ambition is to be a pilot and a Commissioned Officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

***

amoeba dodos



why all this??

ATTENTION !!!

There is one question that several "Dodos" have undoubtedly been asking themselves of late. Why all this nonsensical hazing??? Why should we avoid cutting a throat or two at the table with our knives when sometimes we are actually guilty of having the thought tucked in the back of our closely-cropped heads? Why chase every dust particle and tell-tale finger print to the dust cloth? Are "air-raids" and "rat-races" a necessary part of our training? They are just a nuisance! It doesn't make any difference if clothes are hung this way or that, does it, as long as they are in the closet?

Gentlemen, stop and think and I believe we'll all agree that it does.

We have chosen this field as our profession and at a time like this we should strive to be the most efficient employees that Uncle Sam has.

Our efficiency is entirely dependant on our training. At home, most of our lives were those of ease and Mother or the maid picked up the clothes we threw on the floor from the front door to the bathtub and dusted the furniture. Gentlemen, if we make good "them days are gone forever"- - - - well, for the next $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, anyway. We are going to have to take care of ourselves for a change. Now we are being taught how to be efficient in one of the best training schools the government has to offer.

Every act that we are compelled to do now is, in one way or another, beneficial to us. Alertness, character, personality, and self-control are requisites of a good officer and flyer, and these we must have, they make us eligible to join a great team that will not be defeated if we are the men we should be.

Let's remember, foolish as it may seem, that the class 42-D is doing us a great favor in helping to prove to the world that we are not only gentlemen by an act of congress but by our actions, character, and ideals.

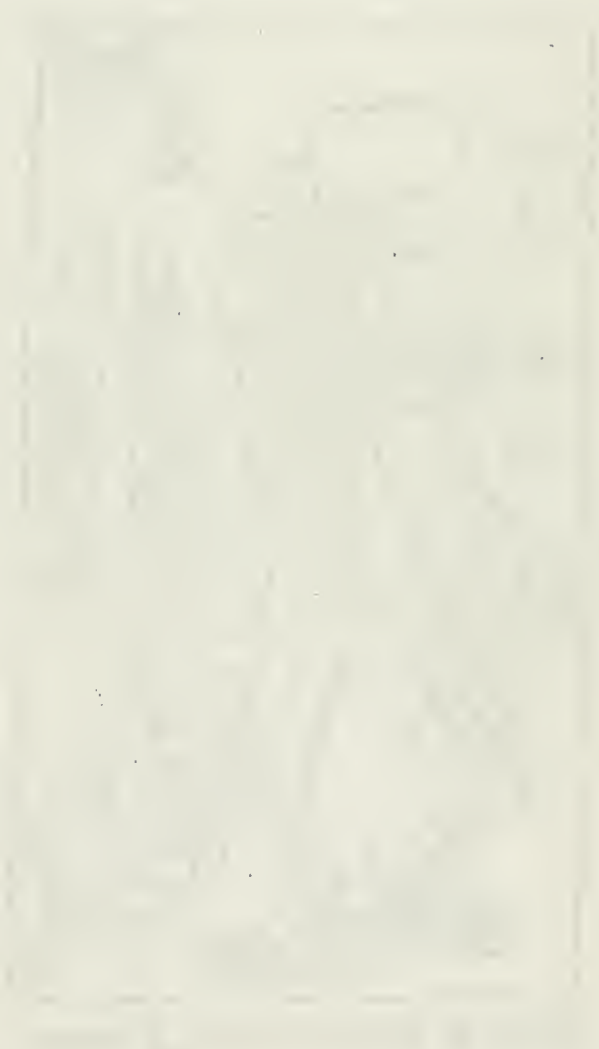
And to Ryan - - - - - we are indeed fortunate to have been sent to you and we shall strive to make you proud that we were.

AT EASE

- Avn/C McIntosh, Richard K.

** * **

"OKIES" ARRIVE AT RYAN



texas or oklahoma?

Here I am, a dyed in the wool Oklahoman, with a fair conception of Oklahoma history and U. S. History, out here among a rollicking crew from Texas who in the main are upperclassmen.

These same upperclassmen have rapidly changed my opinions concerning some of the great characters and events which form a part of our history - that is, I thought they formed a part of our history.

In the two weeks spent at Ryan Barracks I have been educated to the facts that George Washington was definitely not the first President of our great country. Rather it was that immortal character of Texas history, General Sam Houston, who holds that distinction and that Texas was not admitted to the Union in 1845, but allowed the rest of the states to join the Union of Texas in that year. Also, practically every war which has been fought down through the years has been won, not by the gallant soldiers of the United States, but by the hard riding Texas Rangers.

These few facts tend to give an idea of how far wrong a majority of historians are concerning great and historical events of the past, according to this bunch of Texans with which I am now associated. Seems funny that so many people have been so wrong for all these years.

I'm sure that the next class of dodos who are fortunate enough to enter Ryan will become Oklahoma conscious in much the same manner that I have acquired a new knowledge of Texas.

- Avn/C Stuart, Ned

*** ***

The Texans

Since November the fifth
When we arrived,
History has changed;
Do you know why?

Then listen a moment
And I'll relate,
How a state called Texas
Changed our fate.

That our upperclassmen
In 42-D,
Were from that state
Was plain to see.

They were rough and rugged
And corny as H - -
But at their commands
In we fell.

We had to use tact
And not let them find
The version of Texas
That was in our mind.

- Avn/C Morgan, J.B.

*** ***

OKLAHOMA

I've sung the "Eyes of Texas". I've stood at attention and praised their razorback infested state. I've listened to the so called grandeur of the Rio Grande, the pan handle, of Houston, Dallas, and Galveston. Now if you'll listen I'll tell you something about a state that rates a few words of praise.

You've all heard of dust storms, boll weevils, cotton, oil, "Grapes of Wrath, and Okies. That means you've heard of Oklahoma.

(Continued on Page 31)

OKLAHOMA (Continued)

We all call her the fairest daughter of the West. Of course, there are some who have "different" names for her, some of these lard heads are laboring under the miscomprehension that we are the original Hell Hole of Calcutta. We of the more educated group understand that this Hell Hole place is not situated in Oklahoma, but Texas.

Now, you take this tune the "Eyes of Texas", that's being heard around the barracks so much of late. I first learned that tune as "Working on the Railroad". The Oklahoma song might not be a work of art, as a music composition, but it's at least original.

Somewhere along the line Oklahoma seems to have acquired a smelly name. Now this is a gross injustice, it's just our environment because we're situated in a crummy neighborhood, surrounded by Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas, we shouldn't be judged accordingly.

But things will change, give us until Christmas, you won't be hearing much singing about Texas, but you'll be hearing "Take me back to Tulsa".

- Avn/C Neely, James F.

*** ***

I'm Raunchy

I'd rather fly a Ryan
Then just be home a lyin'
I'd rather be in ground school,
Then stayin' out late playin' pool.
I'd rather be a drillin'
Then a courtin' and a frillin'.
Sir, I'm "Raunchy".

- Avn/C Rideout, R. W.

THINK IT OVER

For three weeks now the upperclassmen have been handing it out to us in most every form. We came bounding in from Oklahoma ready for the worst and little did we realize just what type of life we were being fitted into, some had ideas of hazing and hard boiled soldiers - now if each dodo will think back over these past weeks and state his ideas now, each would truthfully say this new type of life is one of the best to be found. The upperclassmen are truly gentlemen and officer material in the making; all of lowerclass customs are taught in a very strict manner, but remember gentlemen, it is all being done for our individual good and benefit so make the best of it and learn to take it like a man, and someday you will be the ones handing it out and won't forget your days as a lowly dodo.

- Avn/C Noble, J. B.

****

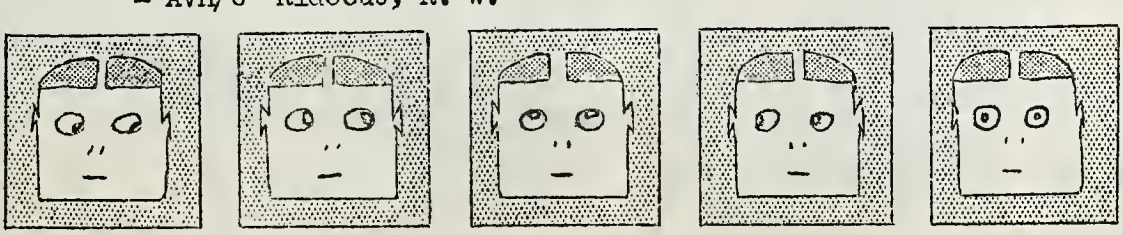
JUST SUPPOSE

Suppose the ocean were your tub
And all of that you'd drain and rub
Till even Horton couldn't spot
A single hair in tub or pot;
(The pot of course would be this state
Which all good Dodos roundly hate.)

I could continue this line of thought
But Hell - enough this surely ought
To be - excluding Hereford, Boyd, or
Brown
Or Jackson and Turner to grind us down.

- Avn/C Somers Barnett

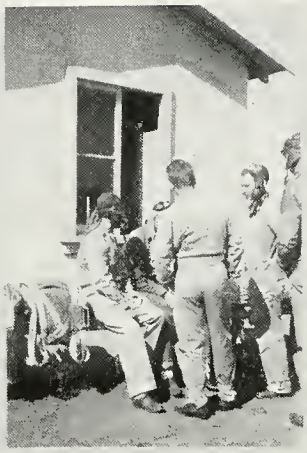
****



DODO AT ATTENTION WHEN B-24 COMES OVER.

SERVICE ENTRANCE

ACTION – GIBBS AT GIBBS



HANGAR FLYING

DIVE BOMBERS

CONTACT!

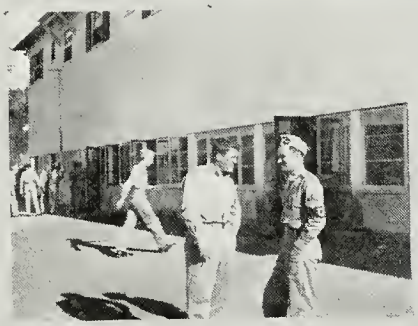
"CHIEF" & EDITOR

SUNSHINE VITAMIN "D"

DEAR SON –

CLEAN LINEN

"TEX"



THE AREA

"BUSTER"

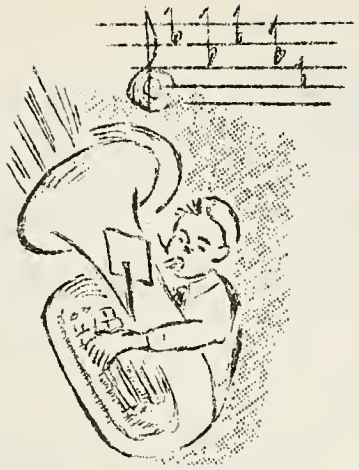
EARLY ARRIVALS

TEA DANCE AT GRANT

EVERY SAT. A.M. AT 7

"LIGHTNING"

TEXAS DIDN'T ADMIT OKLAHOMA TO THE UNION TILL 1907!
"NO EXCUSE SIR"
"YES SIR"



TUBA BLUES

– Avn/C Reid, J. F.

Vincent "Fort Smith" Vanetti runs probably the only bar in California like that. There's a huge mirror that runs the full length of the wall behind his back, and above it is the picture of a woman, a big, buxom blonde, reclining against a background of something blue that you never notice, and we used to go down there every Saturday afternoon, and point to her and say: "By damn! It gets me! She's built just lik my gal back home."

We were a queer bunch, representing a lot of states, talking about "home-towns" that had funny names, and dreaming of the day when we could go back there, with "those little wings" pinned on our chests, and tell the local draft-board to go straight to hell. All in all, a "run of the mill" gang of guys, except this fellow I'm telling you about.

He had been a H.P., a hot-pilot on every maneuver, but then his flying became as irregular as the fit of a pair of G. I. drawers. Woman trouble was someone's explanation; "He drinks too damned much," was Vanetti's answer, but those of us who knew him, agreed that it was his hobby. You could introduce him to a stranger; his face would light up, hopefully, and he'd say, "Fellow, are you from Topeka, Kansas? Do you know anyone in Topeka that plays a Tuba?" He collected 'em, Tuba players from Topeka.

Well, as you probably have found for yourself, Tuba players from Topeka are rarer'n okays on an Army check-ride. You can go anywhere on Earth, and find people that have never even been in Topeka, let alone finding someone from Topeka who has mastered the intricate art of playing the Tuba. I've known persons who collected stamps, had big books of 'em, and I met a girl in East St. Louis that collected birds' eggs who could make anything from a sparrow to a peacock omelette. They had something to show for their hobbies, but this guy was a failure; he got to brooding too much about it.

Poor fellow crashed into the wires along the East end of Gibbs field. The aviation cadet captain's voice droned through the silent mess-hall. "An investigation into the fatal crash of Aviation Cadet Hinchley, J. F., has revealed that his judgment and timing for flying had been impaired by excessive use of alcohol. Henceforth, all Aviation Cadets will abstain totally from the use of all alcoholic beverages."

. . . . . .

Today a new group of dodos arrived, sixty-five of them. One is from Topeka, Kansas.

"Dodo, are you musically inclined?" I asked him.

His face crimsoned painfully. "Yes sir," he replied, finally attaining an unashamed air, "I play the bass horn, sir. The Tuba."

*****

HEADQUARTERS
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

ROSTER CLASS 42-E

FLIGHT "A"

Abbott, Frederick I.
Albrecht, Leo L.
Baird, Julian B.
Baker, Ollie L.
Barnett, Somers E., Jr.
Boone, Rayford L.
Brazil, James L., Jr.
Craig, Freeman L.
Crandall, William J.
Daniels, Chester E.
Davis, Earl J.
Dishman, Garland A.
Du Bose, Charley C.
Edwards, Ralph C.
Eley, Carl W.
Elking, Robert M.
Eller, Rollin W.
Emery, Orland G.
Fulton, Frederick P.
Gallagher, Francis W.
Gambel, Burrel B.
Gill, James H.
Graves, Ralph W.
Greensides, Lawrence A.
Hart, Ray K., II
Howk, Frank C., Jr.
Jones, Ocal P.
Kane, Raymond J., Jr.
Klenitz, Hugh L.
Knapp, Benjamin F.
Koller, Rudolph C., Jr.
Kossis, Norman
Kusler, Donald L.

FLIGHT "B"

Leahy, Harold C., Jr.
Lee, Larue B.
Little, Robert F.
Lowrey, Glynn F.
Micklsh, Albert J.
Moon, Ryan M.
Morgan, Joe B.
McCafferty, William
McCrory, Mac L.
McIntosh, Richard K.
Neely, James F., Jr.
Noble, John B.
Norman, Chester C.
Pinnell, Jack E.
Reid, James F.
Rideout, Ransom W.
Roberts, Quintin N.
Rogers, Orville C.
Rust, Donald E.
Shelby, Elmo B.
Smith, Levi M.
Stein, Joe E.
Stuart, Ned
Stufflebean, Denver R.
Thornton, William D.
Tirey, Lucius C., Jr.
Trousdale, Ralph W.
Turner, William L.
Van Deventer, Emmett B.
Wilson, Nunnery
Wool, Frederick G.
Worley, Joel M.
Yates, Mortimer A.

*** ***

ryan country club!

COUNTRY CLUB

Back home before I left,
A letter I did receive
Telling of the palm trees
The ocean and the breeze.

But upon arrival I found
That I had been fooled,
My golf clubs are idle
And my tennis racket out ruled.

I have no time to waste,
I'm up at five, to bed at ten,
As soon as I get in bed
I'm right back out again.

My friend this is no Country Club
As I soon learned all about,
It's hell from early morn
Till all the lights go out.

– Avn/C Van Deventer, Emmett

*** ***

Avn/C Koller, R.C.

SOME TOWN – U. S. A.

Stanley M. McRaunchy decides that he should be an Aviation Cadet instead of a selected selectee. He writes his district recruiting office for information pertaining to aviation cadet requirements. His first letter is mailed January 1st. He receives a reply January 10th for his preliminary physical and decides, at this time, that the Army is very quick in responding. He reports to the recruiting office for his preliminary physical and receives his application blanks. After several furious weeks of obtaining a college transcript and those three simple letters of recommendation, he sends the results of his efforts to his Corps Area for disposition. Four days later he receives his appointment for a flight physical. Well, everything is fine. It is only February 1st and if he passes the physical he should surely be a cadet by February 15th. Ha! If he only knew.

The physical is a conglamoration of acrobatics, eye blinking, blood, and numerous other things that would make a physical specimen into a gyrating idiot. After the physical he is told that no information can be given as to his status but in several short weeks he will receive word from Washington.

At this time poor Stanley is becoming slightly dismayed. He doesn't know whether or not he has passed his physical And, my friends, this is only the beginning. He goes home and sits and sits for days, weeks and months. The poor mailman is practically trampled every morning week-in and week-out with the pleading question. "Is it here?" "Has it come yet?" Stanley is dismayed. Maybe they lost his papers. He is harassed; his draft board is calling. Oh! what to do? Finally, it comes. Not a personal letter just a mimeographed form letter. He has been accepted and will receive further notice. Ah! That last phrase, what a wallop it carries. "Will receive further notice."

It is only April 1st now and Stanley estimates that at least by May he will be in training. Alas, alack, if he only knew. The first week after the letter is fine, the second Stanley looks a little fretful and by the first of May he is a nervous wreck. Surely this time they have lost his papers. Oh well, he didn't want to go into the Air Corps anyway. Well by September Stanley has given up hope. But no! Here it is; orders to report. With full instructions as to clothes, necessary equipment, etc. Ah!. Stanley is practically a shavetail. He rushes to town buys socks, towels, shirts tennis racquet and golf clubs. He is going on a 7½ month vacation. He is given farewell dinners and is polluted with champagne.

As he leaves his mother cries, his girl weeps, and his Dad walks around like a banty rooster. Stanley is the cream of the crop. He arrives at primary all big and important with promises to write everyday. Well, to make a long story short, poor Stanley is now walking the area wishing to high heaven that he had never heard of Air Corps, commissions, or those G...D...upperclassmen. It only took him 10 months to become an exclusive member of the Ryan Country Club.

*** ***

literature

PARABLE OF A DODO

1. The upperclassman is my shepherd; I shall not have peace.

2. He maketh me to pop to everywhere; he leadeth me by the nose.

3. He gripeth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths at drill for his name's sake.

4. Yea, though I walk at attention at all times through the post, I fear his voice; for he is ever present; thy stripes and thy gigs torment me.

5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with a crew cut; my temper runneth over.

6. Surely upperclassmen and instructors shall follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of unrest forever.

- Avn/C Brazil, James L.

*** ***

TO BE A DODO OR NOT TO BE A DODO

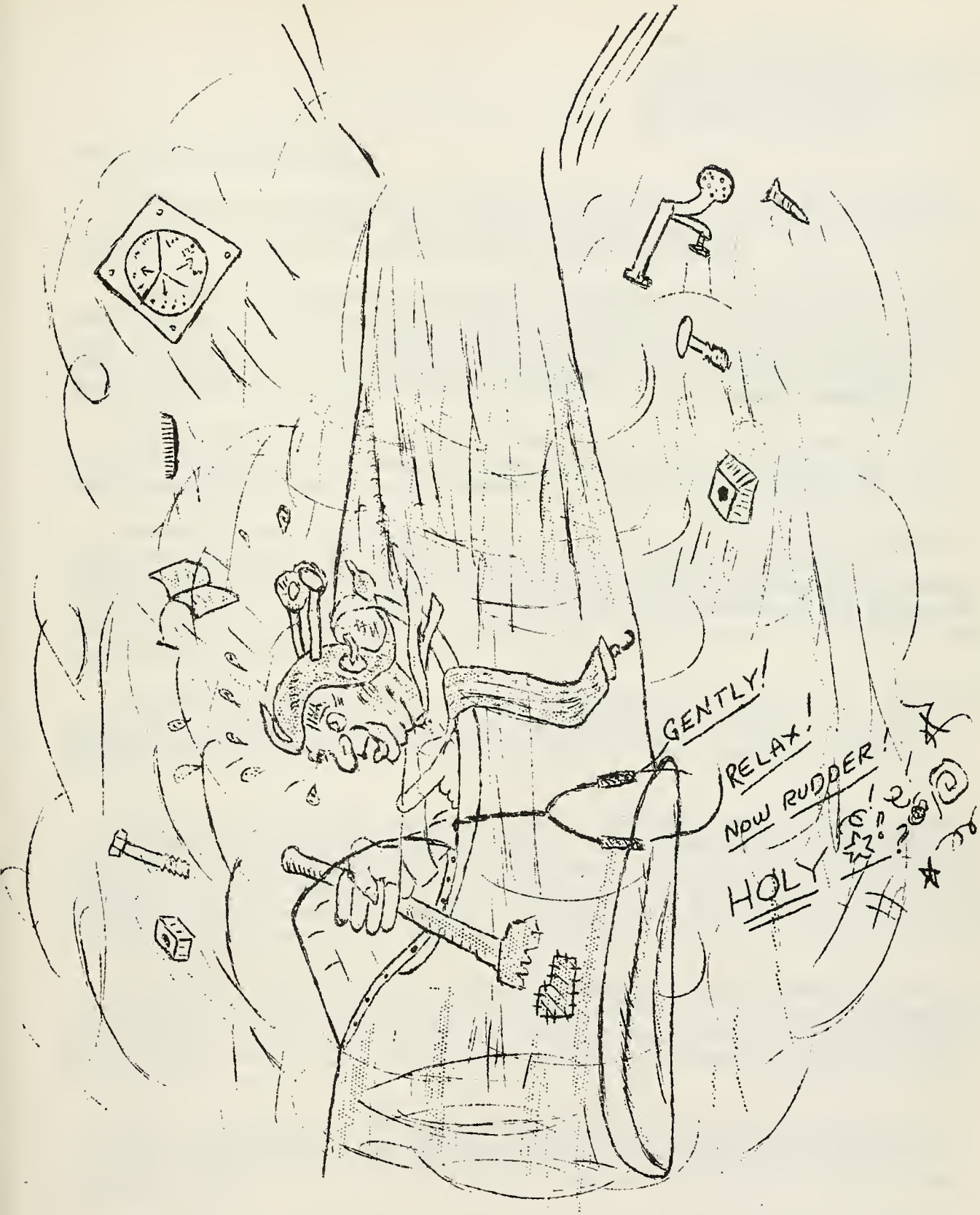
(Any resemblance between this and Billy Shakespeare's work is purely coincidental)

To be a Dodo or not to be a Dodo,
That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the minds of men
To suffer the slings and arrows of "Pop to",
Or to take arms against the sea of troubles
By lingering near Rosedale,
And by so doing, end it all.

To die, to sleep, perchance to dream,
Ah, there is the rub
For in that darkness from which no man returns
Perchance there lurks an upperclassman.
(Or do they go there)

Moral: Be a Dodo

- Avn/C Turner, W. L.


GENTLY!
RELAX!
NOW RUDDER!
HOLY

Avn/C Oscar, Dodo
Air Corps Training Detachment
Ryan School of Aeronautics
San Diego, California

Dear Mr. Secretary of War:

I feel it my urgent duty to write you this letter in form of a complaint on the behalf of us "dodos" here at Ryan Barracks, so I will start at the first and tell you everything, and hope that you will understand.

One day, as I crossed the beautiful brush-shaded campus of the old Alma Mater, namely Podunk Normal Agricultural Institute of Learning, which is situated in the midst of the broad, rolling Oklahoma plains, a large canary-yellow plane zoomed over at about 80 miles per hour, and at the moment I looked, a group of Cow-College coeds exclaimed, "Goodness! Ain't flyin' wonderful!"

For a long moment more, I stood, staring, thinking of the romance, the adventure associated with these fearless fighting men of the blue. How often had I heard girls sigh, and say, "Cheerist! I wish I knew an aviator!"

Before I moved, even before I relieved my arching neck, before that airplane had disappeared in the huge black cloud of dust, which comes over Oklahoma like fog over San Diego, I had made up my mind. I knew I must break the long line of "Cow Culturists" my forefathers had established and change my vocation to win the heart of the "Belle of the Plain" who was wishing for a great big handsome flying man such as I.

After much research into the future of aviation, I decided on the Army Air Corps for a very glamorous life of fun and thrills as described to me by the Recruiting Officer, who came to our town in search of the cream of American Manhood.

After passing my physical examination, I anxiously awaited my appointment and assignment to a flight training school. About three months later I received an official looking letter marked War Department. There were several pages of official orders and directions. That night my fellow students gave a box supper and square dance to honor my leaving. The next day I boarded the caboose of the tri-weekly freight train and left for the city.

I walked down the streets of the city wearing my best clothes and new boots I had won in a hog calling contest at the County Fair. I was carrying what few other clothes I had in a suit case and a burlap sack. People gazed as I walked by and I knew what the officer told me was coming true that people would look up at me with envy.

After being sworn in we boarded a real train that carried people instead of cows and believe it or not you could sleep on it! We were on our way to beautiful California where the sun shines every day and there is a movie star on every corner.

When we got to California, it was raining. That is, I thought it was rain, but the natives told me it was just a heavy dew.

(Continued on Page 39)

Letter to Mr. Secretary of War:

I was looking forward to getting my new uniform and imagine my disappointment when all I got was a pair of coveralls which anyone can order from the Montgomery-Ward catalog.

Sir, I am getting pretty sleepy and if I get caught sitting here in the closet writing when taps have already been blown, I will get into trouble. I just wanted to tell you that I think you are treating us fellows, the cream of American manhood, unfair by telling us the girls will flock around us and everyone will take pictures of us flying pretty airplanes.

I have been here one whole week now and I haven't even been near an airplane. All I have done is march around doing square corners with some guy yelling something at me all the time.

I wish you would do something about it, sir. Thank you.

Forever yours,
Oscar Dodo

Avn/C Stufflebean, D.R.

****

POOR AVIATOR

- Avn/C L. A. Greensides

A poor aviator lay dieing
At the end of a bright summer day
And to his bewildered comrades
These brave parting words he did say.

"Extract from my liver the tierods,
Take the crankshaft from around my neck,
Remove from my larnyx the gaskets,
There are a lot of good parts in this wreck.
Extract from my brain the pistons,
Lift the prop from off my chest,
And after you have found all the pieces
You can lay me away to rest."

****

EDITORS NOTE....

ANY RESEMBLANCE OF THIS CHARACTER TO CADETS VIRDEN, McCOY, BEARD, AND PATILLO IS____INTENDED.

dodo chatter

By act of Congress on November the third
I became a gentleman and a bird.

A now extinct bird that couldn't fly
Of the Dodo specie - that was I.

We were the upperclassmen's delight
They to a Dodo were always right.

Insult after insult we had to take
"Pop to", "Vibrate", "Go ahead, shake!"

Wipe it off you raunchy Dodos
You can stay, but the smile must go.

Shine that brass till it gets thin.
Shave that beard under the skin.

Pretty raunchy without a doubt.
Come on Dodos - keep your heads out.

On flight line - the field is closed.
Upperclassmen command - "Dodos blow".

Double time at the Ryan School,
Twenty-four hours is the rule.

Square those corners - look straight ahead.
Step right off - shake out the lead.

Ground school class - sit up in your seat.
It means a gig if you fall asleep.

Army inspection - orderly don't boast.
If they find any dust it means closed post.

Tired and weary - homework ahead.
Air Raid! Lights Cut - Under the bed!

At last room check locks your door;
I take time out for a seven hour snore.

Yet I haven't regretted my choice at all.
You'll get along if you just play ball.

- Avn/C Pinnell, Jack E.

****

DODO to others as you would have others
DODO unto you.

****

DODOS' LAMENT

Ryan born, Scintilla bred,
Irving worn, Stromberg fed,
Kinner powered, Sensenich driven,
Alclad formed, Army given.

Magnetic course and deviation
There's nothing worse than navigation.
Swivel tail wheel and rudder post
Gee, what must we study the most?

Instrument panel and landing gear,
We would study these the rest of the year.
Gosh, what we dodos have to know
But we must learn all or we have to go.

- Avn/C Rogers, Orville C.

****

DODO VISION

Is a Dodo ever happy?
They say this can't occur.
But the only real answer
Is a hearty, "Yes sir!"

For a Dodo has a vision
Of happy times to be,
When he will be a member
Of a future flying V.

With such an inspiration,
A Dodo's only role
Is to keep his mind on flying
'Til he has reached his goal.

- Avn/C Kusler, D. L.

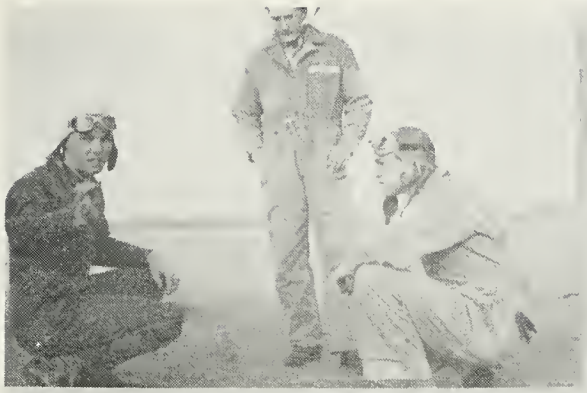
****

TO THE UPPERCLASSMEN

Here's to the Upperclassmen
Without their expert advice
I'm sure we would be less-men
They think they're tough, we think they're nice.
We live for the day when they'll be gone
Then we can carry on.

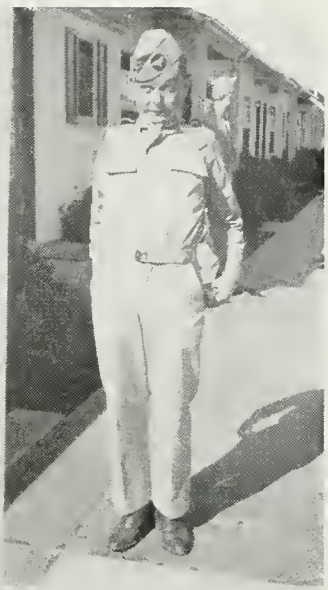
- Avn/C Eller, R. W.

****



"IT'S THIS WAY BOYS"

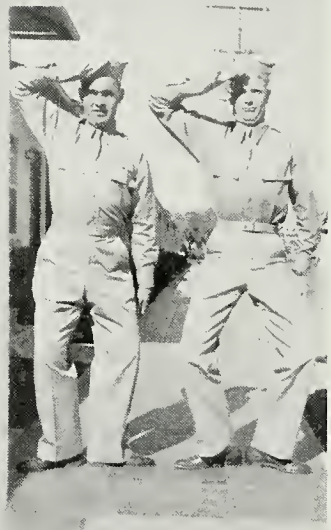
TEXAS RANGERS



POP TO!

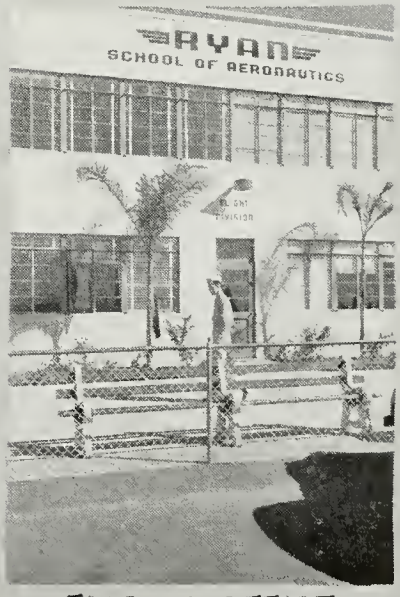
"LET'S GO! LET'S GO!"

"MEDITATION"



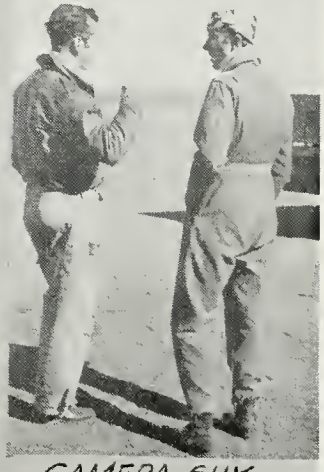
"BIRD TO"

LIL DANBY



FLIGHT OFFICE

NON-COMS



CAMERA SHY

Dere Maw -

its shure nuff swell hear in the army air core. wood you beleeve it! we don't haf to git up till 5:30 and then they don't jes shake you, they wake you up playing an old cornet. Oh man, it's good, jes like that swing stuff on the eelectrick talkin macheen. And the Food! you probable won't beleev it but they jes keep the vittles comin till i think id bust - and is it deelishus!

then the fust thing we do is go for a short walk and then we go to sleep in nise chares with a shelf in frunt so as too be shure were c mfterble. all this time somwun is standin in frunt and talk-in us too sleep. Then (hot - diggety) We chow agin.

after hi noon we all lollygag down to the areeplane garage and put on sum extry clothes and gawk aroun at the aree-planes. after a wile we take turns get-tin in and flying lik a gosh dern bird all over creeashun. it's shure fun but yestiday we allmost both fell outa the contrapshun caus he turned it up side down and i tol him to be more careful, an he musta ben skared to caus he shure looked at me funny but coulden seem to say nuthin.

all the guys aroun here shure ackt silly at times. even the ossifers are jus as goofie as the uthers sumtimes an yud think theyd no better but mabee the hi attitudes git em thataway.

befor last eats we walk aroun awile and don't even haf to carry nuthin. then befor bed we ecksersise in the room doin stuff lik gettin under the bed and goin throo it and stuff like that. as i sed befor it's shure swell but im never tired enuff too go too sleep.

goodnit maw,

yer lovin sun -
Elmer

Avn/C Kossis, N.

****

BURROUGH'S VS. LIEUTENANT

Hazings a wonderful scheme,
It keeps Dodoes "On the Beam".
But when there's a mistake
As Burroughs did make
It'll really make some one turn green.

Mr. Hinch was host to a lieutenant.
Mr. Burroughs wanting fun (he can scent it)
Was prowling about
With his chin stuck out
To find a Dodo to resent it.

Mr, Burroughs, you're Army all thru,
Someday you'll be an Officer too
And so until then
Hold in your chin
Don't tell a lieutenant to "Pop To".

Avn/C Gallagher, F.W.

*** ***

ODE TO A HAIRCUT

Oh golden locks
So nice and wavey,
You must go
Or else be shavey.

I've groomed you long,
And hard and true,
But you must leave,
You are taboo.

Fems about you always raved
Comps of beauty were galore,
Oh, if they could see you now
Since you've joined our great Air Corp.

- Avn/C Kane, R. J.

*** ***

A DODO'S LIFE

You pop to here
You pop to there
You pop to so much
You don't even care.

You look at your plate.
You don't look at girls.
They take your nice hair
And cut out the curls.

You polish the brass.
You shine your shoes.
You clean up the bath.
You suffer the "blues".

You get up too early
And go to bed late.
If you don't pass your ground school
They give you the gate.

You suffer all this
And lots more too.
And then you catch cold
From the California dew.

You worry about passing
Till you're sick with dread
And sometimes you wish
You were already dead.

The food is bad;
The upperclassmen worse.
There are things about them
You can't put in verse.

But you add it all up
And any dodo will say
By me it's alright
It's plenty okay.

- Avn/c McCrory, M. L.

A NEW DODO STOPS TO CONSIDER

The Dodo steps out of civilian life into military life and becomes aware that he is no longer a college boy, but a young man with responsibilities. He will have many new problems to solve. His way of life has changed, but he has the opportunity to associate with the finest of fine young men.

Therefore if every Dodo would just stop to think, he will find that he has something before him that many young men of America don't have by way of opportunity in this world.

- Avn/C Albrecht, L.L.

****

I AM A DODO

Yes, I am a Dodo
I am the newly hatched goose.
I am not supposed to know anything though
Except that all drink is juice.

My mind is not supposed to be a blur,
Everything I do is wrong,
Yet the thing to say is, No excuse, Sir,
In a prompt replying song.

Yes, I am a Dodo
And I look forward to the passing of
five weeks,
Because at that time I know
I will have reached the goal that every
Dodo seeks.

- Avn/C Gambel, B.B.

****

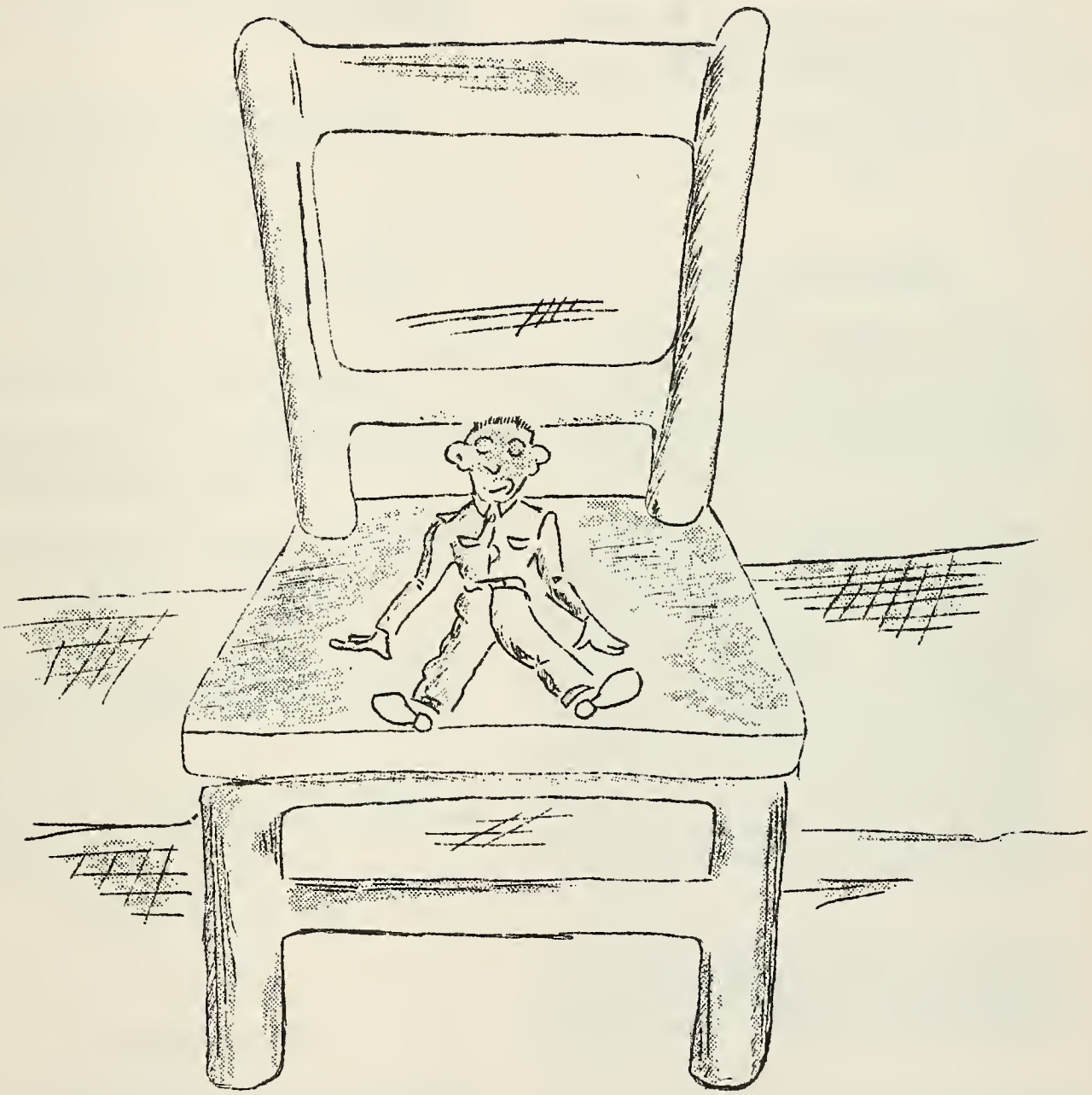
NO EXCUSE SIR

I am a raunchy dodo
Of that there is no doubt;
Cause seems every time I turn around
Mr. Hensley lets out a shout.

The cause of this does puzzle me
For I work hard and long
To try to please the upper class
But that, sir, is no song.

- Avn/C Daniels, C.E.

****



MR. _____ FELT LIKE "_____"

AFTER LOWERCLASS PLAY!

JUST IMAGINE

Can anyone imagine why Mr. Burroughs carries the rope around so much? Could it be that he plans to hang a certain dodo?

Just imagine a little innocent dodo looking at that comical mug of Mr. Jackson's without laughing - it is impossible.

Just imagine Mr. Azar using a gentle tone of voice instead of sounding like a "Bellering Bull" with two bellows.

Just imagine that dern good guy "Mr.Boyd" getting elected as chief chicken.

Just imagine Mr. Horton starting to count cadence and not having every man in the company changing step.

Just imagine (how wonderful it would be) a Friday night going by without an Air Raid, Rat Race, or Popping to.

Just imagine a Dodo getting thru this place with long wavey locks and always having his brass shined to suit the upperclassmen.

This is only a start, but if anyone can imagine the above, he has a stronger imagination than I have!

- Avn/C Glynn F. Lowrey

*** ***

FOOTSORE DODO JOE

A foot-soldier decided he wanted to fly.
He passed the exams, bid the foot-army
"good-bye".

And then at Ryan his turns weren't bad,
But stalls and chandelles made his
instructors sad.

They took him aside and spoke to him
kindly
They didn't want to see him dead, he
flew so blindly.

He flunked the "check" and the army
ride,
He couldn't even establish a glide.

There were too many good fliers with
which to compete
So now the poor boy is back on his feet.

Avn/C Craig, F.

*** ***

FLYING IS NOT ENOUGH

To the average laymah, as it was to me before I reached here, the Army Air Corps was a place where men flew day in and day out; being in the air as much as weather permitted. However, this is erroneous, as it should be.

During the past three years many have won their wings, but only in a civilian capacity. Here at Ryan school, it is not enough that a man fly, but he must go beyond that. Flying must become an instrument or tool to be used at the discretion of the military pilot. His range of flying will be, someday, unlimited and for that reason, here, he must become alert in mind and in body. He must sharpen his mind through daily exercise, of which some seem foolish and yet each having its merit and duty to perform.

Memorizing customs and privileges strengthen the mind. Daily duties in room order and torment from the upperclassmen helps permote self-control and discipline.

Intensified courses in Math, Engines, Navigation, Meteorology and Aerodynamics must be absorbed for these are all essential to the military pilot.

He must be a well balanced individual consistent, conservative, alert and undaunted. For these reasons many of us may never be military pilots for flying alone is not enough.

- Avn/C Tirey, Lucius C.

HOW BRIGHT THE FLIGHT LINE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

The time is 4:30, Sunday afternoon. The barracks are quiet due to 'Open Post'. The dodos, grateful for a few hours respite from the raucous voices of upperclassmen shouting "pop to dodo", "on the double", "red light, dodo", are spending a few hours in town in order that they may be able to go through another week of such treatment. Poor boys, those raunchy dodos.

One lonely little "dodo" is sitting in his room nursing a headache resultant of the needle-jabbing butchery and corn-growing drill he has been through that morning. Water is heard running in the adjoining shower. A friend is getting ready for the wedding of his best girl, to somebody else, of course. He's going to be best man, it's his girl - isn't it?

An upperclassman, a very nice upperclassman, comes into the dodo's room and upon receiving a half-hearted "pop to" becomes quite irked, as any good upperclassman would. "Dodo, that's the slowest 'pop to' I've ever seen"!! In this mood - hearing the water running in the bathroom - the irate upperclassman, thinking to himself, "here's another dodo that doesn't have his head cut in", rushes in and commands, "Pop to Dodo!" no response - - - again, "pop to dodo!!" - - - no response - - - "are you going to pop to, dodo?!?! - - - still no response.

Our upperclassman is mystified by such action, or rather lack of action on the part of an insignificant "dodo", but any question in his mind is completely cleared up, after a slight pause, when the "Raunchy Dodo" replies in a polite voice, "Sir, you are speaking to a Lieutenant".

Avn/C Fulton, F. P.

***

KNOCK! KNOCK!

We sit at ease in our room. We are reading, writing, studying or just resting from the strenuous job of being a "dodo". We even might be lost in "reverie" of the girl (or girls) back home. We are startled out of our pleasureable trance by a loud knock at the door. We jump to our feet, yell, "Come in", pop to, and in walks a little shoe shine boy. We sheepishly get "back in our ships", and sink back to normal.

We try to recapture our lost bliss. Just as we are floating away again into our carefree little world, another knock is heard on our door. We go through the same procedure as before. While we are standing in this strained position with our eyes lifted toward the high corners of our room, we hear a hoarse voice saying, "Well what would you gentlemen like tonight?" Will you have the Sundae Cup or plain ice cream, or perhaps you would like a Good Humor Twisty"? Yep! it's the Good Humor Man and our splendid "Pop to's" are again wasted.

We sit down worn out by our efforts, and we no sooner get comfortable, than a knock is heard upon the door. "Oh, hell", think we, "Whoin'ell is it now"? "Come in", we snarl, as we leisurely get to our feet. The door opens and the roughest upperclassman of all walks in. We stand stupefied as he looks us up and down and drawls, "Well, you ___: Dodos, can't you 'Pop to'?".

We are then Popt to by Misters Hensly, Burroughs, Chapman or, oh it could be any one of them.

Avn/C Woody, F. G.

***

A DODO'S LAMENT

Oh, wonderful dodo, you are dirt under
my feet,
So you shine that brass, and it better
look neat,
Or I'll get my gig slips right away
And you'll do some walking this Saturday.

Now this is an example of the friendly
words we get
Because the upper class thinks we're the
raunchiest yet.
So we take their "praises" in a meek sort
of way
And cuss every word to us they say.

"Pop to, dodo, now vibrate and moan"
A gruesome demonstration interspersed with
a groan,
And then a smile creeps over your face,
Then you "wipe it off" as it's all out
of place.

But this is only a Country Club and we're
playboys
And all through the night you can hear
nothing but noise,
And then in the middle of the night,
We are told to get up in a manner so
polite.

But we'll take all the hell they can give
out,
Even if it's always in a large amount
For we wouldn't trade places with any
man any more,
For we're Aviation Cadets in the Army
Air Corps!

- Avn/C Dishman, G.A.

****

- 42-E -

We know there will never never be
More raunchy Dodos than Class 42-E.
The majority are Okies (of which we are
proud)
But, oh! for this we are made to moan
loud.
We are taught to pop to and come to
attention.
And many,many things we simply can't
mention.
Now we will admit we are dumb as can be
But somehow we're proud of Class 42-E.

- Avn/C Davis, E. J.

****

A DODO'S DILEMMA

My room is full of upperclassmen these
days,
With peculiar customs and oddish ways.
When I think I am going to my bed
I've offended the customs and get a
gig instead.
I never quite know to whom I'm talking;
For upperclassmen are always stalking.
Upperclassmen wander in and out
And gigs go down when they are about.
Last night I went my face to scrub,
And found the orderly washing the tub.
But I made my worst mistake
When I went to eat and forgot to wait.
"Pop to, vibrate and moan" are the words,
These expressions you've probably never
heard.
All this is hard as you can see,
But afterwards we're upperclassmen and
officers to be.

- Avn/C Du Bose, C.C.

****

"Raunchy" is a foriegn word

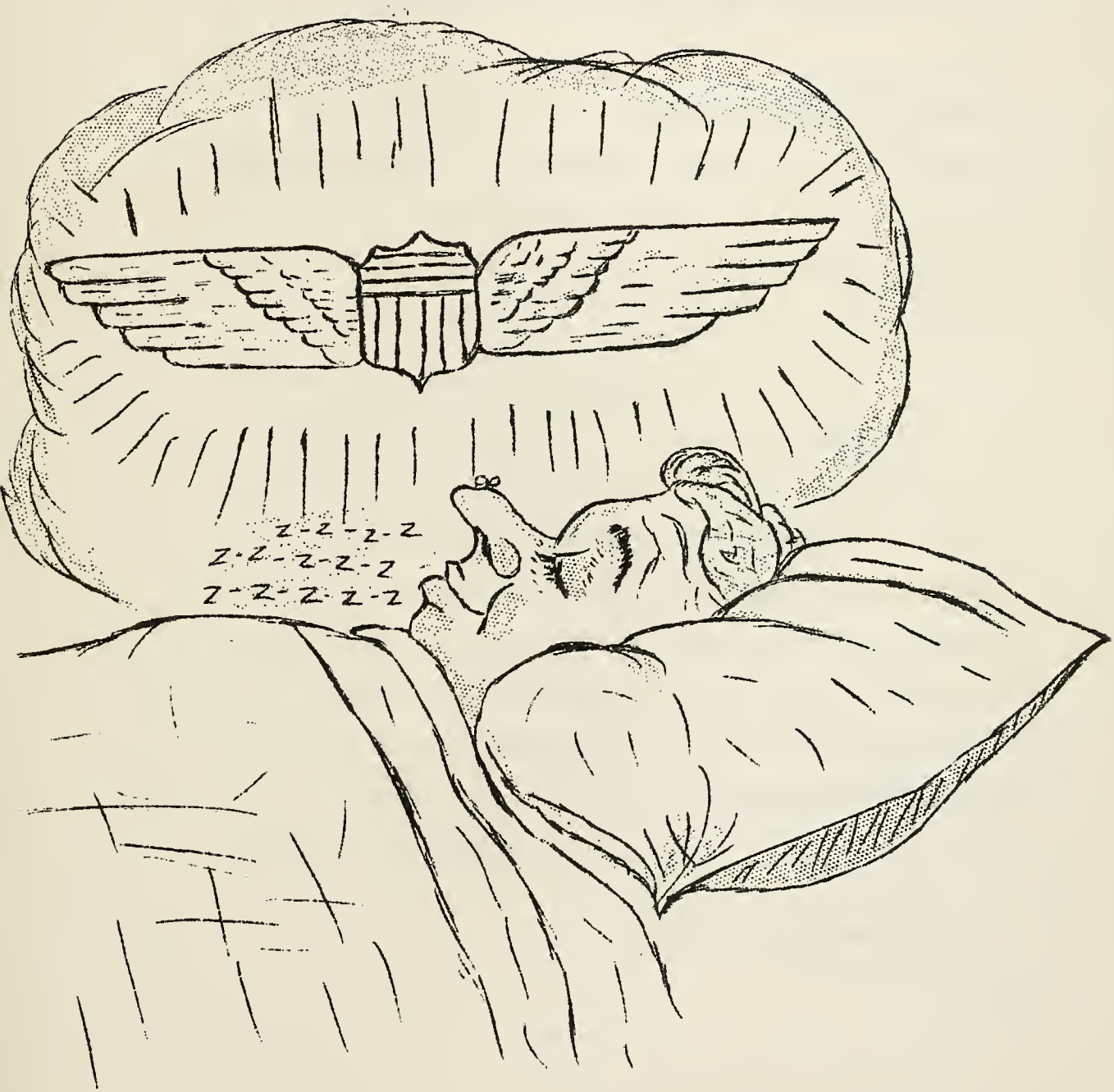
That here in the States is
seldom heard,

But Texan's filtered into Ryan

Now "Raunchy" Dodo's is all
they're cryin.

Avn/C Knapp, B. F.

****


z-z-z-z-z
z-z-z-z-z-z
z-z-z-z-z-z

A PARTING THOUGHT FROM CADET CAPTAIN HORTON

The time Class 42-D has yet to stay at Ryan is drawing to a close. Our training here has meant a lot of hard work, but the personalities of the Officers and Instructors, both flight and ground school, have made it somewhat easier. I think our only regret is that we have lost some good men through the process of elimination.

42-E, you will soon take upon your shoulders the responsibility of instilling in a new class some of the spirit and customs of the Army Air Corps. When you men do take this responsibility, some of the things which you now think foolish, will then take on a newer and broader meaning. Your job as upperclassmen is not to have a class just as good as the preceeding ones - but to have a better one.

Only in this way can the high standards of the Army Air Corps be maintained and improved.

- Avn/C Horton, Nathan T.

*** * ***

---and in closing, may
we wish all those
we leave behind a

Merry Christmas

and
happy landings
throughout the
new year---

37 96

87 96

WINDSOCK

CLASS 42 • E

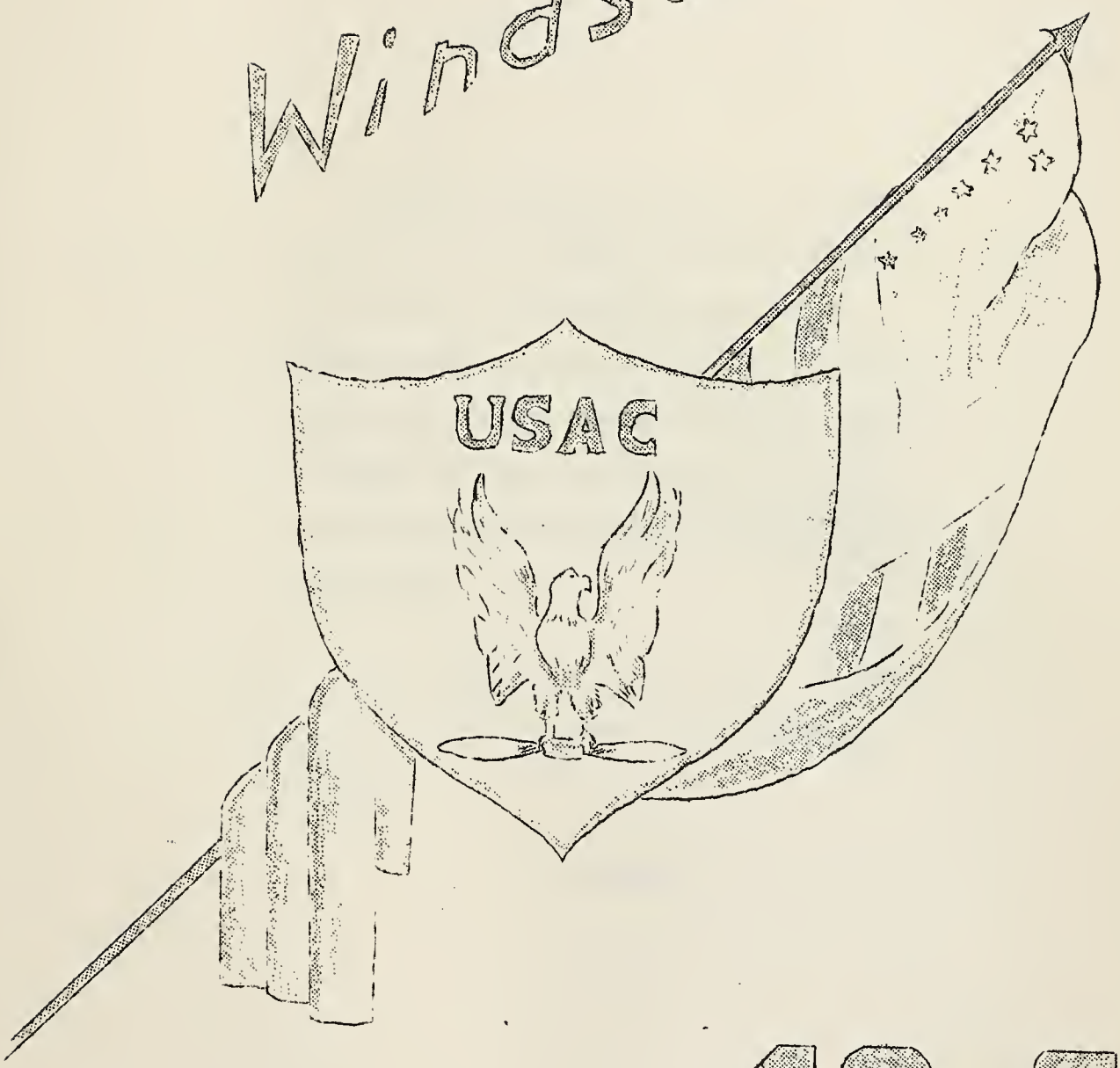
PUBLISHED BY THE AVIATION CADETS
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD • SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

12 SD

JANUARY • 1942

RICHARD K. McINTOSH
CAPTAIN AVIATION CADETS
CLASS 42 • E

Windsock



42-E

American soldiers, sailors, and marines have died on the Pacific. The Light of Life has vanished from their eyes; the Light of Peace has dimmed in the red glow of Treachery. These brave men are beyond all Earthly honor - no thought or word can reach them. We can only promise ourselves that we will remember Pearl Harbor!

The avengement of their death is a cause, and to that cause is this issue of WINDSOCK dedicated.

- Editor

EDITOR

Avn/C James F. Reid

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Avn/C Wm. L. Turner

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Avn/C William L. Turner

Avn/C Benjamin Knapp

ART AND CARTOONS

Avn/C J. F. Neely

Avn/C R. C. Murray

OF INFINITE AID

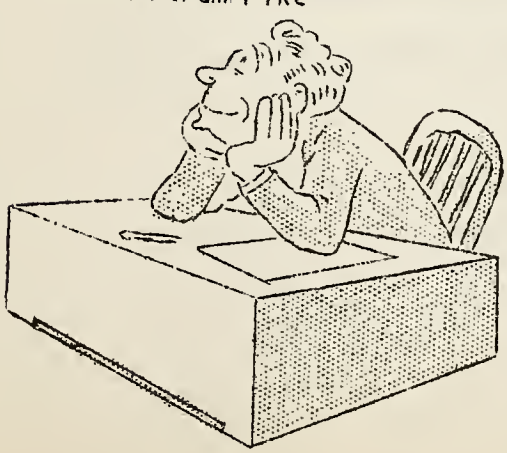
Avn/C R. J. Kane

Avn/C G. A. Dishman

The Bayer Aspirin Co.

ADVISOR

E. Bertram Pike



SECRETARY

Barbara Molloy

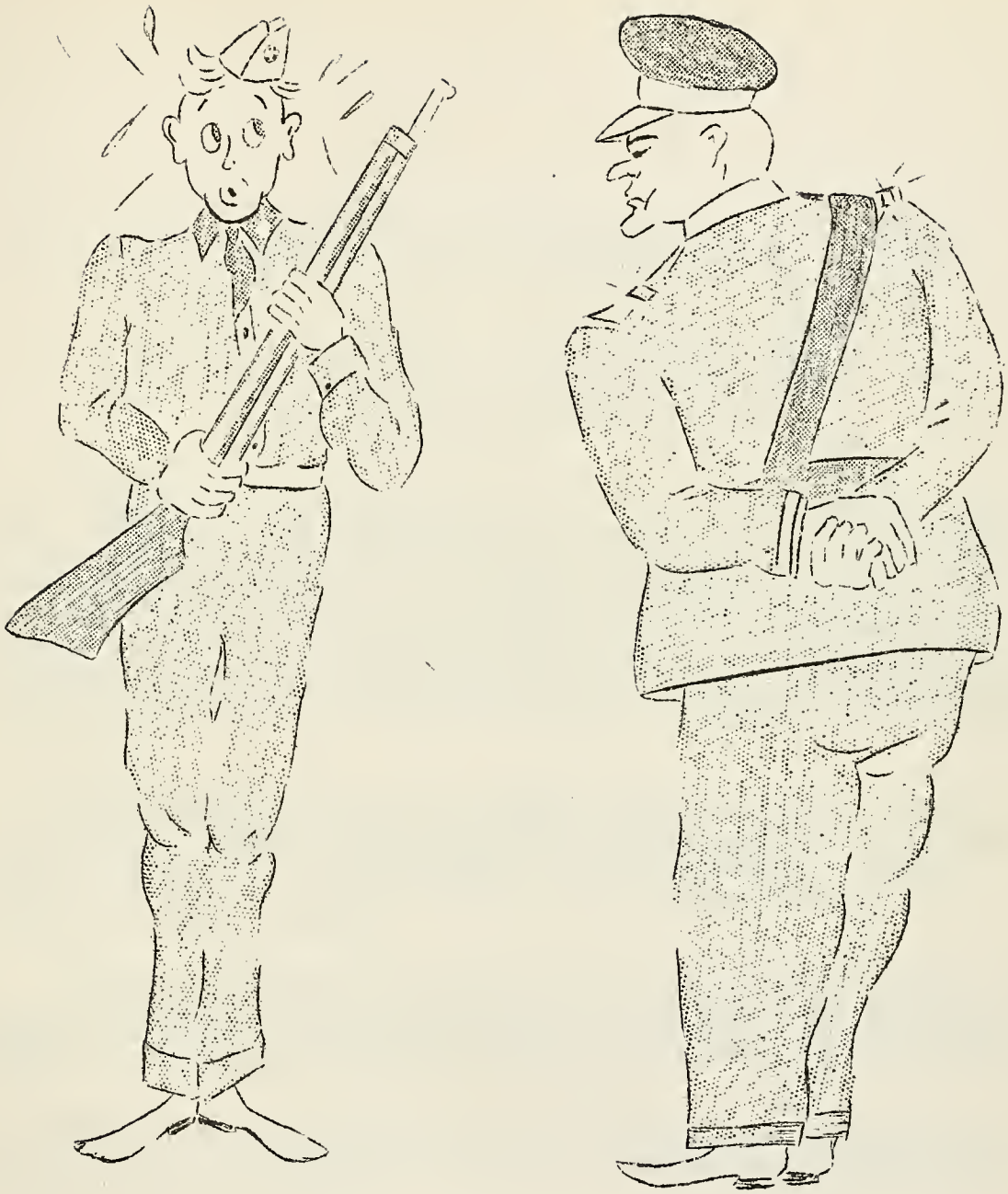
I N T R O D U C T I O N

WINDSOCK: A device by which a pilot determines the direction in which he is going to take off.

THE WINDSOCK: A few bits of paper to serve as a memory of where you have been - - Ryan, the birthplace of your career in the United States Army Air Corps. There will undoubtedly be times at Basic, Advanced, and other destinations when you will draw forth from the bottom of your drawer this publication, and thumbing thrcugh these pages reminisce over the trials and tribulations of those ten weeks at Ryan - - that first day as a Dodo - - your first solo flight - - your first exposure to an airplane engine - - those days when chandelles s seemed a virtual impossibility. And in that moment of reminiscence, no doubt a mental tribute will be offered to the staff and personnel of Ryan, thanks given to their competent, valuable, and patient instruction - - gratitude that yours was the opportunity to initiate your flying career in one of the foremost aviation organizations in the country.

That the WINDSOCK might form a tangible memory of your days at Primary has been the aim of the Staff.

- Avn/C Turner, W. L.



OFFICERS

THE IMPORTANCE OF OBEYING ORDERS

Inasmuch as the paramount problem of the nation has changed from quasi - defense - to an extremely active offense, with complete victory at the earliest possible date as our prime objective, it becomes more and more imperative that we do our utmost to promote the plans of our superiors. The problems of our Commander-in-Chief are complex. His plans of action form a vast kaleidoscopic pattern, assigning each of us an important task which can most effectively be accomplished by distributing responsibility along an effective chain of authority. Let us call it organization.

This organization can reach maximum efficiency only when each of us willingly and promptly executes the orders of his superiors and receives a like response from his subordinates. It, consequently, is highly important that all of us become paragons in the accomplishment of our respective assigned missions.

The United States cannot be second best in our present conflict, and it is very necessary that we realize that this nation is put in jeopardy whenever any one of us, through disregard of directions, fails to do his very best to accomplish our national objective.

Class 42-E, I would like to suggest a motto for you and request that all the rest of us be permitted to use it - "Maximus in minimis" - very great in very little things.

AUGUST G. ROSS
1st Lieut., A.C.
Adjutant

to class 42-e

You of 42-E are now well advanced on your respective careers as pilots, navigators, bombadiers, engineers, etc.

The United States is building the greatest Air Force the world has ever known - an Air Force in which you will play an important and fascinating role in the defeat of the Axis aggressors.

We, of this Training Detachment, will watch your progress for the next few months in anticipation; on receipt of your wings wear them with pride; a credit to yourselves and a symbol of victory.

Merrill H. Carlton
1st Lieut. A. C.
Executive Officer

*** ***

take advantage of your position

Today our country is called upon to demonstrate its ability in the art of military combat. You men, like the officer applicants of other branches of the service will reflect the efficiency of the United States Army training schools when you participate in duties as an officer.

Knowing this, the school instructors and personnel have done much to prepare you for all that lies ahead. You are going on to pursue higher branches of aviation learning, so take advantage as you did here of the highest standards of instruction that can be obtained anywhere in aviation. This will make you better pilots, more invulnerable to the enemy, and, as a result more important to your country.

I am sure everyone at this school will agree with me that you have made a fine record here, and have succeeded in being one of our higher ranking classes.

John D. Anderson
2nd Lieut., A. C.
Supply Officer

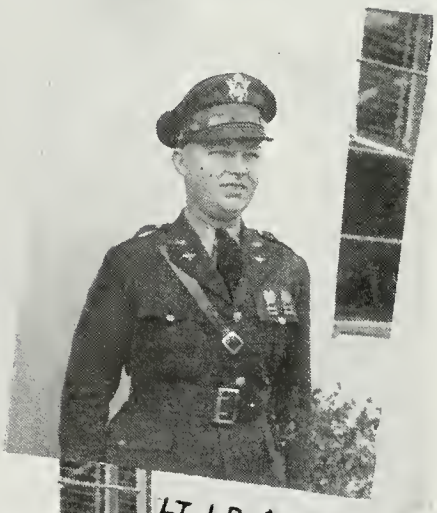
LT. D. W. HAARMAN
COMMANDING OFFICER

LT. M. H. CARLTON

LT. M. R. WILUCKI

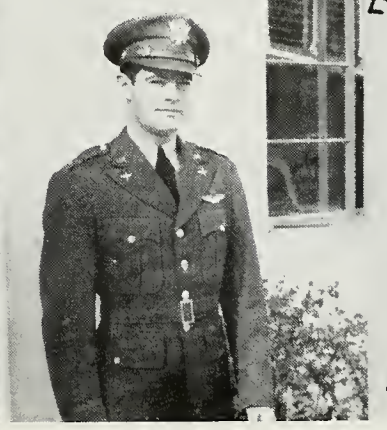
LT. A. G. ROSS
ADJUTANT

LT. C. E. DANNER



LT. J. D. ANDERSON

LT. K. L. SIEBECKER



LT. E. R. BANE

SICK CALL

Sick call is an established principal of all branches of the army and is demanded and controlled by Army Regulations. The Air Corps is no exception to this rule. Indeed, it is even more necessary for air corps personnel than any other branch of the armed forces.

In reporting for Sick Call, and Sick Call includes treatment or medical advice, the officer, cadet, or enlisted man has his name entered on the sick book in the orderly room or at his company headquarters before reporting to the dispensary. This is necessary in order that the Commanding Officer has a record as to the number of men available for duty on that particular day. This is extremely important in Combat or Tactical units. It is also a basis for all weekly and monthly reports, in order that epidemics can be spotted and controlled, drugs ordered, the type of disease most prevalent in certain localities determined and preventitive measures instituted.

Entry of the Pilot or Cadet's name on the sick book does not in any way "count against him". To the contrary, it shows he is making use of the modern facilities and training of the Flight Surgeon or the medical department in preventing disease and rectifying any physical abnormality while it is in a correctible stage. This indicates he is "Modern" and not a "backwoods hillbilly" as far as medicine is concerned. Seeking medical advice or treatment does not indicate "weakness" or inability to take it. Rather it indicates sound judgment – because we never wait to call the fire department until the house burns down, but we do neglect our medical and dental conditions until they quite often reduce us to ashes.

Good luck in all your future work and remember your Medical Officer, wherever you are, is standing between you and disease and disability resulting from disease.

MELVIN R. WILUCKI
1st Lieut. M. C.
Flight Surgeon

CASUS BELLI!

Pearl Harbor, 7 December, 1941, is past history. The preparation, the training, the actual combat to avenge this piracy is our present. Our future will be written in the courage and heroic deeds of our young men.

You, as aviation cadets, are an integral part of our future. Now as never before must you strive for perfection. Modern combat flying calls for keen young men, capable of great physical endurance, mentally alert and complete masters of a plane. Flying and maneuvering at speeds approximating four hundred miles an hour requires supermen pilots. You must not only be masters of control and pilotage, but be something of a radio and ordnance technician as well as a meteorologist. Each bit of information and each scrap of lesson remembered, will prove of value and add to your individual spans of life.

Due to altered conditions and objectives it may be necessary to condense your training into shorter periods. In Advanced Flying Schools you will specialize to enable you to go directly into a tactical outfit prepared for immediate duty. Therefore it is essential that you assimulate as quickly and readily as possible each iota of teaching offered you. Make use of every bit of time available in making yourselves top-notch pilots. The dividends will pay off in your future flying hours.

A splendid habit to maintain is mental alertness. Training, as you are, in the crowded conditions of a combat zone, you are doubtless aware of the absolute necessity of this. As my parting advice an ancient Latin "health slogan" seems apropos - Bis peccare in bello non licet - to blunder twice in war is not permitted.

EDWIN R. BANE
2nd Lt. A. C.
Commandant of Cadets

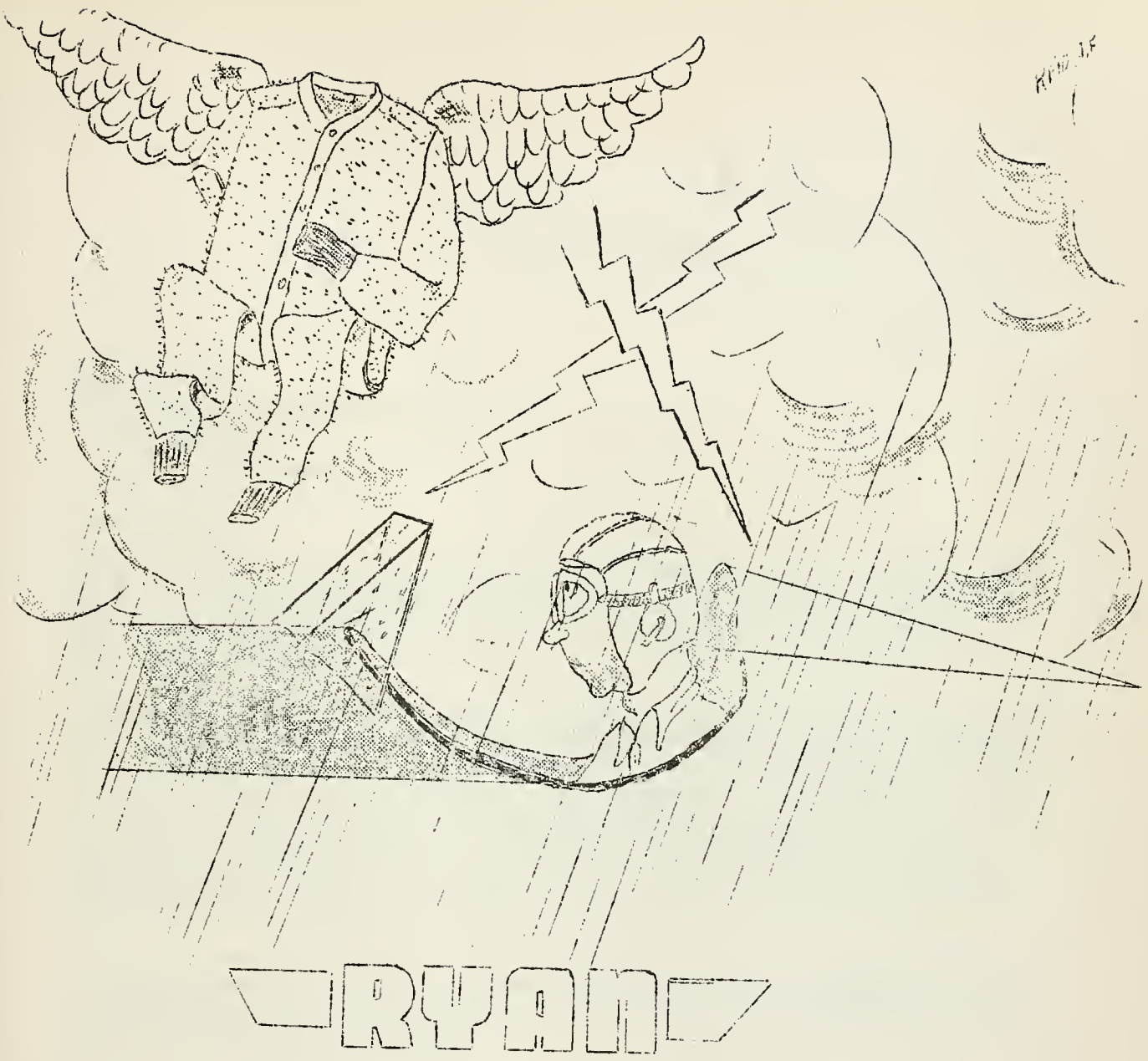
the job ahead

During the past ten weeks you men of 42-E have gone through a period of training more rigorous and exacting than anything you have been called upon to perform. Few of you fail to realize that you will always be better men because of it. But your efficiency, both physical and mental, must be increased more and more as you continue your service in Basic, Advanced and in the Air Forces of our Country. This is just the beginning.

You will have to extend your endurance, be ever more alert and maintain your fitness on the highest level possible to attain. Your physical training program, which has now become an integral part of all Air Corps activity, gives you the opportunity for developing these powers. Powers that determine the result of combat more often than the difference in flying performance of the airplanes engaged.

By giving a little more every day and by applying yourselves to the immediate task ahead, you will find the way. The best of luck to you, 42-E.

E. Bertram Pike
Physical Training Director



IN

SUNNY SAN DIEGO

January 8, 1942

Editor
The Windsock
Air Corps Training Detachment
Lindbergh Field
San Diego, California

Dear Editor:

In this time of international crisis it is unnecessary to repeat the fact that each and every one of us must realize no effort is too great if it will aid in accomplishing the "all out" effort which is our national objective.

Cadets who have trained at the Ryan School of Aeronautics since July, 1939, when civilian contractors were first given the privilege of training Air Corps pilots, have already established enviable records. Traditions have been set which cannot be lowered. The Ryan School of Aeronautics looks to every employee for full cooperation, and assures the Army Cadets, as well as the officers who are stationed at this detachment, that every cooperation possible will be given them to meet the emergency and carry on the training program if desired at an even faster pace than before.

To the cadets of 42-E and 42-F with whom we now have the pleasure of being associated we extend our best wishes for their individual success in the discharge of their important responsibilities as members of the United States Army Air Corps.

Very sincerely,

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

Earl D. Prudden

Earl D. Prudden
Vice President

ks

a new way of life

— R. J. KERLINGER
DIRECTOR OF FLYING

During your training period, Class 42-E, a momentous change took place which either directly or indirectly affected every citizen of these United States - this change having been precipitated by a treacherous and unprovoked act of aggression. The reaction on the part of all of us, individually and collectively, was just as the true and loyal American custom has always been; that is, 100 percent unity, with our minds and hearts all in accord with the common objective - the preservation of freedom and the American way of life, not only for ourselves, but for all those others that believe in the same God-given freedom.

By the glorious heritage given to us by our forefathers who with valiant effort made possible the grand United States of today, it is not difficult for any of us to wholeheartedly and without reservation, put forth all-out effort to preserve intact, both our country and our way of life.

The spirit each one of you in 42-E has displayed throughout your training period, is a representative cross-section of the collective desire to work toward the objective. It seems that a clearly defined goal always tends to add impetus to action and this fact is certainly proven now.

As you progress through Basic Training, continue to perform in a manner that indicates full application and the desire to do the job. All of us will be proud to know of your satisfactory progress, and each of you will be proud that you're doing the job well.

*** ***

why have ground school?

This question has been put to me several times since I became an instructor.

I believe we will all agree that after a morning's flight and a hot meal that it is a hard job to stay alert in ground school, particularly on a warm afternoon. However those of us who want to become good pilots must spend time and energy in careful analysis and digestion of theory and principles as well as flight practice to reach our objective.

The statement has been made that after Primary the material comes so thick and fast, and the flight schedules so strenuous that little is learned other than essentials needed to understand some new piece of equipment; to operate each new ship.

Let me ask a question: Why should a pilot know the various parts of his plane, why they are constructed the way they are; the materials they are made of, and in particular their operation? If he knows, he is a pilot, if not, I couldn't be paid to fly behind him.

In my opinion the engine is the most important part of the plane. It is the one part a pilot must understand completely if he goes out on a flight and hopes to come back. Is it not the power plant that provides the moving force which impels the plane?

Just supposing, while in flight the pilot notices the oil pressure dropping to zero, if the man knows his engine; the instruments and how to analyze the trouble,he can draw several conclusions and one answer:

1. A leak in the pressure or scavenger line.
2. Oil pump failure.
3. Too light a grade of oil.
4. Low oil supply.
5. Etc.

The answer is, of course, a forced landing. If he does not know his engine, he might try to fly on to an airport - with disastrous results.

Or supposing the pilot notices the carburetor temperature dropping toward the freezing point on a wet day. He should, if he is on his toes, know that there is an excellent chance of ice forming in the carburetor - in other words, he can and will anticipate the trouble before it arrives and know how to cope with it.

It is this knowledge which will stall off flight troubles and permit the pilot to return home, and it is this knowledge which is easier to get in a classroom than to get during flight,where the chances are that the pilot will end up six feet under before finding a remedy.

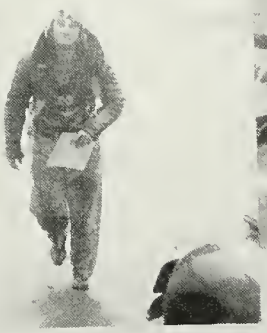
Remember, you have no chance to get out a source book or telephone your instructor. It's up to you to act now, not 1 or 2 minutes or a day later. Your life depends upon your decision.

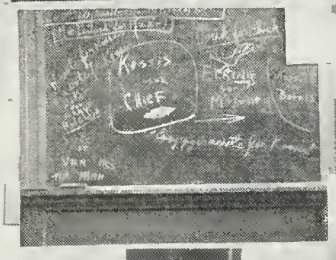
Could we not say that this is the reason your flight instructors harp continually on fundamentals 'til they become second nature - to relieve you of details so that you can cope with operating emergencies as they arrive.

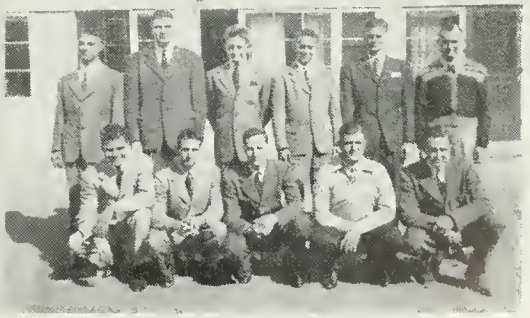
"Thumbs up!"

EDWARD PYE

****







MY OPPORTUNITY

-AVN/C STILLO, A. M.

My opportunity to serve my country has finally arrived. The joy of it is that I may do so in the branch of the service that is nearest to my heart, the Army Air Corps. Although I am only an Aviation Cadet at the present time, some day I hope to be a full fledged member of this enormous and far flung arm of the tremendous fighting forces of the United States.

When I came to this country, from Italy, in 1930, I felt that I owed a debt to the country which was to be my homeland.

Flying has always been my love, and a few years ago I decided that I could contribute something to that great nation, that is now my motherland, and at the same time embark on what I consider the greatest career any "Red Blooded American" could wish for.

It has been a hard road; working, and attending school in order to obtain a high school education. No matter how hard it was, I still had the opportunity. This I would not have had in the country I came from. In that country I could not have even thought of joining the Air Force for the simple reason that it would have cost me a large sum of money, which I did not have, to obtain the education necessary. The working class there has no chance at all. In this country, it was practically handed to me, for which I am very grateful.

At this stage I was informed of the fact that a high school education was not sufficient. It was necessary to have two years of college. Two years was too long a time to wait! I decided to take the mental examination.

Now I am an Aviation Cadet in the United States Army Air Corps, and the thing I like most to say is that I volunteered. I feel as American as Lincoln must have.

***** *****

To the Editor of Windsock:

As a new aviation cadet, requested to contribute to the Windsock, there is one topic that immediately "pops to" my mind: impressions of a dodo, or of a small frog in a giant puddle.

With conditions as they are these days, the average soldier in the Army feels that he is a seasoned old timer by the time he has served six months. Physically, perhaps he is; as far as his particular job is concerned, he may be good; if he is a good soldier he no doubt has picked up a great deal of judging ability, polish, and military bearing.

Entering primary training as an aviation cadet shows this man where he is deficient, and brings to light points that he may have thought previously unimportant. Constant correction by upperclassmen is the "Brite Boy" to any brass he may have carried over.

His adjustment to the life of a cadet is made easier than it otherwise would be by experience in the Army. The governing regulations are nearly the same, the restrictions are similar, and getting along with his fellow men is already old stuff to him.

Upon reading regulations, the lowerclassman realizes on his first day that there is a reason for all present customs, and that a long precedence that has been established is the basis for all aviation cadet behavior. Therefore, as a junior member of this organization I shall do all in my power to live up to what is expected of me.

- Avn/C Wolfcale, James R.

# of interest - -

.....Especially since the Mid-Pacific event of early Sunday morning, December the seventh, is the answer to the question, "Just what is the total strength of Japan's Air Forces?"

True, published information indicates that the enemy's power is insignificant compared to that of the United States, but let it be remembered that this is only published data and not the actual facts. For example, estimates have stated that the little Isle of the Rising Sun has from 2,000 to 5,000 military aircraft of all types includin trainers - to be compared with the production figure of 50,000 airplanes per year that presumably will be reached by American Aircraft Industries sometime in 1942. Upon surface observation this appears a staggering contrast, but at no time should the enemy's strength be underestimated.

What planes Japan does have seem to be direct copies from foreign makes. The Japanese Light Bomber - 98 could easily be confused with the Navy's light dive bomber, the Vought Sikorsky Vindicator, with only one easily recognized difference - the American plane has a retractable landing gear while that of the slant-eyed neighbors is equipped with a fixed landing gear with streamlined "pants". Heretofore articles have pointed out that low-powered engines and fixed landing gears place the speed of Japanese airplanes around 300 m.p.h.

While no verified truth seems available to give us assurance of the immediate situation, three outstanding things that Japan lacks are: first, an ability to create; second, a productive capacity anywhere comparable with that of the United States; and third, "the inherent love of flight deep in the heart of every American boy".

- Avn/C W. L. Turner

*** ***

AREN'T YOU A BIT LOW MR. REID!

N. MURRAY

calendar of events
class 42-e

November 5 – Midnight arrival at Ryan Barracks.

November 7 – Coveralls issued - - too large or too small. Received first taste of Pop To.

November 10 – First Dodo flight line and first ride – a very short one – no one soloed.

November 16 – First gig line rather crowded – most of class present at "request" of certain upperclassmen.

November 20 – Received new uniforms – a few fits – plenty of pictures taken.

November 23 – Proudly most goggles were worn above the neck line.

November 25 – Dodo Tea Dance – Mad San Diego Social Swing began.

November 27 – Ryan's ground crew worked overtime – a few ground loops.

November 30 – Climax to a week's worry – thirty hour checks.

December 1 – Program held for upperclassmen and final returns for big election all in.

December 5 – Recognition Dance – a "large" evening was had by all – including instructors.

December 18 – Upperclassmen left for Taft amid the shedding of tears and the tearing of heart strings.

December 21 – New raunchy, bushy-headed, city boy crop of dodos arrived.

December 25 – Christmas party – Reid didn't get a gift.

January 16 – 41-E Recognition Dance.

January 17 – Graduation Day and off to Basic.

**** ****

AVIATION CADET OFFICERS

CLASS 42-E

AVIATION CADET CAPTAIN

Aviation Cadet Richard K. McIntosh

AVIATION CADET LIEUTENANTS

Aviation Cadet Frank C. Howk, Jr. (Adjutant)
Aviation Cadet Robert F. Little
Aviation Cadet Lucius C. Tirey
Aviation Cadet Ned Stuart

AVIATION CADET SERGEANT MAJOR

Aviation Cadet Orville Rogers

AVIATION CADET FIRST SERGEANT

Aviation Cadet William J. Crandall

AVIATION CADET SUPPLY SERGEANT

Aviation Cadet William L. Turner
Aviation Cadet James F. Reid (Asst. Supply Sgt.)

AVIATION CADET SERGEANT (Athletic Asst.)

Aviation Cadet Benjamin Knapp

AVIATION CADET PLATOON SERGEANTS

Aviation Cadet Carl W. Eley
Aviation Cadet Denver R. Stufflebean
Aviation Cadet Ollie L. Baker

AVIATION CADET SERGEANTS

Aviation Cadet Hugh L. Kienitz
Aviation Cadet Ryan M. Moon
Aviation Cadet Norman Kossis

AVIATION CADET CORPORALS

Aviation Cadet Ransom W. Rideout
Aviation Cadet James H. Gill
Aviation Cadet Earl J. Davis
Aviation Cadet Frederick I. Abbott
Aviation Cadet Julian B. Baird
Aviation Cadet Levi M. Smith
Aviation Cadet Chester E. Daniels
Aviation Cadet Ray K. Hart
Aviation Cadet Raymond J. Kane, Jr.
Aviation Cadet Frederick P. Fulton (Bugler)

**** ****

personals

ABBOTT, FREDERICK I.

Born in the middle of World War I while the country was celebrating the heroes of past conflicts on May 30th, 6:45 P.S.T. Spent the first fifteen years of an uneventful life in Oakland, California and then moved to a ranch in the San Jauquin Valley. Finally succeeded in persuading the professors of the College of Pacific in Stockton into releasing him with suitable papers and recommendations for a chance at the Army Air Corps. Present objective is a pair of silver wings and the ability to fly like Lt. Danner and not get gigged for it.

****

BAIRD, JULIAN B.

In 1920, on one March 23rd, a boy was born, naming was only a beginning to a series of events leading through schools and "other" educational mediums, ending in an ambition for the life and thrills of a professional musician. This ambition was just beginning to see its realization when a U. S. bugle call won J. B. Baird from his trumpet and love, and from a promising occupation of band directing, to cast his lot with the adventurous; to get "those" wings, as a symbol of accomplishment, work, and pleasures that go with them; a definite view in mind of guarding "them" against all unfriendly action.

****

BAKER, O. L.

Hails from big "I" (Itasca),Texas. "Colitch Man" - a couple years at Hillsboro Jr. College and one year at Baylor University. Alledged athlete, loafer, and small town playboy. Became infected in a primary C.A.A. Course - Ambitions - silver wings - and a rug woven of "slant eye" scalps.

****

BARNETT, SOMERS E., JR. (Zeke)

Born in Idabel, Oklahoma November 17, 1915. Graduated from Eufaula, Okla. high school in 1933 and received B. S. Degree from East Central State College at Ada in 1937. Studied music and religious education at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Fort Worth, Texas. Ex-choir director and radio artist in Ft. Worth. Present ambition is divided between feminine interest in Nacogdoches, Texas and Navigation. Nuff sed -

****

BOONE, RAYFORD L.

Born in Breckenridge, Texas, Sept. 29, 1917. Never lived in the same Texas town more than four years or less than one year since Dad is a Methodist minister. Finished West High School in West Station, Texas in 1934 and finished Southern Methodist University of Dallas, Texas in 1938 with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Commerce. Worked at Southwestern Laboratories for three years before being influenced by the draft situation to join the U. S. Army Air Corps. Ambition: Washed on December 30, 1941 but still has hopes of becoming an officer with another branch of Air Corps.

Well!!! Fall in Gentlemen.

BRAZIL, JAMES L. JR.

Born April 29, 1921 at Komalty, Oklahoma. First 6 years were very uneventful, spent 7 years going to a country school, Dist. No. 24, Kiowa County, Okla. Metropolis of Komalty disappeared so address was changed to Hobart, Okla. Spent 4 years in high school at Hobart and attended Kiowa County Junior College for 1 semester, then went to Stillwater, Okla. spending 2 years taking agriculture at Oklahoma A. & M. Started would-be flying career taking C.P.T. in late 1940 at the Stillwater Flying Service. Aged 10 years worrying about getting into Air Corps and worried that much more worrying about getting through. Ambition - to get those wings and be a pursuit pilot.

****

CRAIG, FREEMAN L.

First saw the light of day 22 years ago in January 1920. Graduated from Oklahoma A. & M. on June 2, 1941. Rode on thumb from New York to California last summer, then joined Air Corps for excitement mostly. Ambition: To win this war and marry up with that gal in Kansas.

****

CRANDALL, WILLIAM J.

Home town is Tulsa, Oklahoma. Born in Ada, Oklahoma June 10, 1920. Went to Oklahoma A. & M. College. Three years chemical engineering. Member of Sigma Chi Fraternity. Ambition: to get those silver wings and marry the hometown girl.

****

DANIELS, CHESTER E.

Born March 7, 1918 in Mangum, Okla. Graduated from high school at Durant, Okla. Went to Southeastern State College at Durant for two years. Was affiliated with Sigma Tau Gamma Fraternity. Went to Oklahoma University for a year and a half. Went on Naval Reserve officers training cruise to Cuba and Panama. Didn't like the sea so quit to get in Air Corps.

****

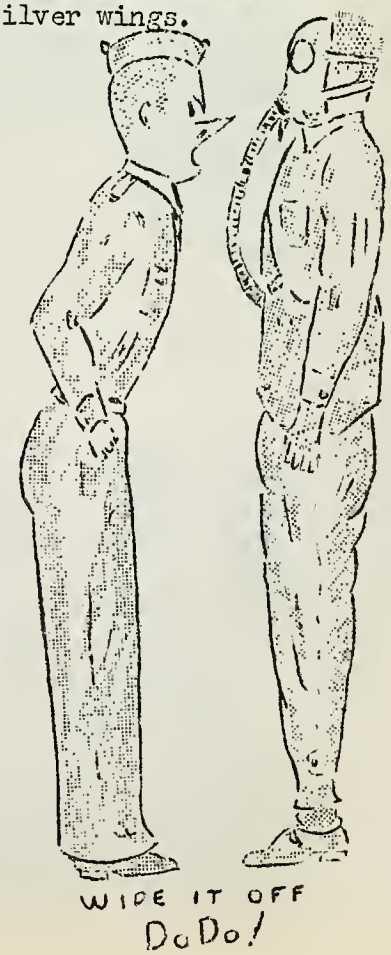
DAVIS, EARL J.

Threw the family for a loop when he made a "dead stick" landing on Jan. 27, 1921 at Tuskahoma, Oklahoma. Graduated from Moyers High School at Moyers, Okla. and from Murray Junior College at Tishomingo, Oklahoma. First loves include Southeastern Okla. hills, beautiful women and basketball. Greatest ambition is to be a good army pilot.

****

DISHMAN, GARLAND A.

Born April 18, 1920 when the stork made a forced landing in Marshfield, Missouri. Packed up meager belongings at the ripe old age of 6 months and moved to Okmulgee, Oklahoma, where he lived ever since. Studied geology at the University of Oklahoma, but after three years of tramping over hills looking at rocks, decided flying was more interesting. Primary C.P.T. decided for him and he joined the Army Air Corps. Ambition is same as countless others: get those silver wings.



FLIGHT "A"

FLIGHT "B"

ELEY, CARL W.

The stork visited the home of W. D. Eley for the eighth time to bring no other than Carl. He brought this boy on December 17, 1919 being exactly 16 years after the Wright Brothers made their first flight. Attended school at Porter High School, Altus, Oklahoma. Later attended college at University of Oklahoma. Completed a C.P.T. course. This got him started in his aviation career but where it will end, he doesn't know. Greatest ambition is to be the yap that gets the most Japs, and also to get those wings with hopes of getting a "P-38" to ride in.

****

ELKING, ROBERT M.

Made a forced landing into this world on early, dreary morning on the 26th of March 1919. San Francisco, California was the place. Educated at Lowell High School in San Francisco and Hollister Junior College, Hollister California. Planned to teach psychology before the aviation bug bit.

****

EMERY, ORLAND G.

Landed January 4, 1917 at emergency field Nocona, Texas. Attended New Castle high school at New Castle, Okla. and attended Southwestern Institute of Technology, Weathford, Oklahoma two years and Oklahoma City Law School one year. Two year letter man in baseball. Greatest ambition - to be able to fly like Mr. Larson, my checkrider.

****

FULTON, FREDERICK P.

Born August 12, 1918 at Tulsa, Oklahoma. Graduated from Tulsa Central high in 1935 and got a B. S. degree in accounting from Oklahoma A. & M. College, Stillwater, Oklahoma. Ambition: To act as Portia to the yellow race using lead poison as the potion. Favorite sports - swimming and horseback riding.

****

GAMBEL, BURREL B.

An Oklahoman thru and thru, was born at Lindsay, Oklahoma, February 9, 1921. Graduated from the Elkeno high school in '39 and graduated from Elkeno Junior College in '41. He had dreamed of the Army Air Corps for several years before obtaining the requirements to do so. After completing the Primary C.P.T. course in June of 1941, he enlisted as an aviation cadet. Ambition: To be a farmer - flying farmer.

****

GILL, JAMES HARVEY

Born on rainy day in February, on the afternoon of the 9th in 1921. First words were "Chee, I wanna fly". Been saying it ever since - still saying it. First girl at age of three; she's married now. Second at age of 12; she's married now. Last at age of 16; she's married now. Greatest ambition - to put slugs from the muzzles on P-38's thru every Jap that raided Pearl Harbor. Would like to have wings on chest and bars on shoulder too.

****

GRAVES, RALPH W.

Old mother stork had engine failure and made a forced landing in Oklahoma on May 28, 1919. Thanks his lucky stars that she wasn't down in Texas. Stalled through twelve years of grammar and high school then ground looped through two years of college at E.C.S.T.C., Ada, Oklahoma where he was studying to be a school teacher. He took C.P.T. and decided quickly to be an aviation cadet. After several months of trying was finally accepted. His favorite hobby is having the Chicago dodos sing the National Anthem, (Boomer Sooner). Famous for entering traffic wrong. Greatest ambition - to become a flying officer in the United States Army Air Corps, and learn to fly like Mr. Lawrence.

****

GREENSIDES, LAWRENCE A.

Was dropped by a snow blind stork over Saskatoon, Saskatuwan, Canada on April 18, 1917. At age of 5 was undecided whether to stay and join the R.A.F. or go to America and join the Air Corps. Came to America and 18 years later was excepted into Air Corps. Graduated from Sonora Union High School. Attended Madesto Junior College and San Joe State College. Ambition is to pin on those gleaming silver wings for keeps.

****

HART, RAY K.

Born January 16, 1918, Claremore, Oklahoma. Attended high school at Independence, Kansas. Attended Arkansas State Teachers, Conway, Arkansas for 4 years; majoring in Mathematics and receiving an A. B. Degree. Member of Sigma Tau Gamma Fraternity, golf team, and who's who of American Colleges and Universities. Employed by General Paint Corporation in Dallas, Texas before flying for Uncle Sam.

****

HOWK, FRANK C. JR.

Born April 20, 1921 in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Attended Oklahoma Military Academy at Claremore, Okla., for 4 years. Famous for acrobatics on the ground.

****

JONES, OCAL P.

Born in Idabel, Oklahoma, February 12, 1918. Attended Oklahoma A. & M. College one year, and Southeastern State College at Durant two years. Pledged Phi Sigma Epsilon Fraternity at Southeastern. Had Primary C.A.A. training, and decided to make Army flying a career. My greatest ambition - to get the United States Army Air Corps wings and to help set the rising sun.

****

KANE, RAYMOND J., JR. (Killer)

Born March 23, 1921 at Denver, Colorado. Hails from broad plains of Oklahoma where he spent the past 2 years trying to convince himself, not to say anything of the professors of Northern Oklahoma Junior College he was to be a great accountant. Primary CPT served as the incubator in developing the desire to sprout Army wings. Has always been foremost in doing exactly the wrong thing at precisely the wrong time. At present his only ambition is a commission with those beautiful wings attached.

****

KIENITZ, HUGH L.

Born on September 7, 1919 at San Pedro, California. Attended Redwood City California elementary schools for 12 years and attended Mountain View Union High School two years and finally graduated from Modesto High School in 1939 and attended Modesto Junior College two years, taking Primary C.P.T. in the second year.

Decided to join Air Corps when draft number came up. Ambition at the present is to get those silver wings and later fly bombers. Most of all to bomb "hell" out of the Japs.

****

KNAPP, BENJAMIN F.

Was tossed overboard by the bird with the long neck September 21, 1915 at Seattle, Washington. Moved to Fresno, California and attended Fresno high school. After 1 year at Chaffee Junior College in Ontario California, decided to finish education at Fresno State College. Graduated in 1937 - almost went into Air Corps then, but went into insurance business in Fresno. After 4 years, with the "bug" still biting, joined Army Air Corps. Only regret - that he didn't join when he first wanted to.

****

KOSSIS, NORMAN

Born ("But who knows where or when") on the traditional storks day off. A ground hog was forced to take over the job thus affecting and accounting for his later success in the air. He finally got out of school after the school board suggested getting either father or son out of the twelfth grade. Thence to a story life at sea for 2½ years spying on the sly Orientals until a whale spit him at the University of Washington where he stuck for 6 years, getting two years credit to enable entrance to the Army Air Corps. All persons having anything to do with his career do sincerely apologize. Any resemblance between above-named character and any aviator living or dead, is purely coincidental.

****

KUSLER, DONALD L.

Born on January fourth, 1919, in Artas, South Dakota. Spent all of his early life, until he had finished High School, in North Dakota. Then he travelled west to California in 1937 and like it well enough to stay here ever since. Attended Santa Maria Junior College and the University of California at Los Angeles. He finally got enough credits in college to get into the Army Air Corps, just in time to beat the draft. Now, his greatest ambition is to be a pilot and get his commission in the U. S. Army Air Corps. Right now, a few Japs thrown in would help a lot.

****

LEAHY, HAROLD C., JR.

First saw light on April 13, 1921, at St. Anthony's Hospital, Trinidad, Colorado. Moved across the state line (for various reasons) into God's Country, New Mexico. Attended Raton High School for four years after which time his Profs became so bored that they donated him a "sheepskin". Went to New Mexico A&M college for one year; then decided to become an Okie. Attended Oklahoma A&M just long enough to get into the Air Corps. He decided to become a pilot for Uncle Sam, but Lt. Danner changed his mind, so he took the next best thing, Navigation. Here's hoping that there are no Lt. Danners at Sacramento.

****

LEE, LARUE B.

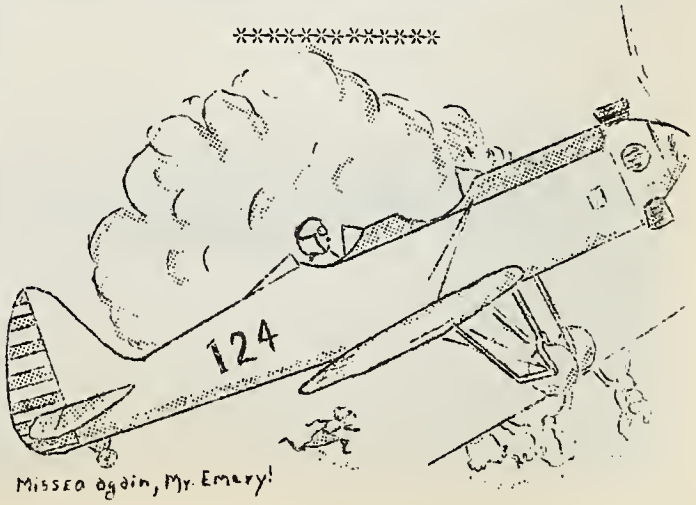
The stork played an April Fool's joke on an Oklahoma ranch in 1919 and left Larue Lee. He tried several different schools in Oklahoma and California, and was finally bribed out of annoying the teachers by being graduated from high school at Leedey, Oklahoma in 1937. He was enrolled in Oklahoma A. and M. College for three and one-half years. In January, 1941, he quit work on a Masters Degree in Animal Husbandry to try raising race horses. However, in July the draft board was proving faster than the horses so he made application for the Army Air Corps and was granted a membership in the Ryan Country Club with class 42-E.

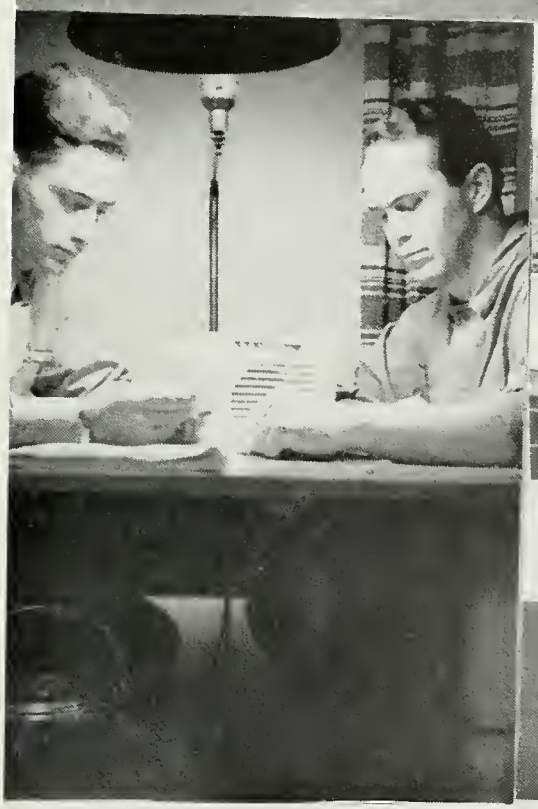
****

LITTLE, ROBERT F.

A Kansas from Oklahoma, but without regrets. Born in Hoisington, Kansas, November 8, 1919. A year later moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico and lived there for eleven years. Started school in Albuquerque and before getting out of grade school had attended 10 different schools. Moved from Albuquerque to Muskagu, Oklahoma and attended high school there. Graduated in 1938. Attended Oklahoma A & M for the next year and a half; then Northeastern State College. Won letters in track, football and basketball. Main ambition is to wear wings in Uncle Sam's Air Corps.

****





LOWREY, GLYNN F.

Born in Coffeyville, Kansas on July 28, 1919. Moved to Oklahoma before old enough to go to school to keep from going with the negroes. Moved to Mazie, Oklahoma where he attended high school. Attended two years at Connors State Agricultural College and chumped off and attended Rudes Business College for one year. Got the "Flying Fever" and joined Uncle Sam's Army Air Corps and failed miserably. Now going to give Navigation a whirl with the hopes of better luck.

****

MOON, RYAN M.

Born May 12, 1919 in Galveston, Texas--raised in Oklahoma. At the tender age of 7, started to school. Eight years later, graduated from grade school. From there entered high school which only took six years. College was the next big step. Four years was the limit but by the grace of God and some apple polishing, finished in three. Life becoming dull, he joined the Air C Corps to be a hero. His grand sacrifice was made Nov. 5, 1941. From there on it's public knowledge.

****

MORGAN, JOE B.

Born on a farm near Oswalt, Oklahoma, in August, 1920. Graduated from Orr High School in 1938. Attended Murray State School of Agriculture for two years; taking a course in agriculture. In the spring of 1941 completed Primary C.P.T. and got the flying idea. Decided to become a real flier and joined the United States Air Corps. His greatest ambition is to receive his "wings" and fly a B-24 over Tokyo.

****

McINTOSH, RICHARD K.

Bade farewell to the stork over Tell, Texas, July 25, 1920. Made a 3-point landing there and never one since. Spent first hear of high school in Oklahoma. Intentions were to stay there until an Okie dust storm transferred him to Carlsbad, New Mexico. After graduating from Carlsbad High School, the next four years were spent at New Mexico State College in trying to talk the professors out of a degree. They gave up the argument July 25, 1941, and thre in a 2nd Lieutenant's commission in the Infantry for a promise never to return again. Made application for the Air Corps, July 3, 1941 and celebrated for the following month. (Result --a recheck upon entering Ryan.) Have been air-minded ever since experiencing a fall from a high-chair. Earned private license while in college and flew various makes of grasshoppers until 53 hours of existance had been spent in the air before entering Ryan. Ambition is to stay in the Army and help civilize the Japs--in a shooting way.

****

NEELY, JAMES F., JR.

Born August 18, 1919, in Muskogee, Oklahoma. After completing the required public school education at Tulsa Central High, he packed up for college, understanding here was the 5 year plan for the unemployed. After staggering through 3 years of Petroleum Engineering at the University of Tulsa, decided to kiss the oil business good bye, to the extreme pleasure of the Dean of Engineering. Now his one ambition is to make the Air Corps.

****

NOBLE, JOHN B.

Born May 7, 1917, Holdenville, Oklahoma. Attended High School in Wewoka, Oklahoma. Graduated in 1936 and attended Oklahoma A & M College for five years. No previous flying time.

****

PINNELL, JACK E.

Born July 22, 1918 at Roff, Oklahoma. Movied to Miami in the same year and has lived there since. Won first airplane ride as a prize in a model airplane contest while in high school. Graduated from Northeastern Oklahoma Junior College in 1937 majoring in nothing in particular. Took primary C.P.T. in 1941 and emerged with a "private". Enlisted in Air Corps, came to Ryan and washed. Don't know whether to join the foot army or the R.A.F.

REID, J. F.

Born February 29 (Leap Year), 1920, in Sibley Hospital, Washington, D. C. Attended grammar schools in Henryetta, Oklahoma, and in Joplin, Missouri. After being voted "Most Likely to Succeed" by three different Freshman classes, he eventually graduated from Henryetta High School, cum non magna lauda. From there to the University of Missouri, where he aspired to become a man of letters. With the suspiration of this aspiration came the inspiration to join the Army Air Corps. Known to his fellows as a true gentleman, a student of "woodpulp" literature, and a competent judge of fine "hoseflesh", women, and forced-landing fields, he will live long in the memory of those check-pilots who must have wanted to "bail-out" while riding with him. Reid is a striking character, and can be readily recognized in any crowd as the guy that everyone treats like someone else's tooth-brush.

****

RIDEOUT, RANSOM W.

Barrel-rolled into the backwoods of San Jose, California one early morning, October 12, 1920. Attended San Jose High School and John Marshall High in Los Angeles. Spent the next year attending Santa Monica Junior College. Next educational institution to find his name for two years was San Jose State. Did some tennis and boxing. Organized a collegiate yacht club at San Jose State. Gazing at BT'S at near-by Moffet Field was the main spark, which ignited the flickering urge to fly.

****

ROGERS, ORVILLE C.

Born near Ft. Worth, Texas in Nov. 1917, but soon realized his error and moved to Oklahoma at an early age (taking his parents with him) making his home in Okemah and later Sulphur. Attended Kemper Military School one year and the University of Oklahoma 4 more before snaring that elusive Mechanical Engineering degree. Took advantage of Uncle Sam's generosity and received his pilots license in the CPT program at Oklahoma University and later took the secondary course in a Ryan at Ft. Worth, Texas. Chief ambition at present is to get a commission and a chance to fly a "Flying Fortress" for the Army Air Corps.

****

SHELBY, ELMO B.

Flapped his wings in mother earth's atmosphere for the first time October 2, 1917 at Chickasha, Oklahoma. He is a college graduate from Central State College, Edmond, Oklahoma. Ambition? "Well, I'll follow the course of my classmates and aspire to first have those little wings pinned on, and then load up a bomber and tell my navigator to set his true course so that Japan comes out on the other end."

****

SMITH, LEVI M.

Born in two room ranch house on April 14, 1917 in the Gyp Hills near Freedom, Oklahoma. Moved to Colorado to get some altitude, then came back to Mulhall, Oklahoma to finish high school. Went to Panca City and into the Pig Stand Business and took Primary C.P.T. at Tankowa, Oklahoma April 22, 1940. After another year of college he joined the Air Corps and was sent to Ryan. "Sleepy foot Smith" is what the instructor says.

****

STUART, NED

Born and lived all life (25 years) in Shattuck, Oklahoma. Attended Shattuck high school and Oklahoma A. & M. College. Played football and baseball in college. Member Sigma Chi. "Her" name is Margaret Harvey - ambition is wings and a commission.

****

STUFFLEBEAN, DENVER R.

A native civilized (?) Oklahoman. Hails from Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, the Garden Spot of the Washita and the Brown Corn center of the world. Was optioned out by Pauls Valley high school to University of Okla. Took primary CPT, liked flying and joined the Air Corps. Ambition - to get wings and fly a P-38.

****

THORNTON, WILLIAM D.

Born in 1920 at Centrahoma, Oklahoma. Attended several different grade and high schools. Didn't care much for the farm so studied Mechanical Engineering for two years at Murray Jr. College, Tishomingo, Oklahoma. After leaving Murray College, attended Oklahoma A. & M. one semester during which he made application and was accepted for aviation cadet training. Looking forward to a commission in the U. S. Air Corps.

****

TIREY, LUCIUS C. JR.

Born in Kinta, Oklahoma (suburb of Quinton) in the year 1919 on August 7th. Moved to the metropolis of Quinton, Okla. at a young age where he attended grade and high school. Played spring football (on the bench) in senior year. Attended Oklahoma University for 2½ years preparing for Law School and now practicing the resistance to the law of gravity. Ambition - chest covered with silver wings. A permanent commission in the U. S. Army Air Corps. Forwarding address, Tokyo!

****

TROUSDALE, RALPH W.

Born in Trousdale, reared in Trousdale and attended high school in Trousdale. (Trousdale is in Oklahoma). Attended East Central State College, Ada, Oklahoma and eventually received a B.S. degree in commerce. Was efficient as janitor and bookkeeper while in college. Was principal of a small high school one year. Took primary C.P.T. with Ada Flying Service. Joined Air Corps to make a mark for himself but as yet hasn't made a scratch.

****

TURNER, WILLIAM L.

Bailed out of the good ship Stork over Kirksville, Missouri March 19, 1918, and annoyed the residents of that little village for twenty years thereafter. Attended school at Northeast Missouri State Teachers College and Northwestern University. Weilded the hickory stick in front of high school classrooms in Iowa and New Mexico for two years, and then signed up for the Air Corps - believing in the promising future that the field of aviation holds.

****

VAN DEVENTER, EMMETT B.

Born April 23, 1921 at Fletcher, Oklahoma. At age of one year moved to Oklahoma City, Okla. Attended Oklahoma Junior College and Oklahoma City Un. Ambition - to receive commission.

****

WILSON, NUNNERY

Born in Washington (God's Country) Oklahoma, March 12, 1920. Attended Oklahoma A. & M. College 2½ years. Lived on a farm all his life. Chief ambition now is to be a number 1 A Navigator.

****

WOOL, FREDERICK G.

During the early spring of the year 1919, the stork dropped ballast over the then peaceful Santa Clara Valley, of northern California. This ballast pulled the ripcord and chuted safely to his mothers arms in a little cottage among the prune trees. In later years he attended San Jose High School and San Jose State College where he spent two and one third years. Transferred from San Jose State to the University of California College of Agriculture at Davis, California. First got a taste of flying at this latter school. Chief ambition - to get those wings and bars.

****

WORLEY, JOEL M.

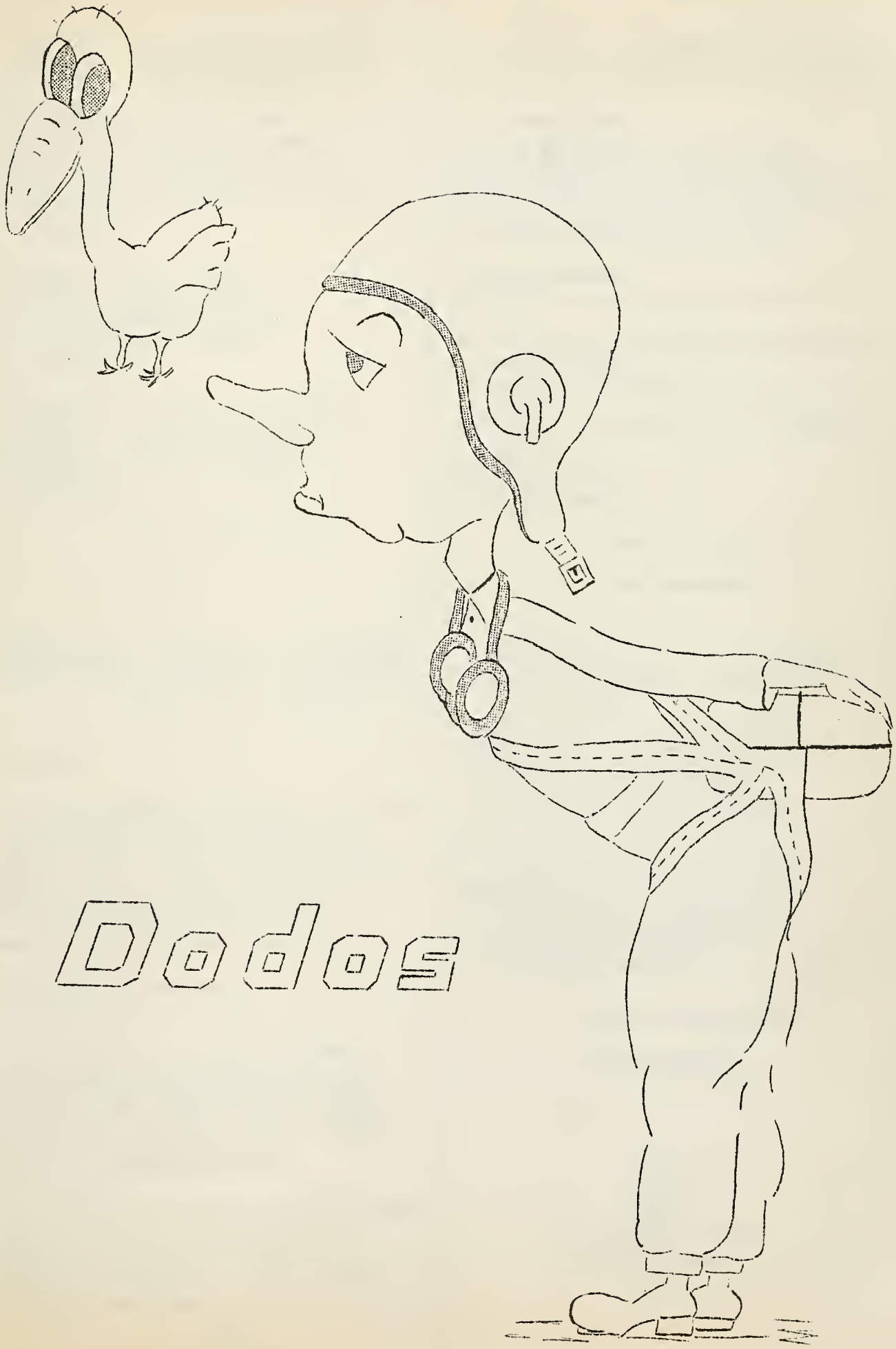
Made first forced landing at Canadian, Texas, March 2, 1919. Attended Central State College at Edmond Oklahoma where he first got a start at flying in primary C.P.T. Ambition - to drop a load of bombs in the streets of Tokyo.

****

YATES, MORTIMER A.

Just another Oklahoman of Class 42-E. Born at Avant, Oklahoma on June 14, 1918 and has been kicking ever since. Attended Tonkawa Junior College, at Tankawa, Okla. and Central State College at Edmond. Received private pilots license through primary C.P.T. at Edmond. Ambition - to get those wings and his share of the Japs.

****


Dodos

just supposin'

Just supposin', before I came,
I knew how Oklahoma got her name;
Knew her men won all the wars
'Twas in 1907 she let down the bars
To let us join her union -
Just supposin' -

Just supposin' that I knew
How to take a brace and pop to.
Put those wrinkles in my chin,
Wipe it off without a grin -
Just supposin'.

Just supposin' I could be the one
To know all the answers to the fun.
Sit without a thing to memorize -
Would I have it on these guys?
Just supposin'!

- Avn/C Giraud, C. E.

****

letter from home

Dec. 20, 1941

Dear Russ:

We are sending your golf clubs and tennis racket by express. Will also send any other items that you may need to keep in the social swing. Your dog misses you a lot, would you like to have him send down? I'm sure the commanding officer would understand.

Mother has had your tux and tails cleaned for you.

If you can get a week off next month, Mother and Grandma will drive down to see you. Let me know how the greens are at the Country Club - maybe I'll come down to play a little golf with you in sunny California.

If you get a little homesick, borrow a plane from Ryan and fly home for a few days. We will all be glad to see you - wire us before you leave. Above all have a good time.

Love
Dad

****

ode to upperclass

O, upperclassman,
You who would make us run uphill,
And not know when to halt a drill,
Who would give us gig after gig until-
We'd sooner lie eternally quiet & still.
O, upperclassman, why be a pill?

O, upperclassman,
A "bit" now and then won't make us so mad,
For we know when <u>you</u> "got it" you sure weren't glad.
We really don't mind it, for it isn't so bad
In another five weeks, we will love it, egad!
But right now -
O, upperclassman, O !!

- Avn/C Scovell, W. S.

****

doleful dodo

There was a young dodo at Ryan
Who expected to spend his time flyin'
But now that he's found
What goes on on the ground,
He can often be overheard sighin'.

It seems that he used to be saner
Before he went up in his trainer
When he lost the horizon
He found it surprisin'
As he slipped back into a half-gaynor!

- Avn/C Sorem, Allan L.

****

CHICAGO PLAYBOYS
ARRIVE AT RYAN

AVN/C MURRAY R.C.

off they go

Class 42-E is going soon,
Flying through clouds toward the moon.
Able leadership, yes b'gosh!
For at the head is McIntosh.

Right behind without a squak
Is his able Adjutant, Frank C. Hoak.
Also feeling gay and cherry
Are Lieutenants, Little, Stuart & Tirey.

Rogers, Crandall, Turner & Reid
Follow along with the greatest of speed.
On the door of fame they rap -
With Baker, Rideout, Smith & Knapp.

After the Japs, boys! Tear 'em apart!
Go now Lee, Gamble, Neeley and Hart;
Kienitz, Stufflebean, Moon and Gill
Will never go down, but up the hill.

Put not to shame those left behind.
They'll find success in some other line.
And 42-F will rise as a man
To give you cadets a solid hand.

- Avn/C Dix, John T.

****

tailwind

The flyer they nicknamed "his Nibbs"
Was flying his solo at Gibbs.
It pains me to tellit
He took off his bel-t.
He said that it tickled his ribs!

Take off went well as he started
'Twas simple! The earth and he parted!
He flew her around,
Then started for ground
Head down in the cockpit halfhearted.

The final problem was relly
The telephone wires, and by Nellie
He didn't go over
Instead he dove her
Under and flat on her belly.

You've guessed that this jingle's
"white lying"
Is mythical. We are all vying
For those "Happy Days"
Which will send us airways,
Heart and ship trimmed for good flying!

- Avn/C McWhorter, J. T.

****

satisfied

I'm glad I "comed" and all that stuff,
And I don't mind being treated rough,
For I love to fly - thats why I'm here
Now my heart beats faster when planes
are near.
So beat me daddy - you can get real
tough,
I'm learning to fly and that's enough.

- Avn/C Tanny, R. W.

****

the solo hop

Listen my children and you shall hear
About the solo hop of dodo McSpear.
He went to Dispensary, the Doc said OK
Then quick as a flash Mc went on his
way.

He gave her the gun, took off with a
roar
And before he could breath, had three
hundred or more.
Getting up there was easy, now he had
to come down
While thinking it over, he went round
and round.

He got up his nerve and then said we'll
try
Came down within ten feet then went
right on by.
He kept right on circling till it was
most dark
Said "Send up a sky hook, I think I'll
just park".

(Continued Next Page)

The Solo Hop (Continued)

His instructor said Mister give it just
one more crack,
Make it look like you're landing with
eggs on your back.
Mac tried it and made it and now all
will say
That he's a good pilot who learned the
hard way.

- Avn/C East, J. M. Jr.

****

happy dodo

Oh, I'm a happy dodo -
When we have open post,
For back at Ryan Aero
I do not love our host.

We brace to and "attention",
With upperclassmen about,
And this is not to mention
The way the Okies shout.

At mealtime I am angry
The upperclassmen get there first.
I leave the table, hungry
And for coffee do I thirst.

However, I can take it,
Although I'm not so big -
I just hang on and bear it,
Or else I get a gig.

- Avn/C Larsen, V. H.

****

dodo handbook

The various and sundry positions and movements of "Bird" when properly executed create, within the Dodo superlative stability, ability, flexibility as well as dignity. For the benefit of the uninitiate, intelligent and conscientious study should be given the following excerpt from
F. M. 42 - F - 00 - 00 - 00 (Restricted)

Position of the Dodo - or of "Bird To":

A - Heels smartly together, and as near together as the flexibility of the Dodo permits.

B - Feet turned out equally and forming an angle of $179\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ - Note: This angle is of prime importance.

C - The knees and legs forming an elipse knees flexed.

D - Hips, etc. well to the rear of the focal point of gravity.

E - Arms hanging straight with the back of the hand touching the outer thigh.

F - Head well back, chin thrust outward and upward, eyes focused at 75° above the horizon - this position must be one without relaxation.

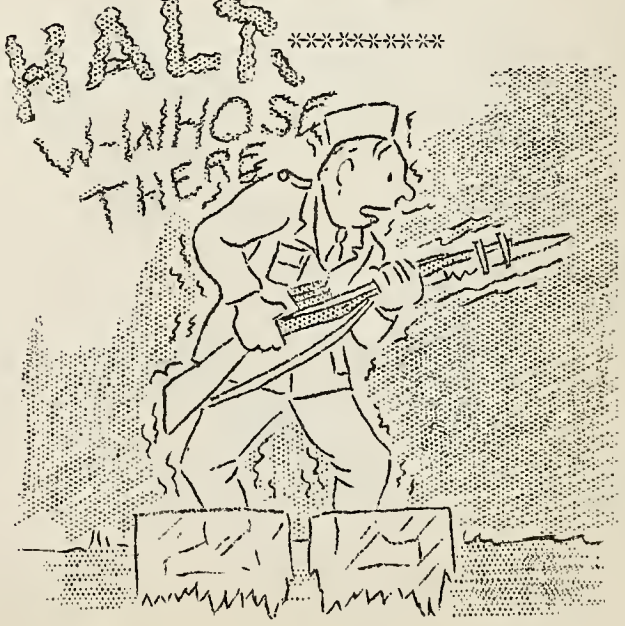
G - The weight of the body resting equally (period).

H - In assuming the position of a Dodo, or of "Bird To", special care should be taken to maintain an appearance of stolidity.

Pamphlets concerning the "Bird Facings" can be obtained by contacting proper authorities, thru channels, at G. H. Q. Aviary.

- Avn/C Ulmer, Max C.

****



FIRST NIGHT ON WATCH - REMEMBER?

Well – you see, there's a place called Gibbs,
and there were some high tension Wires!

IFS OF A DODO

If you can smile
Upon your entrance,
And keep that smile
Upon the exit
Of an upperclassmen -

If you can walk
And be aware
Of corners to square -

If you can brace-to
With suffieient attitude
To make an upperman say, Ah! -

If you can be called a raunchy dodo
And consider it
A constructive criticism -

If you can shine your shoes
And brass and brush your hair
And shave and make your bed & sweep
When you haven't time to -

If you can eat with your
Left hand dangling to your side,
And keep your knife
So it doesn't cut the man beside
And freeze on the melodic note
From an innocent glass -

If you can keep an upperclassman
Delighted with sixty seconds worth
of moaning
For his brother man -

If you can answer for all
Your wrongs with the simple phrase
No excuse, sir -

If you can keep your instructor
Satisfied with your banks and turns
And glides and stalls -

If you can keep these things in mind
And consider it a privilege -

Then the chances are only ten to
One against you!

- Avn/C McLaughlin, James

****

BEWILDERED

When in Heaven, we do meet,
Upperclassmen, oh so sweet,
Do we "pop to" or just stand loose -
Explain our presence or "No Excuse"?
Do we square those corners for evermore,
Just 'cause we're raunchy to the core?
Do we keep on being so, so dumb,
Or will those brain-wheels start to hum?
Tell me now. Don't make me wait -
Until the welcome at the "Gate".

- Avn/C Leirevaag, W. L.

****

ABOUT FACE

I used to think in days gone bye,
That I was quite a lucky guy.
Had a job, a good one too,
And a girl who loved me true.

But that seems oh so long ago,
Now my heart is filled with woe,
For the girl I left behind
Doesn't even seem to mind.

And yet the things I valued so
Have lost their meaning in the glow
Of silver wings and a golden bar
And a chance to fly in the A.C.R.

- Avn/C McNeese, H.

****

PLAIN DODO

I'm just a dodo, trying to sprout wings,
'Cause I can't leave the ground without
the darn things!
Some day I'll catch on, and then I'll
know how
To handle this thing, like I used to a
plow.

- Avn/C Wichman, W. F.

reflections of a dodo

I went to school for twenty-three years so I could qualify for the Army Air Corps. I finally graduated from eighth grade and decided to join before I passed the age limit.

They told us we were going to California, sunny California, where women are men as far as clothes go. When we got here, the upperclassmen told us we were dodos. A dodo is a sorry-looking duck with a beautiful head of skin, fallen arches, and housemaids knee.

They told us a dodo is never happy, but we didn't believe them. They've been proving it to us ever since. Our group came from Chicago - that's where they butcher Oklahoma cattle. Oklahoma is where they butcher Chicago dodos.

I really like this routine life, though. Three times a day we march into the dining hall for mess. Boy! There's a four-letter word that <u>is</u> descriptive.

Every day we have drill. When we first started we were pretty ragged. But we've been at it a while, and now we're "raunchy". The other day an upperclassman took a dodo out of ranks to teach him how to march. They started out on opposite feet, and after two steps they both skipped to get in time. That kept them out of time, so they both skipped again. After five such moves, something must have snapped, because both those men skipped right over to the administration building and bought lolly-pops.

Out here they tell us we have to learn to fly by the seat of our pants. The other day I almost did. We were up two thousand feet, and turning into a steep bank, when I found my safety belt wasn't fastened.

I want to become a good upperclassman. A really good one teaches his dodos to become alert. If I get a dodo from Oklahoma I'll be the best upperclassman around here.

- Avn/C Baker, K. M.

****

to a dodos gal

- Avn/C Johnston, D.L.

December 27, 1941

Dearest Sweetheart:

I wish you were here baby, that is, if nobody else knew it.

After being received by the reception band, we were taken to the barracks in the cadet officer's cars. Our first uniform was a snappy, close fitting, well made coverall with lots of gold. The gold surfaces must be highly polished, however this causes us no concern as pilots of course would not stoop to menial labor.

There is always plenty of entertainment furnished by poor devils called "dodos" who also act as stooges. We never have to hurry, because they keep saying, "Don't hurry, the army can wait."

Yesterday I was so good in drill that the squad leader asked me to drill with him personally.

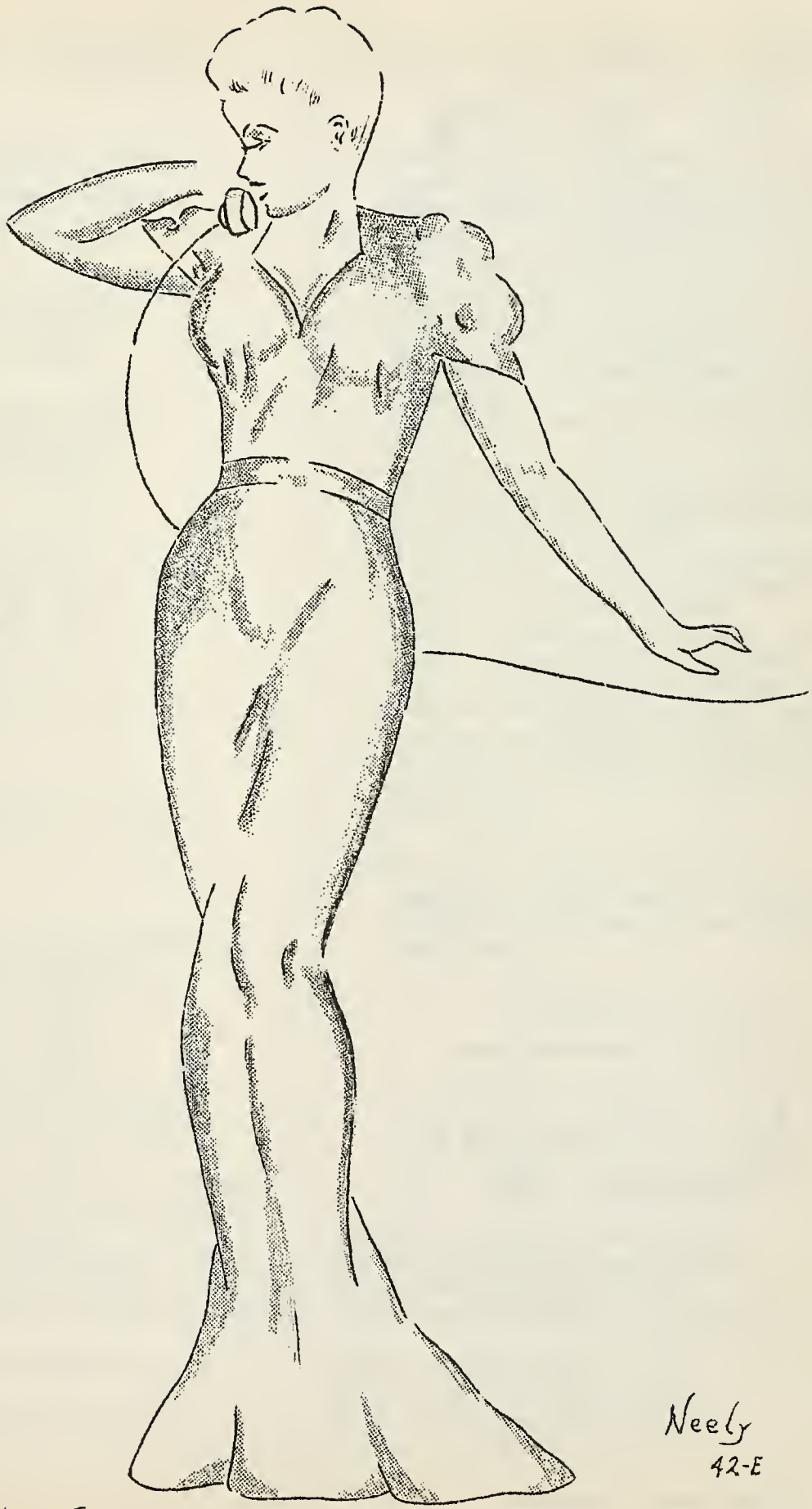
When a cadet officer comes by he salutes us, but we are supposed to beat him to the draw especially if he's from Oklahoma.

The upperclassmen will be leaving in a few weeks and we will really miss them. They are fine fellows. A few of them stand out in our minds and one receives a title for his efforts with the lower class; chief something-or-other.

When I get back I'm afraid I will be rather careless after having free rein but will try to get back in line.

Love and kisses
Lover Boy

****



Neely
42-E

A date for the Rec dance? Sorry, the fleet's in.

just dodos

For we're a bunch of dodo's,
As nobody will deny,
With heads of Vermont Marble
And minds made up to fly.

We've been here just a week,
And maybe a few days more.
They've taught us rules, and songs,
And things to do galore.

We want to be their buddies -
To show them we mean right,
So what they say to do,
We do with all our might.

For we're a bunch of dodo's
And happy lads we are.
We'd rather be just dodo's
Than kings in lands afar.

- Avn/C Kelly, H. W.

****

I never knew

I never knew what "raunchy" meant,
    until I came to Ryan.
I never knew what a "Dodo" was,
    until I came to Ryan.
I always "took it easy",
    until I came to Ryan.
I always thought that Oklahoma
    was a "state" akin to "come"
    until I came to Ryan.
But I have learned by being corrected
    my education has been neglected.
So right now I'm tryin'
    to do my best for good old Ryan,
And when it's all completed,
    I'll know how to "Keep 'Em Flying".

- Avn/C Boucher, R. N.

****

how to keep from getting old

1. When asked for the focale point of heaven always name your home town.
2. Never address an upperclassman as "mister", just call him "buddy" - he's been here longer than you have and known you have troubles.
3. When you are told to sit on three inches of your chair, don't do it. You know if the manufacturers had intended you to sit on three inches, they would have built the chair smaller.
4. Don't bother to shine your brass. It will just get tarnished again in about two or three hours.
5. Don't bother to draw a parachute, it just makes you fall faster coming down - if it doesn't open.
6. When your instructor sends you up to solo, forget everything you were told. You're bound to get your name and picture in the home-town paper.
7. When an upperclassman tells you he is going to give you a gig, just tell him "thanks", to keep it, that you just had one.

THEN:- If you comply with all these suggestions, come see us. We will be glad to refer you to the closest draft board.

- Avn/C Freel, John

****

doggerel of a dodo

Keep your eyes upon the plate.
Never have time to keep a date;
Always wrong and never right,
"Dodo that brass is sure a sight".

Column left and column right -
Food is here but not a bite.
Bird to here and bird to there
In the bathtub not a hair.

(continued on next page)

Doggerel of a Dodo (Continued)

Blanketed Indians won the war -
"Gawdamighty my arm is sore!"
Brace to here and brace to there
Carry on boys! Carry what where?

Boomer Sooners, carry the tune;
Legs all gone to rack and ruin;
California's fog and mist -
There's my name! The deficiency list!

Blank verse now, blanker later.
I'm an upperclassman baiter.
Dodo now, with one ambition,
Hope I live 'til recognition.

- Avn/C Ertresvaag, R. W.

****

the eight lowerclass accustoms

1. Sir, the first lowerclass custom is as follows: Lowerclassmen will use the expression, "so what", when explaining an offense, and then go on the defense.

2. Lowerclassmen will address upperclassmen as "Hey, you!" And will refer to other lowerclassmen as "Pal" or "Sport".

3. Lowerclassmen, or Sports, will walk in a military manner occasionally; at other times they will place their hands on their hips in case an Okie or a Texan tries to draw a gun on them.

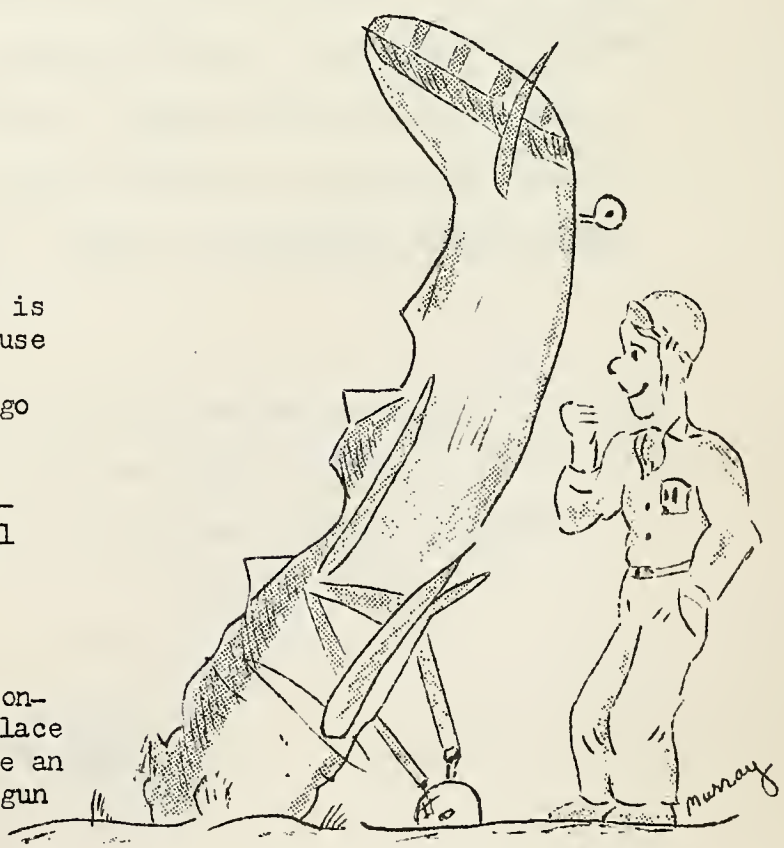
4. Ryan is a country-club, so when at mess, eat like a mess. Feet may be placed on the table only after dessert.

5. Lowerclassmen will give the hand-salute when in need of violent exercise.

6. Lowerclassmen will wear goggles at all flying formations if they are in the mood to fly; otherwise they will go to the cafe to have a coke.

7. Lowerclassmen will leave their rooms in any dress or uniform they have handy. Gigs will be meted to the neatest man.

8. Lowerclassmen will leave their rooms to be cleaned by the upperclassmen; room-inspection will take place after the lowerclassmen have left for Basic.



HAS ANYONE GOT A CAMEL?

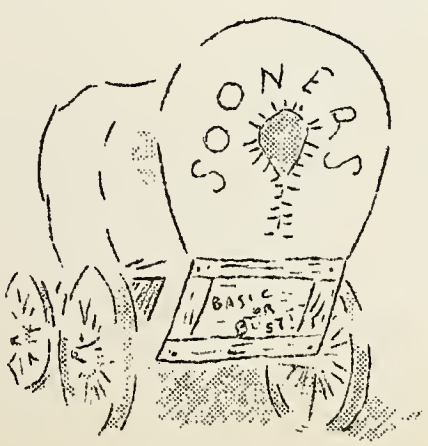
This is the yawn before good-night...the kiss before good-bye...a flourish of the pen...the last word of the WINDSOCK.

Now we are leaving. To the Army, other than our commanding officers whom we came to know, we were Class 42-E in primary-training at Ryan. To the ground-school personnel, we were..impersonally..a wholesale deficiency list and an educational problem. And to our flight-instructors, we were alternately or consistently a "whiz" or a menace. Our lowerclassmen called us "Okies".

Yet to each other, we came to be more than that. We were Moon who had trouble with slow-rolls, Leahey who liked a good joke, Kossis that had his own place on the gig-line. Fellows from different schools in scattered universities, from various stations of life, with little to draw us closer, except flying. Today we are comrades, with a common hope and interest in the future.

As inevitably there must be, some of us were eliminated; they will serve the Army Air Corps in a different manner elsewhere. But to them, and to ourselves, we say..."I'll see you next New Year in Tokio!"

--Editor



53 105

WINDSOCK

CLASS 42 • F

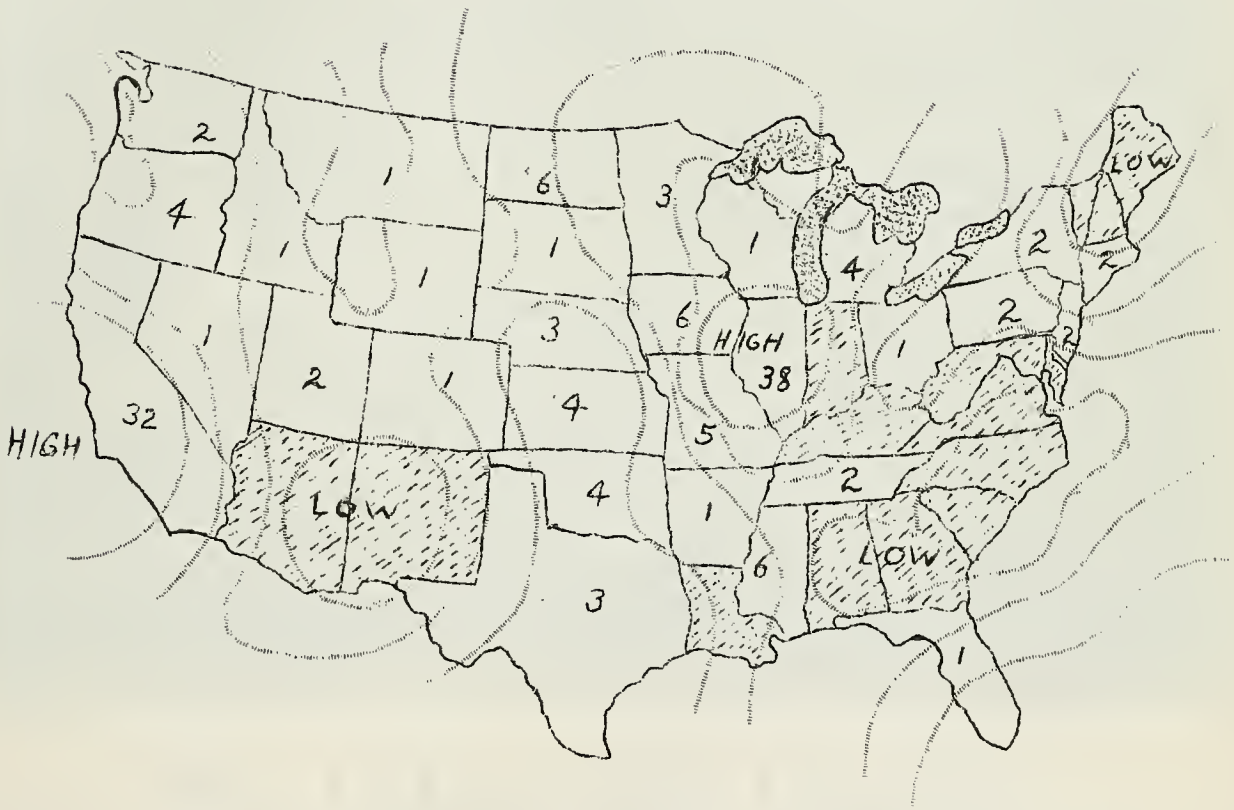
PUBLISHED BY THE AVIATION CADETS
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD • SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

13 SD

FEBRUARY • 1942

RUSSELL C. CRAIG
CAPTAIN AVIATION CADETS
CLASS 42-F

THE WINDSOCK



PUBLISHED BY

AVIATION CADETS – CLASS 42-F
Air Corps Training Detachment
Ryan School of Aeronautics
San Diego, California

NO GREATER GLORY

Somewhere through the great trackless skies he loved so well, somewhere on a long last navigation flight is Carl E. Danner, 2nd Lt. A.C. No need for gyro-compass, sectional maps or Radio Beam—Celestial Navigation marks the way. On a routine training flight, 5 February 1942, Lt. Danner's plane crashed in Mission Valley.

No citations, no hero's medals were his reward, but his memory is etched permanently on the hearts of those who knew him well. No combat time he logged, no enemy ships shot down, and yet he was an "Ace", his victories numbered in the hundreds—the cadets he trained.

To the Windsock; a collection of miscellaneous items of advice and achievement concocted to bewilder those unfortunates not included in the intimate brotherhood of Ryan Cadets, and to provide a tangible record of memories for the Class of 42-F.

- Editor

ERTRESVAAG, R. W.
EDITOR

LICWINKO, J. J.
ASSOC. ED.

WALSH, V. X.
ASSOC. ED.

STEWART, B. C.
CARTOONIST

WINDSOCK WORKERS

DANGLER, H. A.
PHOTOGRAPHER "C" FLIGHT

YATES, M. A.
PHOTOGRAPHER "D" FLIGHT

MISS MOLLOY
SECRETARY

PIKE, E. B.
ADVISOR

BEATTY, C. A.
(?)

WELCOME! LIEUTENANT KITTLEBAND

Harold P. Kittleband, 1st Lieutenant, Air Corps, our new Supply Officer, reported for duty to our Adjutant on February 2nd in his now familiar Texas drawl. We take this opportunity to welcome him most enthusiastically.

Graduating from Texas A. & M. in 1936, with a major in "Marketing and Finance", he was a member of the A. & M. crack R.O.T.C. regiment and was on the varsity basketball squad. His trail leads from college to active duty with the Army at Fort Sam Houston and thence to Houston, Texas, as a banking brain-trust.

August of 1941 found the Lieutenant on his way to Luke Field, Arizona for duty with the Army Air Corps. After a transfer to the Temporary Replacement Center at Higley Field, a very rough train ride, so he tells us, brought him over the mountains to our next on Lindbergh.

Class 42-F, through the WINDSOCK, extends a warm welcome to Lt. Kittleband and hopes his stay here will be a pleasant one.

****

LT. J.D. ANDERSON

LT. D.W. HAARMAN
COMMANDING OFFICER

CAPT. M.R. WILUCKI

LT. M.H. CARLTON

LT. K.L. SIEBECKER

LT. A.G. ROSS
ADJUTANT

LT. H.P. KITTLEBAND

LT. E.R. BANE

I want to take this opportunity to congratulate you men of 42-F on the record you have made during this very difficult and important phase of your training - the Primary Stage.

In Basic and Advanced you will be placed more and more on your own initiative. You will be expected to reach a very high degree of proficiency in your work, and you will soon realize - if you have not already - that your degree of success is entirely up to you. There is little need to remind any of you that <u>your</u> success could never be more vital to the welfare of your country than it is at this very time. In this light, any failure to give your maximum effort, any let-up in your devotion to duty, will bear serious consequences to yourself and to your Service.

Keep on your toes, work hard, get everything out of this priceless opportunity. Here's wishing you a most successful future as a student and Officer of the Army Air Corps.

DONALD W. HAARMAN
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commanding

"CARRY ON"

I desire to extend my sincere congratulations to you members of Class 42-F. Your graduation from this primary school marks the completion of the most important phase of your pilot training, not because of the flight instruction received here, but because it is at this school that you must master vital fundamentals, demonstrate your faculty to assimilate this specialized instruction and prove your ability to coordinate. These things are necessary in order that you can be certified as desirable candidates for the highly intensified training at Basic and Advanced Schools and can ultimately be recommended for the real responsibilities of comissioned officers.

Your country never needed your maximum effort more than it does at the present. Serve it well. Exemplify the attributes of accuracy, proficiency, loyalty, and honor.

August G. Ross
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Adjutant

****

Class 42-F, you are now leaving to further your knowledge of flying. You have done a fine job here, and perhaps it would be profitable to look back over the past ten weeks and summarize all the good points you have learned.

The ground school has certainly put forth their best efforts and take a tip, they know their stuff; a fact confirmed by the records of hundreds of students who began their training at Ryan School. The flight department has done everything in its power to make you good pilots. In Basic and Advanced, take advantage of all those tips your instructors have given.

Your check rides with the late Lt. Danner, were priceless minutes or hours in the air as he was an expert flier and all of his pointers and instructions you can be sure will assist you in becoming better pilots. Hats off to a fine pilot, an officer, and a gentleman, and may all of his excellent instruction ride along in the minds of everyone he has helped toward his goal of silver wings.

John D. Anderson
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Ass't. Commandant of Cadets

****

IN MEMORY OF...

Lieut. Carl E. Danner, Jr. A fine officer and a true gentleman - His effort and sincerity in his performance of duty was outstanding; his association with his fellow men was based on fairness, kindness and the finest in understanding. It was our privilege and honor to have been associated with him.

FLIGHT TRAINING AND TIME

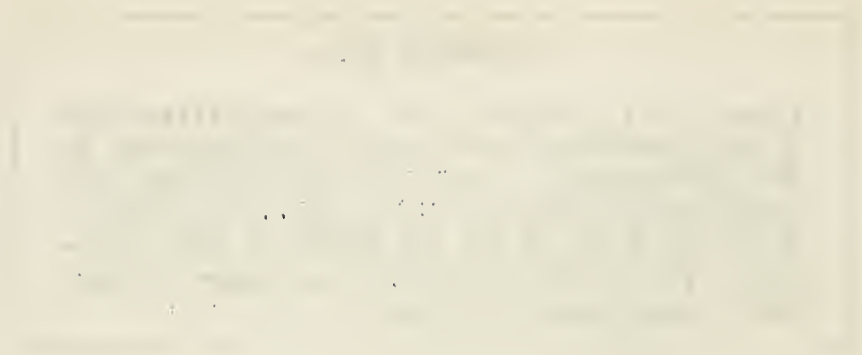
You, of Class 42-F, have the distinction of being the first group to graduate under the recently established nine week training schedule. Originally, twelve weeks were allocated for Primary Training, which after a time was reduced to ten, and now, due to present conditions, has again been reduced, this time, to nine weeks.

Inasmuch as the quality and standards of training are being maintained and have in no way been lessened, nor has the flight time allotment been reduced; the present schedule is an outstanding example of what can be done when world conditions necessitate a speed-up of production, whether it be pilots, airplanes, or engines.

In this case, the human element must be reckoned with to a high degree. Flight progress is commensurate with the ability of the instructor to dispense instruction and the ability of the student to absorb and profit by it. Therefore, both the student and the instructors have had to adjust themselves in order that the same individual effort be expended over a shortened time period, with the same resultant at completion.

You, of Class 42-F, have fully cooperated in this effort. Your evident realization of the job to be done has been of invaluable aid to your instructors. In our sincere wish for your continued success in future training, realize that the continuation of all-out effort will be necessary. In this, without exception, I am positive you concur, as well as do the millions of other Americans who likewise are giving their full time and full effort to capacity in order that we may forever in the future have that same self-governed privilege.

R. J. KERLINGER
Director of Flying



alcohol and the cadet

ALCOHOL THE STIMULANT!

How often we hear the expression and how utterly false it is. Alcohol at no time and in no form, whether it may be beer, wine, or whisky is a stimulant. Instead it is a depressant of nerve tissue and taken in excess over a protracted period may cause permanent nerve damage, especially those nerves which have to do with our higher mental functions. This in turn causes slow reaction time, poor judgment, and lack of coordination---a combination which spells T-R-O-U-B-L-E in capital letters for an aviator.

"Then," you may ask, "Why is alcohol called a stimulant?"

The answer is simple.

The first drink or two inhibits or paralyzes the higher mental functions thus removing our inhibitory impulses and we lose that veil of civilization and revert to the "primitive man" state; doing things then we would not ordinarily do as civilized men and women. That is why alcohol is thought by some to be a stimulant.

After more drinking, the lower nerve centers are depressed and weakness and staggering result. With more alcoholics the stage of anesthesia is arrived at, the so called "passed out" stage. If more alcohol was given than the body can dispose of, death will result, because alcohol is a toxic or poisonous agent when taken to excess.

"Chronic fatigue" is a problem which you have not had to face as yet, but will quite definitely be confronted with in the next few years.

This condition is brought on by driving oneself beyond that point which one can recuperate after a normal rest period. It is essentially the same condition we find when too much current is applied to an electric light; in other words, burning the light too bright.

Alcohol causes this chronic fatigue to occur sooner and more intense then it otherwise would. This is due to the fact of later hours and impaired diets and depression of the nerves beyond that point induced by the particular job one is doing. It further complicates the picture because it tends to make one tired and thus avoid heathful and natural exercise.

Thus, you see we have considered alcohol and its influence on your physical being. Its social aspects you can readily appreciate yourself. Need more be said in the condemnation of alcoholics for you; the Cadet and future Aviator?

MELVIN R. WILUCKI
Captain, M. C.
Surgeon

42F

BRAD.

Alderson, H.B.	Allbright, W.F.	Anderson, J.R.	Anderson, N.C.	Baker, K.M.
Beatty, C.R.	Bierman, L. B.	Blutman, M. S.	Boucher, R.N.	Buckley, W.D.
Bussing, H.G.	Coalter, J.L.	Craig, R.C.	Daly, J.T.	Dangler, H.A.
Dix, J.T.	Driggs, E.H.	East, J.M.	Ertresvaag,R.W.	Freel, J.F.
Gallagher, R.J.	Giraud, C.E.	Grisham, C.W.	Hallowell, D.	Harris, C.A.
Henriksen, E.N.	Homoky, L.	Johnston, D.L.	Kelly, H. W.	Larsen, V.H.
Leirevaag, W. L.	Licwinko,J.J.	Miller, F.C.	Miller, H. J.	Morrey, S.C.

Mrlzek, W. J.	Murray, R. R.	McLaughlin, J.E.	McNeese, H.G.	McWhorter, J.T
Nall, R. B.	Ohman, G.C.	Perraud, L.A.	Read, C.E.	Requa, D.C.
Roberts, J.R.	Russell, D.L.	Sapp, M.L.	Schlesier, H.G.	Scovell, W.S.
Sheble, R.N.	Shelby, E.B.	Siberell, J.A.	Simonson, J.R.	Smart, L.G.
Sommers, S.H.	Sorem, A. L.	Stewart, B.C.	Taylor, A.F.B.	Tanny, R.W.
Thomson, T.N.	Ulmer, M.C.	Vogel, H. S.	Walsh, V. X.	Walter, D.D.
Wichman, W.F.	Wind, C. K.		Wolfcale, J.R.	Yates, M. A.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS

ALDERSON, H. B.

Born June 24, 1918 at Devils Lake, N. D. Three years at University of No. Dakota exposed him to nearly all the pipe courses offered. Joined the Air Corps as a fugitive from chemistry. Hopes to get a commission and marry HER.

***

ALLBRIGHT, W. F.

Bailed out of the stork over Western Springs, Ill., July 19, 1920. Slipped and skidded thru grammar school, bribed his way thru night school to end up in the Air Corps. Wants to be a good officer and keep up the feminine interest at home.

***

ANDERSON, J. R.

Born January 8, 1919 at Amboy, Ill. Moved to Freeport and attended a business college and received extension work from University of Illinois. Slaved as a cost accountant for a dry battery concern before joining the Air Corps. Yearns for a B-24 for Xmas, Daddy.

***

ANDERSON, N. C.

Born November 8, 1920 in Chicago. When not running a numbers racket he attended De Paul University and Armour Tech. Her name is Millie. Ambitions: Many, but concern mostly Japs and Krauts.

***

BAKER, K. M.

Passed his first check ride at Oak Park, Illinois. Did his first cross-country three years later, landing in ol' Chi. Pulled a Corrigan from there and bounced in at Mt. Vernon, New York. Tried Washington's pitching stunt using a plugged nickel. Raced back to Illinois leading the New York delinquincy squad by a nose and hid in halls of Illinois University for a year and a half. Picked up a degree as a highball mixer then took this job with Uncle Sam.

***

BEATTY, C. R.

Born (unconfirmed) March 29, 1917 in Chicago. Spent a turbulent four years in high school and met girls at Northwestern University and DePaul night schools. Caught in a thermol and landed in a lip service job as private secretary. After 7 years of apple polishing and 8 months trying to get character references he was admitted to the Ryan Country Club. Found the job of telling a pilot where to go more profitable than doing the flying himself. Navigation can have him.

***

BIERMAN, L. B.

Dashed in on the beam Feb. 17, 1919, at St. Louis, Mo. Left Mo. for Chicago twelve years later when a farmer hitched him up to a plow. The farmer is still looking for the other half of his team. Attended Herze Jr. College and Northwestern U. around and about an accounting class. Closed his books in the red to pursue those elusive wings.

***

BOUCHER, R. N.

Made the first jump with a three cornered parachute at Weehawken, N. J. April 3, 1919. First ambition was to be president, but gave up after the third term. Appeared now and then at Union Jr. College at Rossel, N. J. Came to San Diego from South Carolina after pulling an Earl Sande in 102nd Cavalry for a year. Wants wings and a B-24.

***

BUCKLEY, W. D.

Born in Chicago, August 27, 1919. Wasted time wandering around the hallowed halls of Northwestern and DePaul University. Picked up a job as a steel salesman until the priorities got him down and he had to join the army to eat (?). Wants to stay in the Air Corps until Hitler has said "Uncle".

***

BUSSING, H. G.

January 25, 1918 was the time; Lyndhurst, N. J. was the place. Left Ambler high school in a shambles in 1934. Drew pay from the Standard Railroad of the World for five years before joining the P.N.G. Field Artillery at Fort Shelby, Miss. Took August 1941 exam and was admitted to the Air Corps. Literally a "from crib to Ryan" success story. Ambition: Wings and Her.

***

COALTER, J. L.

A true southerner, suh, in the midst of a Chicago mob. Taxied into this world May 24, 1916 in Bogh, Miss. Got a degree from Miss. State for admitting the North nearly won the Civil War and immediately joined the army at Camp Blanding. Left the sunny shores of Florida on a scholarship from the California Chamber of Commerce. Ambition: A Bell Arocobra.

***

CRAIG, R. C.

Blew into the "Windy City" on the lucky 13th of September, 1919. Had 4 years at Morgan Park Military Academy and six weeks of military at Camp Custer, Michigan. Went to University of Arizona to pursue a mining engineering degree in 1938, but preferred the heights to the depths so flying became chief interest. Picked up a C.P.T. course and another year at Grinnell College, Iowa before coming to Ryan, where he earned the Cadet Captaincy.

***

DANGLER, H. A.

Another gangster who joined the mob on April 12, 1920. Attended Amherst College for two years. A course in C.P.T. at Colorado College headed him for the Air Corps. If flu doesn't get him first he wants a set of those wings and a crack at "the little yellow bellies" by fall.

***

DALY, J. T.

Slipped in at Champaign, Illinois February 6, 1915. Tried to sit still at University of Illinois while profs shot education at him. Gave up after two years and entered a steel mill. Joined the army in March, 1941; transferred to Air Corps in December. Wants to help finish the big job ahead, then learn to fly.

***

DIX, J. T.

Born in the "Windy City" May 27, 1920 and grew up along the shores of Lake Michigan. He attended New Trier High School, Winnetka, and after one year at Colgate University, went to work for a magazine as a raunchy space peddler. Decided flying would be more fun so off he went to the August mental exam then Ryan where he touched his first airplane; then the first ride, then solo; then what? Ambition is to fly and get the coveted commission.

***

DRIGGS, E. H.

Saw the first light on July 10, 1918 in Philadelphia, Penna., while his father was getting rid of a few Germans "over there". Worked as a salesman after leaving Princeton. Went to one summer camp with the 207 C. A. Antiaircraft national guard regiment of New York, and soon found himself in Savannah, Ga. as a regular. Joined the Air Corps and has been trying to figure out how to stop a ground loop and hopes someday to find the answer.

***

EAST, J. M., JR.

Born January 15, 1915 in West Point, Miss. Attended high school in St. Louis, Mo. studying architecture until 1934. Was working in Engineering Department of a heating and air conditioning company when August exam was given at Scott Field, Illinois. Took it, passed it and was sworn in at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Just in time to arrive at Ryan Christmas night (now will you believe there is no Santa Claus). Ambition: same as the rest - those bars and wings.

***

ERTRESVAAG, R. W.

Blessed the world with his presence July 10, 1919. His mother wanted to send him back. No exchanges that day because of the Christmas rush so she made the next best of him (the best was hamburger). Got a little school-housin' at No. Dak. State. Moved to Minot abNormal at request of N. D. A. C. faculty. Couldn't take the winters in N. D. and joined the Ryan seashore resort. Famous for taking being called aboriginal for a compliment. Ambitions: Yeah. O.K. so it's longer than the rest - who's editor - you or me?

***

FREEL, J. F.

Born an expert on the Comode Symphony in Flushing, Long Island. Tossed over a sergeants rating to join our happy little group. Temporarily grounded pending admission to R.C.A.F. Wants a pursuit job but won't take an A-20.

***

GALLAGHER, R. J.

Born March 26, 1921 in Evanston, Ill. Lived on the breezy shores of Lake Michigan until 1940 and attended New Trier High School in Winnetka, Ill. Was told there was a beautiful country club in San Diego so packed his golf clubs and tennis racquet and here he is. Was a play boy for four weeks and then a hard man (on the dodos). Greatest ambition: To be able to shine his own wings in the near future.

***

GIRAUD, C. E.

Born June 16, 1916 in Fulton, So. Dakota. Washed out of the local high shcool in 1933 and immediately set out to seek his fortune. After two years in Minnesota, he migrated to Sterling, Ill. for a job with the Northwestern Steel & Wire Co. Finished the Non-college phase of the primary C.P.T. in Sterling and took the August Exam for the Air Corps Just wants to do a nice job of flying and get his share of Japs.

***

GRISHAM, C. W.

Born August 17, 1916 at Wheeler, Miss. and attended high school there. Graced Sunflower Junior College at Moorhead, Miss. for one-half year and Miss. Southern College for two years. Sang with a quartette for a year and a half in Chicago.

***

HALLOWELL, DAN

Born near the town (?) Farmer City, Ill., Sept. 29, 1920. Tried Decator, Peoria and Moline before becoming convinced that Farmer City was far superior. Attended U. of Illinois for three years in College of Engineering before the Air Corps made its first drastic mistake. Army has since realized it's mistake and has been industriously trying to remove the culprit. As long as it remains industrious and is not successful, Farmer City will be a happy man indeed.

***

HARRIS, C. A.

Born April 28, 1920 in a small town in Northeast Missouri called Bowling Green. Attended public school there. Moved to St. Louis, Mo. where he spent his leisure evenings in Jefferson College night school. Greatest ambition is to get those wings and a commission.

***

HENRIKSEN, E. N.

Crashed into the scene at Chicago New Year's day 1920, and at first sight Pop Henriksen instigated the movement since attributed to Carrie Nation. Lived a dull and uninteresting life until as a fugitive from a side-show he landed in the A.C. Wants those wings and a commission.

***

HOMOKY, LOUIS

The physician shook his head when he observed a strange bit of life resembling Peter Lorre on May 10, 1917. Questionably completed East Side High and entered the electrical field as a means of support. Flying as a hobby developed "wing fever" until his decision to fly larger ships induced him to challenge the necessary army requirements. Passed the August exam and landed at Ryan. Has great hopes to fly higher-powered ships soon.

***

JOHNSTON, D. L.

Born in Ohio and raised in Chicago. No college. Memorized enough to pass mental exam. Living example of air corps leniency. Passed 30 hour check with only 44 hours. Wants wings on chest. Also wants chest. Planning on career in Air Corps.

***

KELLY, HOWARD W.

Made his first (and last) three point landing in the bluegrass region near Trasper, Kentucky June 28, 1918. Took Educational exam out of Fort Sill, passed and came to rest in San Diego. Known for circumvating the gas shortage by not using any. Say - "Keep 'em flying".

***

LARSEN, V. H.

Chicago, on February 5, 1916 lost a close decision to fate. Vic recovered but the city never did. Finished high school and puttered around for six years before a draft questionaire chased him to Lindbergh Field. Wants a commission and a hot cup of coffee in the morning.

***

LEIREVAAG, WILLIAM L.

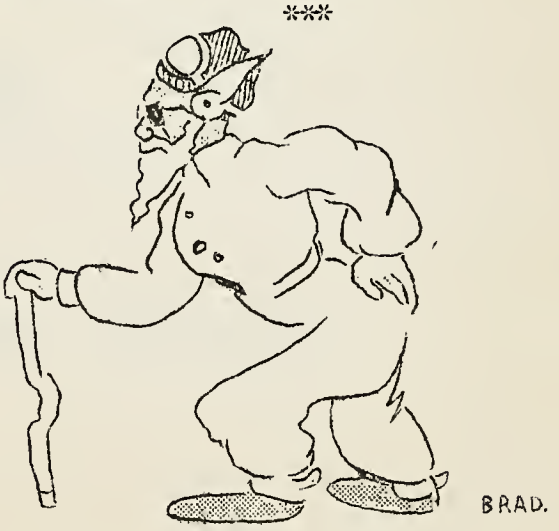
This dreary world was first brightened by the appearance of Bill on March 18, 1920. This boy was such an angel, wings and all, that he never thought he'd have to ask the Air Corps for something to fly in. Northwestern U. in Evanston, Illinois gave him up to the Air Corps so he could graduate sooner, but with wings...

***

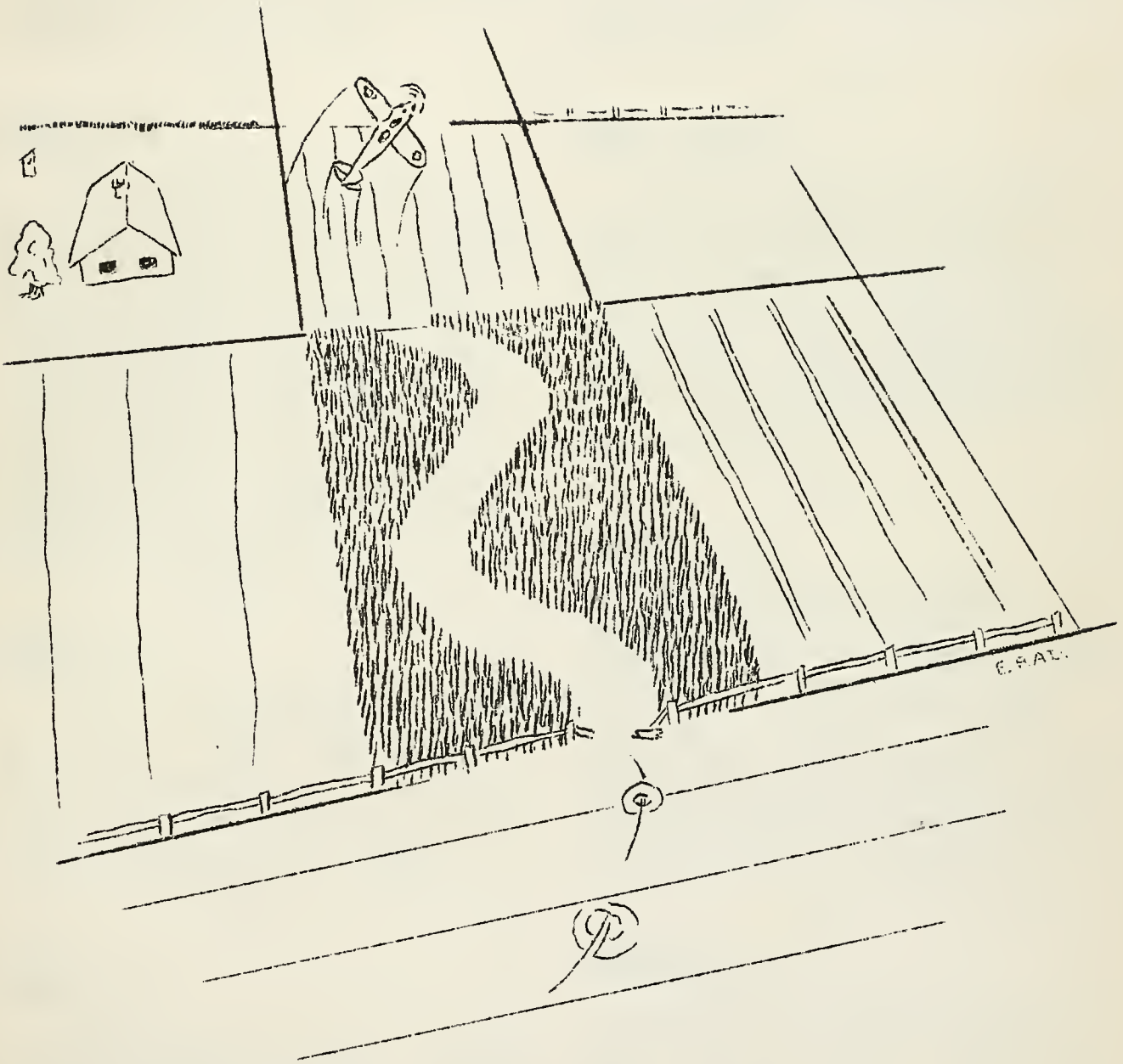
LICWINKO, JOHN J.

Dad Licwinko had many surprises, but when Jack was born nothing surprised him afterwards. He still thinks it was a forced landing and wonders why the stork didn't stretch his glide so Jack could have been a neighbor's kid instead. Hails from Chicago where "sleeping sickness" is prevalent in college classes, so he joined the Air Corps to have check riders keep him awake. Ambition is to get those Wings and the gal that's waiting back home. Likes to come into the line with "flaps down" - it slows down taxiing.

***



HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR "50" YET MR. YATES?



THAT AIN'T HAY, GALLAGHER.

MICKISH, A. J.

A native Oklahomian. Started his existance Oct. 5, 1917 at Perry, Okla. Learned to wear shoes at Okla. Agri. and Mech. College also picked up a B.S. degree. Decided that the horse and buggy was gone for good and joined the A.C. Became an authority on nurses during an extensive investigation of local sick bay. Just wants to fly.

***

MILLER, F. C.

Born in Gibson City, Illinois, Jan. 17, 1920. Lived for 10 years at the Victory Hall home for boys at Bloomington, Illinois. Graduated from high school in 1938, and wasted a year at Illinois State Normal University with the rest of the Gamma Phi's. Received letters in football, track, swimming, and tumbling. Worked in a print shop for two years and joined cadets in December. Washed on February 4 and now plans to navigate for H.P.'s. Ambition is to be part of the crew that bombs Berlin and Tokyo in one non-stop flight.

***

MILLER, H. J.

Born in Chicago January 17, 1917 with a Tommy gun in one hand and a knife and fork in the other. Took an extensive insomnia cure in classrooms of DePaul University. Beat out the local draft board by enlisting. Plans to do a little navigating in the future.

***

MORREY, S. C.

This little bundle of joy arrived in Chicago February 13, 1920. Graduated from Lindblom Tech high school in '38. Anxious to make a place for himself in the world he decided to try the meat packing industry. Would probably be there now if the flying bug hadn't taken a tremendous bite. Received some of the fundamentals of flying in a non-college C.P.T. course. Passed August exam and is now trying to earn his wings.

***

MRIZEK, W. J.

Took his first flight (by stork) on a warm night in August. Made a forced landing in Cicero, Illinois and was grounded for 21 years. To pass the time while grounded he attended ground school at Morton Junior College. There lingered the urge to take off again so when his Uncle Sam provided the opportunity, he grabbed at it.

***

MURRAY, ROBERT C.

Graced the world with his lanky presence February 16, 1919 at the focal point of heaven Chicago, Illinois. Attended Pullman Tech. high school. Honorably discharged to make room for new students. After dabbling in many forms of unlucrative enterprise, deserted the freight forwarding business to join A. C. Chief Ambition: To become a darn good officer.

***

McNEESE, H. G.

Bailed out April 15, 1918 in Chicago, Illinois. Has tried everything from office clerk to able-bodied seaman. Shipped all over the world and knows the U. S. is a country worth fighting for. Came in on August exam with primary C.P.T. phase. Immediate ambition is to become as expert a pilot as his instructor, and is the only man in 42-F that knows what a Jap looks like.

***

McLAUGHLIN, J. E.

September 31, 1918 a wee drap of scotch appeared in the McLaughlin household in Nashville, Tenn. Packed up his kilts some years later and serenaded Vanderbilt University on his bagpipes for a year. Cut a wide swath among the skirls on campus then dashed off to the 105th Olesn-Sq. T.N.G. and became an aerial gunner. Took a course in armaments at Denver, Colorado and transferred to flying cadets. Another man for those wings and bars.

***

McWHORTER, J. T.

A Chicago man who broke up with his Barber because of hair raising difficulties. Graduate of University of Chicago, class of '39, member Alpha Delta Phi. Noted for his Ivory tune-up in the Rec. Hall. Fugitive from the Chicago insurance business. Looks forward to wings and the business at hand...

***

NALL, RICHARD B.

Thing in (had to change born - it's drivin' me crazy) Evansville, Indiana November 14, 1915. Transplanted to Chicago at an early age, been bragging about it ever since. Attended school here, there and everywhere with an equal amount of misunderstanding on the part of teachers, regardless of location, and amassed one of the largest collections of Art Appreciation and other well watered credits known. Claims Western M.A. and Central College Chicago, but it's extremely doubtful that they claim him. Took mental exam, for A.C. and entered Ryan hopefully - alas - another misunderstanding. Called "Little Chick" for reasons best known to his roommates; his chief interest in life is feminine charm. Ambition: to plot great circles to Tokyo for a couple of 42-F H.Ps.

***

OHMAN, G. C.

Born November 16, 1918, Iron Mt., Michigan. Moved to Highland Park, Ill. at the tender age of 6 and stayed there until a few months ago. From here? Who knows? Attended Lincoln Grammar, Highland Park high school and State Normal. Planned to be a mortician, but changed to Physical Education, hence the muscles. Got the urge and we are glad he did.

***

PERRAUD, L. A.

On October 30, 1919, a late-model dive bombing stork dropped Cadet Perraud in a New York City hospital. Soloed at a very tender age; taxiing off from the of a stairway bannister and has since carried the ambition to fly. Resided and attended school in New Jersey until 1937 when he moved to Chicago, Illinois. Rushed thru one year at Notre Dame U. before being Ryan bound.

***

READ, CORTLAND E.

Came in in formation with a twin sister August 11, 1917 at Cromwell, Conn. Wrangled a degree from Syracuse U before becoming one of those men with endurance, an insurance salesman. A menace to instructors who like to go home to their wife and kids at night. Wants those wings.

***

REQUA, D. C.

He was also, May 26, 1919 in the thriving village of Kimberly, Idaho. Attended Wendell H. S., Wendell, Ind. Spent the best six years of his life getting thru Idaho State Normal; a two year school. Famous for executing the best coordinated ground-loop of 42-F. Ambition: get those wings and to be able to fly like Mr. Prophett.

***

ROBERTS, J. R.

Born December 16, 1919 in Chicago but got chased to Mississippi in a gang war. Stole a B.S. Degree from Mississippi State. Majored in BK fraternity while being exposed to the book larnin'. Caught in the draft while waiting for Cadet appointment. Can't wait for his commission.

***

SAPP, MARION L.

Made the first of many "raunchie" forced landings in Columbia, Mo. July 26, 1919. Moved to Ill. at 4, back to Columbia when he was old enough to realize his own ambitions. Took a fling at English at U. of Mo. Spent a year at Fort Jackson, S. C. Hopes to make those silver wings stick for life.

SCHLESIER, H. S.

Became the eighter from Decatur, October 15, 1920. Attended Eastern Illinois University, majoring in football and track. Lives the "life of Riley" with the lads at San Diego Hotel (Plug). Ambition is to get a lieutenants commission.

***

SCOVELL, WINFIELD S.

Spent eighteen happy years among the beautiful and colorful, rolling hills of Connecticut prior to vacationing for four years at the University of Wisconsin. Has had a lot of fun, but would like to increase his jesting by eliminating some Japs. After it's all over - the right gal and a 300 acre farm in Yankeeland is his ambition.

***

SHEBLE, R. N.

The inevitable, June 17, 1918 at Cape May, New Jersey. Prepped at St. Georges, Newport, R. I. and spent two years at U. of Penna., Philadelphia, Pa. Served ten months in the 104th Horse Cavalry before getting the transfer to the A.C. Ambition - same, those wings.

***

SHELBY, E. BLISS

Bailed out of the good ship "Stork" on a bleak (it had to be bleak) on Oct. 2, 1917 at Chickasha, Oklahoma. Landed on a spot of unsurmountable beauty and enchantment. Famous for being the only man to take three 30 hour checks. Possesses just barely a B.A. from Central State, Edmond, Oklahoma. Ambition to someday endure the wing-pinning-on ceremony, to marry the Oklahoma princess he has picked out.

***

SIBERELL, JOHN A.

Born in Ames, Iowa, where he lived for 23 years. Graduated from the local H. S. in '36 and then finished Iowa State College. (We always wondered what happened to the joint). Employed in Chicago Public Service until enlisting in A. C. Ended Ryan career via a parachute and now slated for navigation. Ambition: Meet some of you H.P.'s later.

***

SIMONSON, J. R.

Swede from Fergus Falls, Minn. who skidded in on a log jam November 18, 1919. Gave up snoose and lumberjacking to pick up a few odds and ends at the University of Minnesota. The Army in Loozyana took him as punishment for some major offense, then passed him on to the Air Corps. Wants to find out what to do with that funny stick in the cockpit since he heard that it isn't just a handhold to keep from falling out.

***

SOMMERS, STANLEY H.

Came into his own on March 14, 1919 in the quiet little town of Metamora, Illinois. Graduated from high school in Knoxville, Illinois and after three semesters of coeds at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois took to working. Timekeeping, bartending, and laboring held no future so he worked his way into the Air Corps. Wants to fly a B-24, but that's work again.

***

SOREM, ALLAN H.

Born June 16, 1918 in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He forsook the Hoosiers at an early age and moved to Chicago. Since he has lived in Minn., Washington D.C., where he graduated from Woodrow Wilson high school. Thence to Boston. Returned to Chicago as an auto insurance underwriter in '39. Enlisted in Air Corps after 6 hectic months of cramming. His ambition is to navigate a B-24 on the shortest course between the West Coast and Japan.

***

SMART, L. G.

Comes from a Smart family. First looked at the expanse of Broadview, Mont. in 1919. Graduate of Butte Central High in 1937. Coursed thru three years at Loyola University of Los Angeles, and took ground aviation at Solar Aircraft in San Diego for pay. Cooled off at Bakersfield before coming to Ryan Country Club. Bound for Navigation hoping one of the boys pilots for him someday.

***

STEWART, B. C.

If you were to glance into a certain cradle in Minneapolis, Minn. in the month of December '20, you would gaze into the unopened eyes of B. C. S. They are open now and have seen a few places. The complete list is 'Frisco, Australia, Hollywood, Pasadena and San Diego. He hopes to acquire a new residence near enough to change a certain small group of islands.

***

RUSSELL, DOYLE L.

Born November 9, 1916 at Douglas, Wyo. Attended high school at Douglas, spent one year at the U. of Wyo. at Laramie and one year at the U. of Colo. at Boulder. Since leaving college he whiled away his time in Cheyene, Wyo. where he was employed by the Stock Growers National Bank up to the time he got caught.

***

TANNY, RICHARD W.

Of course, on the 20th day of Dec. 1914 this was such a terrific shock to him that he was unable to talk for two years. Attended Wright J. C. with aspirations toward a mechanical career. Present ambition is to get to Basic.

***

THOMSON, T. N.

Explosion at Grand Rapids, Mich. June 28, 1916 turned out to be T.N.T. Blasted into Ryan via educational exam. Turned his instructor grey by overshooting Gibbs and undershooting Rosedale, landing somewhere in between. Plans on flying and the Army as a career.

***

ULMER, MAX C.

Discovered America in 1918 at Franklinton, La. Mover to Picayune, Miss. which he calls home. Played college football and is still rough with the controls. Joined National Guard while at La. College from where he was mobilized into the army at Fort Blanding. Moved to Air Corps at Ganter Field, Ala. Thence to Ryan for flight training. Is expert drill master and likes to be alone especially on solo hops. Ambition fulfilled when he gets his wings, his gal, and a few raunchy Japs.

***

VOGEL, H. S.

Pappy plowed him up on the east forty one March 16, 1917 then leased the tract to an unsuspecting neighbor. Attended North Dakota State until frustrated profs tossed him out two years later. C.P.T. gets a gig for directing him to the Air Corps. Ambition is to grow the hair back he lost on entrance to the Country Club.

***

WALTER, DONALD D.

January 30th, 1919 the stork transport was forced down due to icing conditions and left this H.P. in Lafayette, Ind. Finished high school and two years of college in Chicago. Is now a playboy at the Ryan Country Club.

***

WICKMAN, W. F.

Hometown, Barrington, Ill. Born Nov. 2, 1916. Went to U. of Ill. one year and then to work. Night school at Northwestern U. Started flying on his own and finally got onto Army A. C. when bug really bit. Ambition: to get those silver sings and to fly some real, airplanes. Deag Mfg. -- no offense meant).

***

WIND, CARL K.

Nobody thought of B-24's and nobody thought of Carl when he was born on Oct. 13, 1919, in Moline, Illinois. Primary C.P.T. instilled him with the desire to fly, and the draft was an impelling force for an "ozone" career. Present ambitions are twofold: to attach some wings to himself, and to attach himself to the wings.

***

WOLFCALE, J. R.

Born in Muskegon, Mich., June 23, 1920. Spent the next 19 years eluding education in and around the local junior college. Flattened his arches for a year in the army before coming to San Diego and flattening a 'chute pack.

***

WOOLEY, CAREY J., JR.

Born Dec. 3, 1918 in or about Bogue Chitto, Miss. Received a B. S. degree in Petroleum Eng. from Louisiana State U., and with that went to digging for oil. Career work ended when "caught in the draft". The dust hit Carey during war maneuvers, and the dust hit him again at Rosedale on the third landing of his third solo flight. Ambition is to fly B-26's so the petroleum industry can profit on the consumption.

***

YATES, M. A.

Last of the Oklahomans, Gramp was born in Avant, Okla. June 14, 1918. Met all the gals at Northern Okla. Junior College so he transferred to Central State College. Took C.P.T. and dashed off to Ryan when he heard Congress might pass the Selective Service Act. Wants his wings and commission. Also just one more bunch of dodos.

***

WALSH, VINCENT X.

April 6, 1917, a momentous day in the history of U.S., we declared war on Germany. That plus the fact that Cross-Tee was born the same day made them declare war on us. At St. John's New York, 90% of the Alumni call him "ole classmate". Joined infantry Jan. 1941. After 10 months of lobbying and string pulling, Inf. big-wigs foisted him on Air Corps. Made terrific hit with check-riders, so much so that they gave him two rides to a check. Highly individualistic, usually makes own pattern when landing. Ambition: to invent cut-off valve for gosport tubes.

***

DODOS

CHIEF DODO

Uh, me "Chief Dodo"
Me no talk
Me bird to gawk
Me no laugh, frown
Upperclass say,
Look like clown.

Me sit at table, no eat,
Cuss upperclass, want meat
Me reach out get it man
Hands side, no can.

Me raise cup, no drink
Stop in air
Darn clink
Stink.

Uh, me get in dark,
Make a pass
Get big scalp
From Upperclass.

– Avn/C Bibb, T. M.

BRAD.

****

DODO'S DAY

Lights on, out of bed, do it right away
Save that dream for another night, start another day.
Polish brass, make your bed, everything in place,
On the line, double time, you're off in the daily race.

Open ranks, close ranks, march 'em into mess
Square the corners, pop to, come to right dress.
Hustle, bustle, hurry up, double time to Ryan
Get your goggles, get our 'chutes
Weather's right for flyin'.

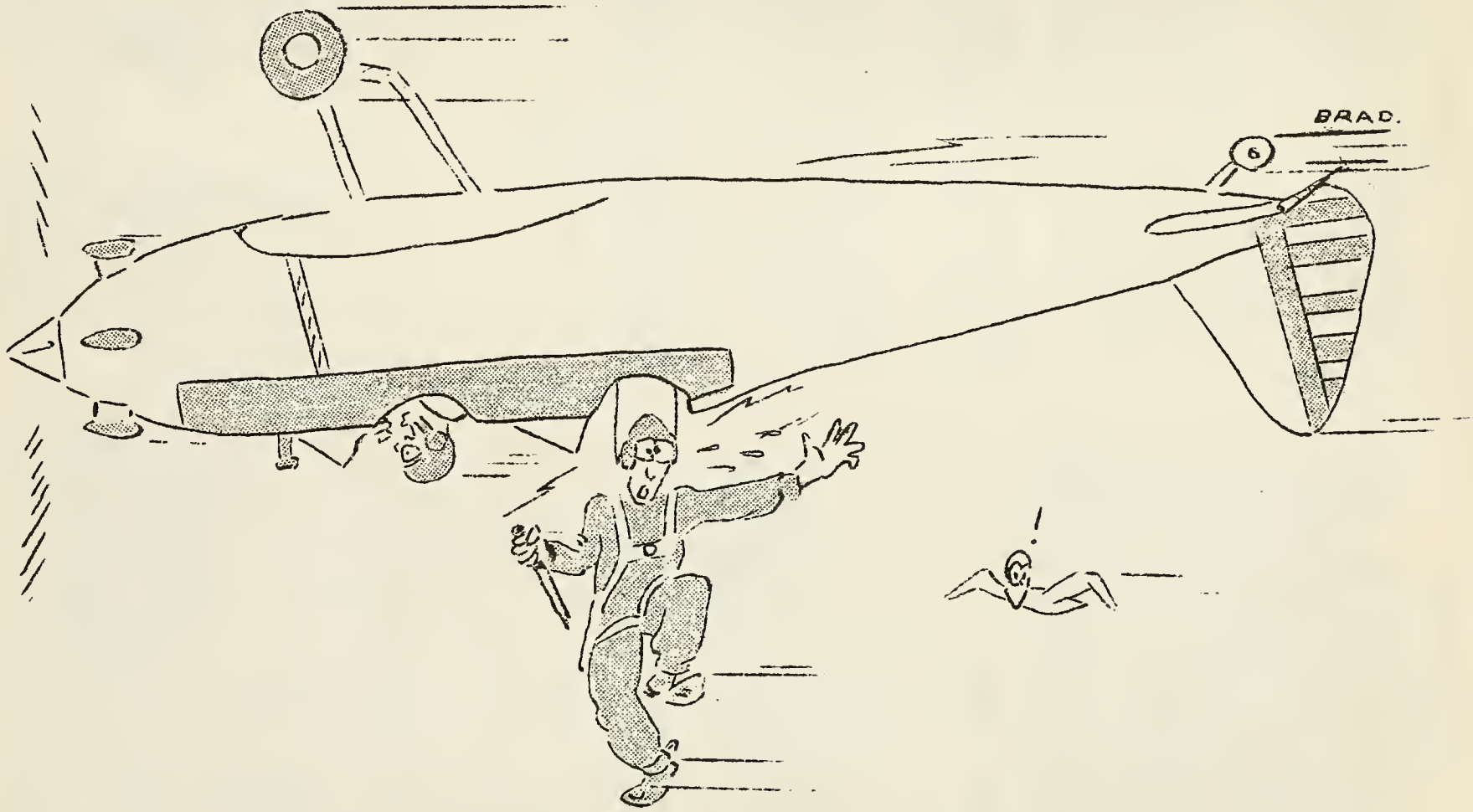
Watch your pattern, watch your glide, let's put her on the ground.
Roll it straight, don't hesitate and let it turn around
Now taxi in and park it close, mess call comes right soon
Pack your papers and your books, ground school this afternoon.

Then gas masks on and out for drill, the dress is to the right.
It's "right flank,march""you did it left brother!" What a plight!
Then left oblique, and to the rear, and columns right by twos
We'll drill you men until you learn or wear out all your shoes.

But, gentlemen, you soon will know what all this work is for
You're not a man of leisure now, you're headed for a chore.
So, mister, do it cheerfully, you've gotta keep on tryin'
There's one big job ahead to do, we've got to "keep 'em flyin'".

– Avn/C Miller, L. V.

****



"WELL! MR WOOLEY, ARE WE GOING TO STAY UPSIDE DOWN FOREVER?"

JUST TALK

They told me to write a line for the 'ole WINDSOCK so I thought and thought. Then I decided to quit thinking and just write.

I've been at Ryan Country Club two weeks, and in comparison Dante was a sissy! My roommates are three upperclassmen; so you see where I stand - "at attention" when I enter my room. But, to get into this den of wolves I must knock, knock at my own door. (Golly, weren't they ever dodos?)

Room Orderly never changes in our room. It's me every week. It's, "Dodo, clean this; get busy with the broom; and make our beds."

For a few laughs, they call on me. Never a dull moment, never a chance to catch my breath. When "study time" comes I'm in bliss, but all too soon it's over - and I'm back to where I started from.

So my tale of woe is ended, and I say, "Do your worst to me, but you will always have to say - wipe it off, dodo."

- Avn/C Lacey, M. F.

****

THAT'S A GIG

Here I sit all broken hearted
Want to fly and can't get started.
Upperclassmen, they love me so
They never want to let me go.
Those PT planes are far away
And, getting farther every day.
With broom and blitz cloth too
I work the week and Sunday thru.
Other things I cannot mention
As they give me "indigestion"!
This, of course, will raise the ire
Of those UPC men I most admire.
But, to them I'll say, "Oh, fig"!
"Go ahead, and write that gig!"

- Avn/C Wheadon, E. M.

****

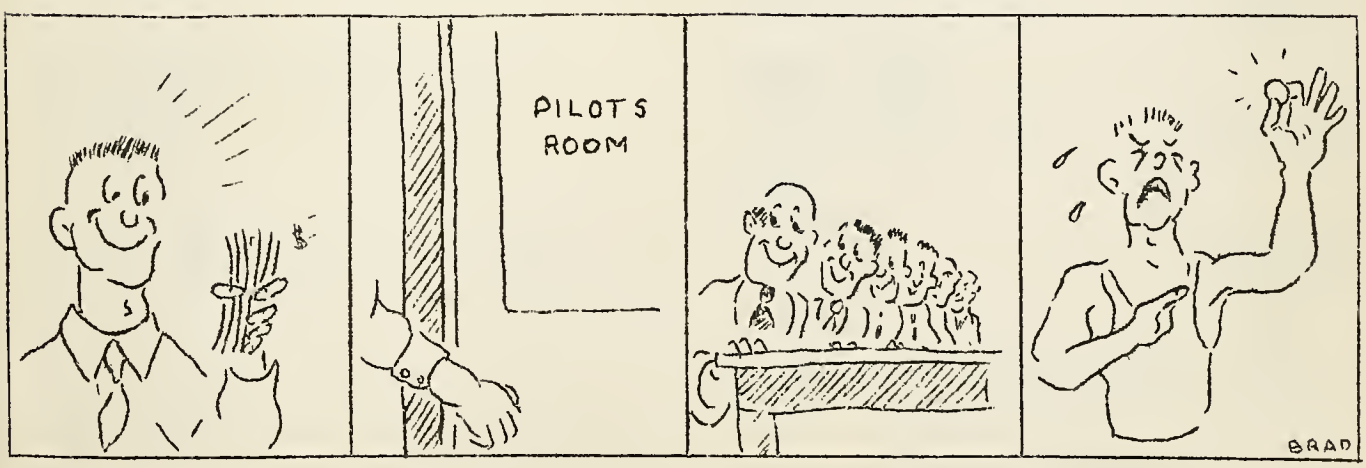
PAY TABLE

Money abides not in the palms
Of those who carelessly live;
Nor patience in a lover's heart;
Nor water in a sieve.

(Ben Franklin)

Avn/C Thelen, J.

****



PAY DAY

RAUNCHIE BILL

Just a lonesome Dodo
A sittin' on a hill,
Lookin' like a hobo
By the name of Raunchie Bill.

Watchin' planes go zoomin' by
Flying close formation.
Turnin', twistin', climbin' high
Flyin' for this nation.

Must he always be a Dodo
Just a sittin' still
Or, runnin' like a hobo
Roun' an roun' the hill?

Everyday he sits this way
Watchin' those who fly.
Knowin' he'll be there someday
A soarin' in the sky!

Avn/C Zwicker, H. R.

****

THE CHORUS

We're the boys from Bakersfield
The first to be replaced.
When we arrived we were expectant
But, all we did was brace.

They sent us to the right flank,
We guessed at what they meant.
And, when they counted "cadence count"
Our dignity was badly bent.

But, we were quickly on to that;
We said there'll come a day
When drill and horizontal birds,
Up in their place will stay.

We've learned to say "Chicago"
With a smile that's really forced.
They've called upon our talents
And, they've tapped our every source.

We've learned to quiver in a "pop"
And wipe it off in every way.
But, we're all for this and the USA.
And, God be with us-come what may.

Avn/C Miller, James E.

****

Personal Inspection
Monday Morning

MENU FOR A DODO

FIRST COURSE	Price List
Wandering eyes on an empty plate.....	1 gig
MEAT COURSE	
Uppers had tough day - thin gravy.....	#$&* Chicago
SALAD COURSE	
Eight lowerclass customs.....	8 gigs
DESSERT COURSE	
Ice cream - dive bomber style.....	10 napkins
DRINKS:	
Coffee.....	1 cleaning bill
Milk.....	1 gong

Any of above served a la carte or on dinner - the same price.

PLEASE PAY WHEN SERVED

Avn/C Wheeler, W.

****

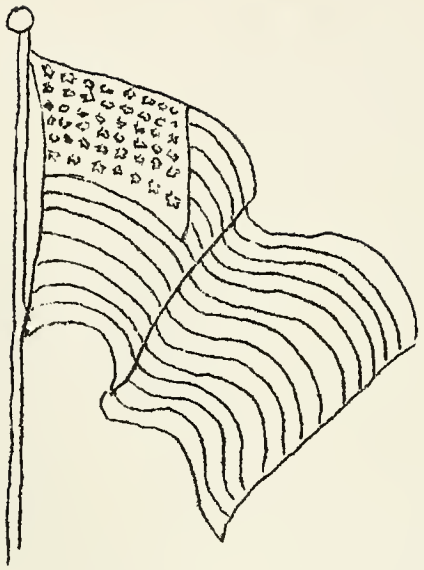
D FLIGHT'S NIGHTMARE

ALOHA

When I sailed from Honolulu, November 7, Hawaii was still a land of peace, beauty, and contentment - the true Aloha! Little did I realize that the island on which I lived would play the leading role in "a day which will go down in history as the biggest act of infamy ever recorded."

From an isle of friendship and happiness, I must picture my home as one of tragedy, death, and heartbreak. Pearl Harbor, Hickam and Wheeler Fields have become more than home to me! They have become watchwords of a cause. To this cause I pledge myself: "Ua mau ki ca oka aina ida Pono!" "The law of the land is righteousness!"

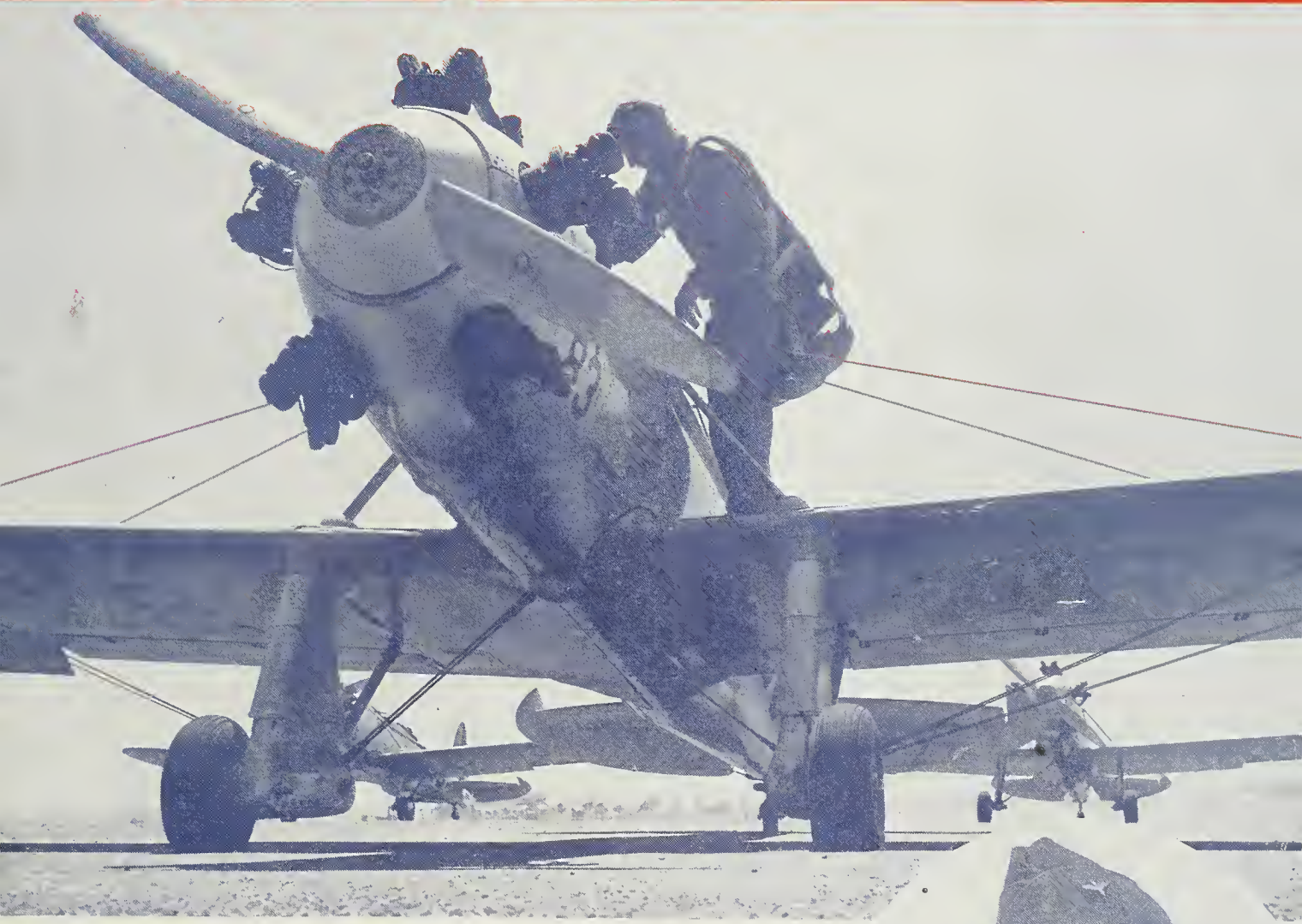
- Avn/C Birk, R. W.
(Class 42-G)



Up the hill into the sunset, slowly, reluctantly strides the class of 42-F. Lindbergh Field, Ryan Barracks, the classrooms, the Club, all the things we knew so well fade softly away to be brought back only in memories.

To the officers, instructors, personnel of Ryan School of Aeronautics and the forgotten men, the mechanics; to all of you whose patience and understanding has carried us through our first difficult days, we offer our sincere thanks. To the class of 42-G we say, "carry on, gentlemen".

WINDSOCK



CLASS 42 • G

PUBLISHED BY THE AVIATION CADETS
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD • SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

MARCH • 1942

ELMER M. WHEADON
CAPTAIN AVIATION CADETS

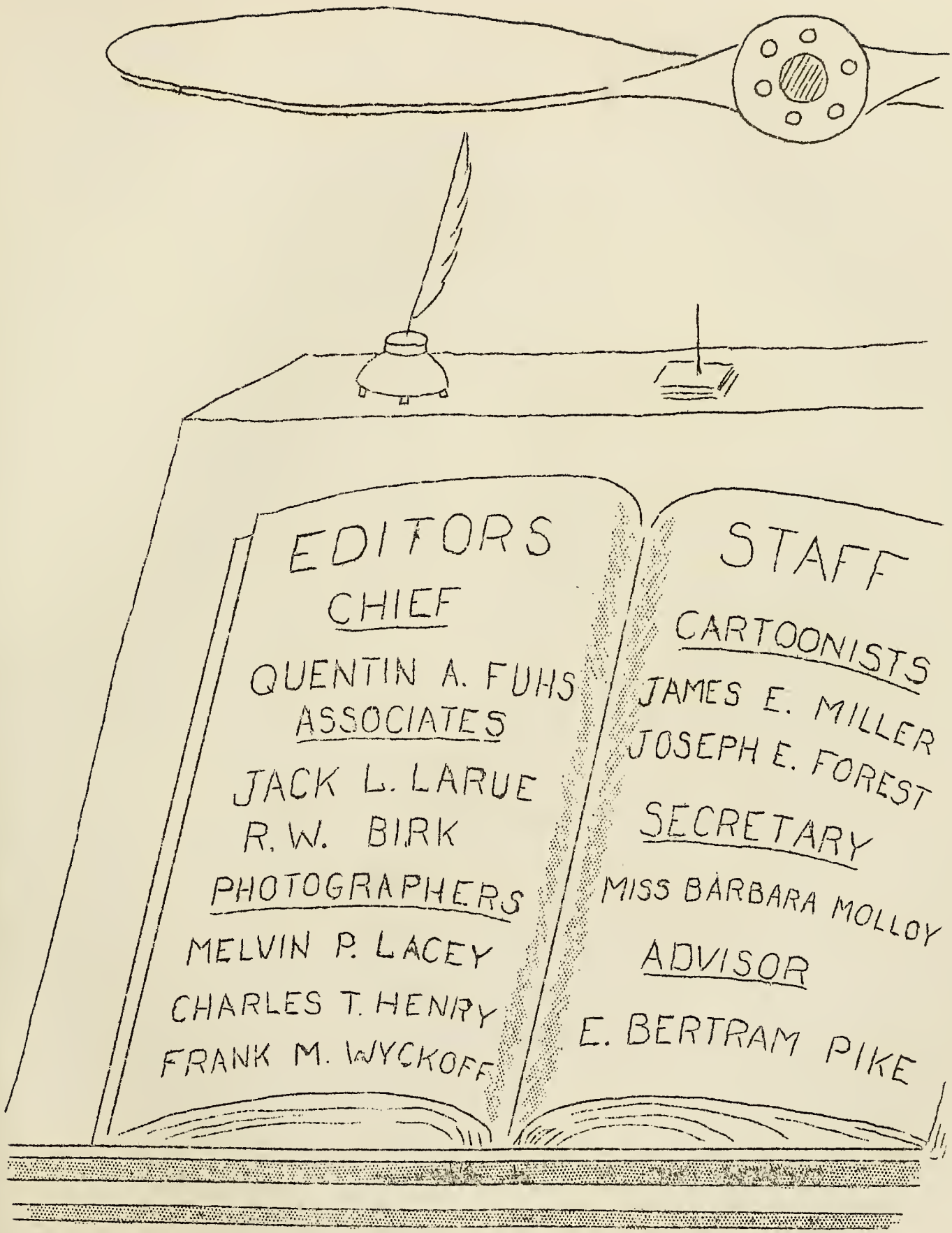
42-Gs
WINDSOCK

D E D I C A T I O N

Linguyen Gulf - Penang Peninsula - Luzon - Mindinao - Manila - Corregidor - these names are all strange and unfamiliar to us. But General MacArthur and his men are not strangers to us. They are our countrymen and brothers standing firm on soil consecrated by American Blood. They are holding back the treacherous riptide that we have been called upon to help turn.

"Carry on General MacArthur. We will do our part willingly. We hope we can do as well."

It is to these gallant men defending our outposts that we humbly dedicate the WINDSOCK.


EDITORS
CHIEF
QUENTIN A. FUHS
ASSOCIATES
JACK L. LARUE
R. W. BIRK
PHOTOGRAPHERS
MELVIN P. LACEY
CHARLES T. HENRY
FRANK M. WYCKOFF
STAFF
CARTOONISTS
JAMES E. MILLER
JOSEPH E. FOREST
SECRETARY
MISS BARBARA MOLLOY
ADVISOR
E. BERTRAM PIKE

Scientifically, the Dodo is an extinct species of bird. We in the Air Corps know, however, that they exist in great numbers and will continue to come into being at given intervals of time.

Also we kmow that at a given interval of time a striking mutation occurs throughout the genus Dodo. They become upper-classmen.

Then and only then - viewed in retrospect do the speed blurred weeks just past make their true meaning evident. There comes a moment of realization that one has become a part of a living tradition and that he is in part responsible for carrying on that tradition. In this moment, there is born in mind and soul a firm resolve that our job shall be well done with the best that is in us.

To you, Gentlemen of 42-H, we know this resolution will come. Carry on.

To the Air Corps Training Detachment of Lindbergh Field, our officers, instructors and personnel of the Ryan School of Aeronautics we extend sincere gratitude for their friendly helpfulness and understanding. We will take with us many memories and we hope, leave a few.

- EDITOR

ON TO VICTORY

"We will win this war and the peace that follows."

To the fore part of this pledge we at Ryan as well as the many similar schools throughout the country dedicate ourselves.

"Off we go into the wild blue yonder" to learn, perfect, and master the task of flying so that we can prove to those who have challenged us that "nothing can stop the Army Air Corps."

Keep 'em flying, cadets - on to victory!

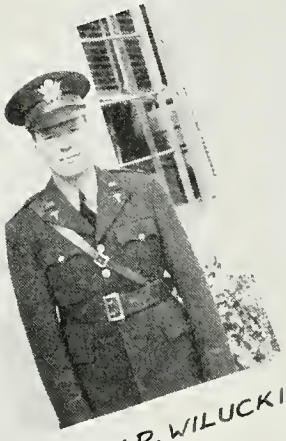
- Avn/C Jackson, N.W.

OFFICER(S)

LT. A. G. ROSS
ADJUTANT

LT. D. W. HAARMAN
COMMANDING OFFICER

LT. E. R. BANE
COMMANDANT CADETS



LT. M. R. WILUCKI

LT. K. L. SIEBECKER

LT. M. H. CARLTON

LT. J. B. FISHBURN

LT. H. P. KITTLEBAND

CADET OFFICERS

CADET NON-COMS.

Class 42-G:

Congratulations on your record in your training here at Primary School. It is the most difficult stage to conquer, and now you are going on to polish the rough edges and master the technique of knowing how to fly an airplane and fly it well. You are going to have to give your lifetime to learn, but you will find that there is no end to the interest and fascination military flying will hold for you.

We have enjoyed working with you and know that you'll remember your days at Ryan. We have not had to impress you with how much real effort is needed to be qualified for a chance to work for those silver wings, which entitle you to the privilege of serving your country.

DONALD W. HAARMAN
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commanding

*****

Class 42-G:

Returning to work "with and for" the Primary School which I attended as a cadet is a pleasure I hardly expected to enjoy on leaving this station.

My chances have been small for knowing you each intimately, but your conduct and progress as a group, have been noted with satisfaction.

Carry your own will-to-win as well as the Air Corps ideals we have taught you, and your Basic School will be as proud to have you as a class as we have been to have you here.

J. B. FISHBURN
2nd Lieut., Air Corps

*****

"THESE ARE THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS"

So wrote Thomas Paine in his unforgetable tract "CRISIS", December, 1776. General Washington ordered the pamphlet read before every regiment in his Army. It infused courage and renewed hope in the sinking spirits of the tired men.

Today, we are confronted by another war which tries men's souls. Following the blast released against our Democracy by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor, we have become involved in a world-wide conflict - the Great Crusade. Each one of us in the armed services of the United States owes to those men at Valley Forge the protection of an "ideal" dedicated to liberty. In consideration of this tenet, we must each individually call forth every mental and physical resource in its maintenance.

In order to increase our "PILOT AND OFFICER EFFICIENCY", we must augment our natural resources not only with the flying training offered us, but with the technical training included in our ground school courses, as well as manuals and other literature.

No only, then, is good coordination, judgment and air technique necessary, but a workable knowledge of navigation, meteorology, engine mechanics and other related subjects is likewise essential.

For these reasons, I cannot impress upon you too strongly the necessity for concentration and study throughout your cadet training. Carry on!

EDWIN R. BANE
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets

*****

WELCOME LIEUT. FISHBURN

James B. Fishburn, 2nd Lieutenant, Air Corps, our new Operations Officer, reported for duty to our Adjutant February 15th and incidentally this was the second time within a year that the Lieutenant has reported for duty with the Air Corps Training Detachment at Lindbergh Field. The first time was when he reported as a "dodo" from Tulsa, Oklahoma, on March 18, 1941 with the class of 41-H. So we take this opportunity to say not only "Welcome, Lieutenant Fishburn", but "Welcome back". We hope your stay will be a very pleasant one.

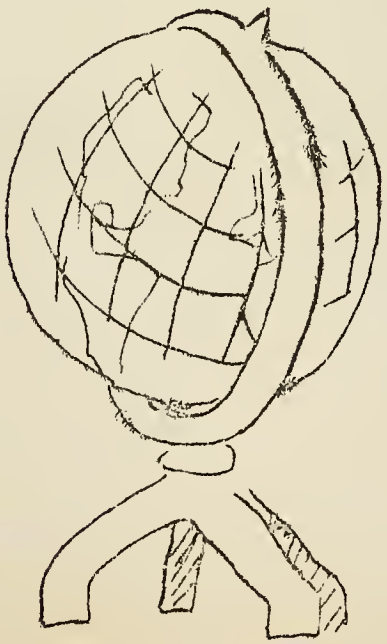
Having done a two year hitch on a civil engineering between 1933 and 1935, the Lieutenant decided to leave a wake instead of a trail so he served four years with the Navy, finishing as a Yeoman, 3rd class. Thence back to the University of Oklahoma to become a graduate civil engineer in 1941. While at Oklahoma University, he was a second lieutenant in the Ordnance Unit of the R.O.T.C. Regiment and a member of the "Bombardiers" honorary military fraternity.

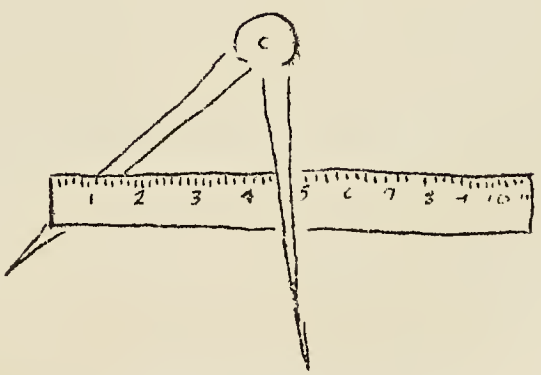
While at Ryan as an aviation cadet, Lieutenant Fishburn was an aviation cadet lieutenant. From here to Moffett for basic. From Moffett to Mather for advanced and back again to Moffett as a basic instructor, which post he held until returning to Lindbergh Field.

*****

INSTRUCTORS

GROUND SCHOOL





March 20, 1942.

CLASS 42-G

Gentlemen:

I am grateful for this opportunity to express my appreciation for the fine spirit of cooperation you have shown in your activities here at the Ryan School.

During your course of training, we have endeavored to provide you with the tools which are considered essential for the production of a finished military pilot. This equipment is now in your possession in the form of a hand y kit to which more tools will be added in Basic and Advanced training.

Future assignments may require destructive use of your equipment as well as the everlasting construction of your ability as a pilot, and it is our hope that you will never misuse your tools to the extent that self destruction ensues rather than the permanent destruction of our enemies.

The assembly of the intricate structure of flying technique should incorporate sound judgment and a keen sense of anticipation, as you well know, and we feel confident that you will never fail to include these items.

Here's wishing you best of luck and continued success.

G. BEN JOHNSON

CLASS OF 42-G:

I have enjoyed meeting and working with you in the few short weeks that we have had together here at Ryan.

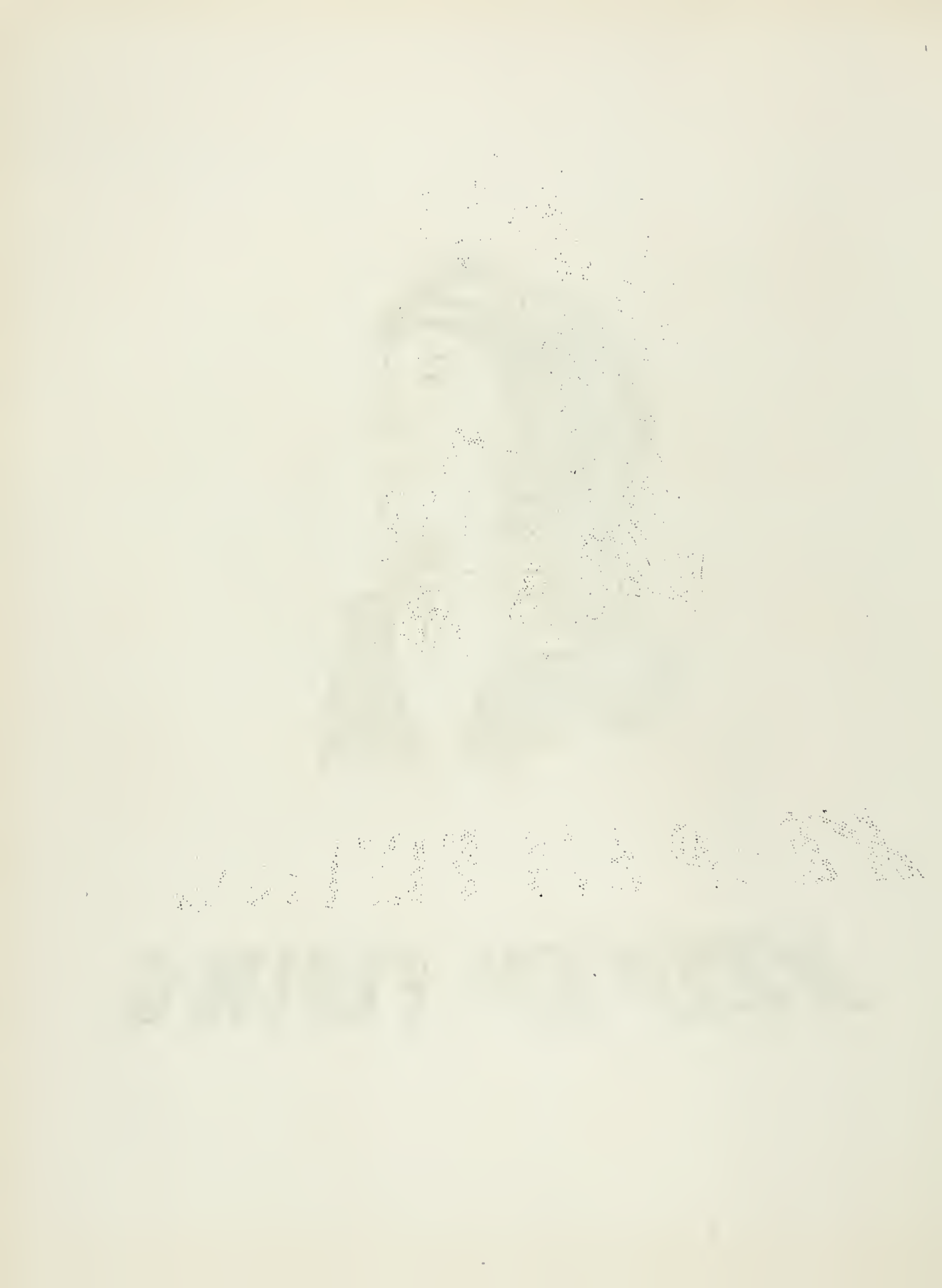
Some of you came with no previous knowledge of the what, why, where, when of an engine or how it is operated. Others came with a lot of previous training. Frankly, It was a job to hold the latter group back while the rest caught up so that we could continue on together.

For me this job was made easier by those who asked questions because I then knew which parts I had not stressed enough. As you have often heard, there is no such thing as a foolish question in the flying game. We usually have no chance to analyze a "trouble" and if we "guess" we stand a 50-50 chance of guessing wrong.

Good luck, thumbs up and let us hear from you!

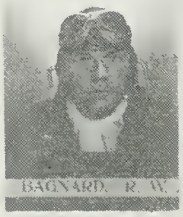
E. Pye
Army Ground School

KEEP 'EM FLYING



FLIGHT "A"

ARNDT, D. H.


BAGNARD, R. W.

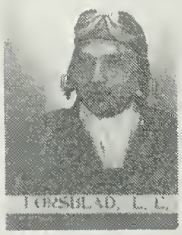
BARNETT, R. F.

BIBB, T. M.

BIRK, R. A.

CARVETH, C.

CURREY, D. V.


TORSTAD, L. L.

FUHS, O. A.

GILMORE, C. A.

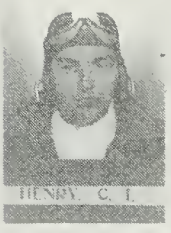
GORIS, W. B.

GREEN, D. L.

GUTHRIE, D. L.

GRIFFIN, C. S.

HABLEN, D. R.


HENRY, C. T.

HILL, P. F.

JACKSON, W. C.

LARSEN, E. G.

LARSEN, R. G.

LA RUE, J. L.

MARSH, D. E.

MARTIN, S. W.

MERCHANT, D. W.

MILLER, J. C., JR.

MILLER, L. V.

MILLER, V. L.

MCLEOD, S. W.

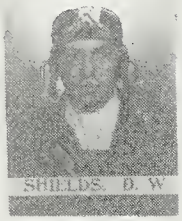
RICHARDSON, W. S.

PARLETT, F. R.

FLIGHT "B"

ROSEBUSH, A. E.

RUSSELL, R. A.


SHIELDS, D. W.

SINGLETON, R. A.

SLATER, G. B.

SLIVKOFF, G.

TAYLOR, D. P.

TBAYER, D. S.

THELEN, C. J. JR.

THERNES, F. L.

VANDELLEN, R. E.

WATKINS, D. J.

WENDT, W. A.

WHEADON, F. B.

WHEELER, W. A. K.

WHITE, R. H.

WIENCH, A. A.

WILCOX, P. W.

WILSON, K. G.

WOODBURY, R. E. JR.

WRAY, S. R.

WREDE, H. F. JR.

WRIGHT, J. E.

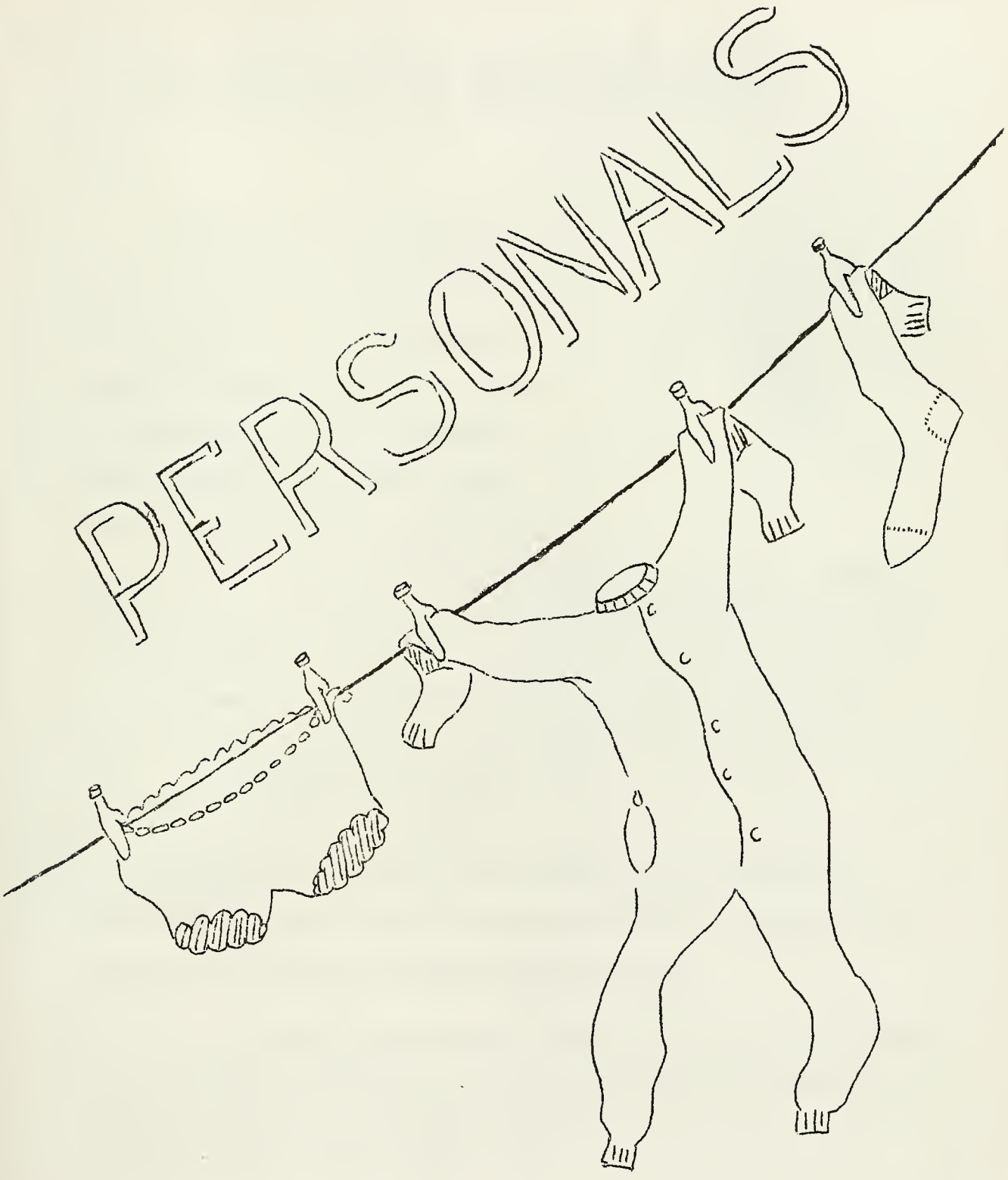
WYCKOFF, F. W.

ZIKOWSKI, L. C.

ZIGK, R. L.

TAYLOR, A. T. L.

ZURISH, A. J.


PERSONALS

McLEOD'S WEDDING

Despite difficulties arising from the fact that at the time of his enlistment aviation cadets were expected to remain single, Aviation Cadet Stanley W. McLeod and his bride, the former Nita Albrecht, both of Smith Center, Kansas, proved that the arrows of Dan Cupid are still the world's mightiest weapons when they were married Saturday, March 21, at the First Congregational Church of San Diego.

The Rev. R. E. Wadsworth performed the single ring ceremony. Mr. John K. Funk, McLeod's flying instructor was bestman. Mrs. McLeod was attended by Mrs. John K. Funk.

Mr. McLeod is the first aviation cadet to be married while stationed with the Air Corps Training Detachment at Lindbergh Field. Permission was obtained through military channels.

McLeod attended the University of Kansas, where he was affiliated with Sigma Chi social fraternity. A banker in civilian life, he enlisted in the Air Corps, January 9th.

****

IN A NUTSHELL

ARNDT, DONALD H.

Arrived on this war-torn planet, June 14, 1921 and ever since the Stars and Stripes have been flown on that auspicious date. Spent first eight weeks in training for a playboy at Chicago, Illinois, and then ex-countried to Taft, California, where he disrupted grammar school, high school and junior college with his antics. Took primary C.P.T. in summer of '40 and secondary in '41. Then when flying bug really dug down, decided to give his all to Uncle Sam and was called up in December of 1941. Ambition - to get those bars, the coveted silver wings, a very special blonde girl, and see what he can do about giving Tokyo a hot-foot.

***

BAGNARD, R. W.

Raunchy navigating by the stork left him off at Pasadena, California on August 18, 1917. Was educated in Pasadena and received his Junior Certificate at P.J.C. in Mathematics. After watching Vega create bombers, decided to join the Air Corps and fly one. By request, is taking up Navigation - right back where he started from. Ambition is to get a bomber within 1 mile from any city in Japan.

***

BARNETT, R. E.

Looped into this world on the 15th October 1921. Spent his first 16 years on the rolling plains of South Dakota until the green pastures of California caught his eye in 1937. Educated (rumor) in the Howard High School for 2 years and graduated from the San Jose High School in San Jose, California in 1939. Attended the San Jose State College for two years where the flying bug first became apparent. Joined the Air Corps in January. Ambition to get through Ryan and worry about Basic and Advanced later.

***

BIBB, TROY M.

Bailed out over Cincinnatti, Ark. June 6, 1918 while the U. S. was silencing the big guns, which in such a short time need to be silenced again. He floated around over Summers High School until 1930, then drifted into Indian Territory. Finished Powhuska High School then landed for two years at the University of Oklahoma. Picked up a C.P.T. course while there and liked it so well that he decided to join the Air Corps and try to help silence the big guns. Says life at the Ryan Country Club is strickly o.k.

***

BIRK, R. W.

Came down with a roar right in the middle of Lincoln, Nebr. on January 10, 1915. In '21 he accompanied his parents to San Mateo, California. Graduated in 1937 from University of California in Berkeley and decided to find the future in Blue Hawaii. Had five years of Hula girls and south sea romance before first return to the mainland. The islands were bombed so instead of returning joined the Army Air Corps. Ambition is to get a few of the Japs who dropped in. Also to own a grocery store in Tahiti, with pickle barrel, cracker barrel, and hammock outside.

***

CARVETH, CHARLES

Born December 24, 1917 in Grass Valley, California - the mining town with the deepest quarty gold shafts in the world. Attended University of Calif. and received his C.P.T. flight training thru the Placer Junior College. Joined the Air Corps and hence arrived at Ryan. His greatest ambition is to get those wings that every aviation cadet dreams about.

***

CURREY, D. V.

Born January 20, 1921, Olympia, Wash. Liver there three years, then moved to Sacramento, California where he spent the rest of his years. Attended high school and 1½ years at Sacramento Junior College. Worked his way through school in a saw mill as an edgeman. As soon as war was declared he applied for appointment as aviation cadet.

***

FORSBLAD, L. E.

Born 1921 in Kingsbury, California. Got thrown out of college just as the war started. Tried to decide whether to join the Foreign Legion or the Marines, but compromised by joining the Air Corps. Ambition is to give the Japs - well, you know what.

***

FUHS, QUENTIN A.

Took his first dual flight with the stork on July 9, 1919 and landed in Kirkville, Iowa. Immediately began his training for the Air Corps. This carried him thru 2½ hectic years at Wm. Penn College, Iowa. Also through primary and secondary C.P.T. and on to Ryan. Wants to continue to fly in order that he may aid in making the Japs velly, velly sorry for their actions on and since December 7, 1941.

***

FRICK, KENNETH E.

Got his fingernails dirty in the fertile soil of San Joaquin Valley in the early part of 1920, thereby missing the first world run in. Plodded, as if behind the good old plow, thru a small school up north in Berkeley and even bribed a degree from the University of California in 1941. Before being able to go back to the cows and chickens, the trouble really started. Ambition at present is to earn those wings.

***

GILMORE, C. A.

Boy! That air-going stork went into a slip July 3, 1920 and left this washed-out bundle of odds and ends on his ma & pa!s doorstep down Arkansas way. Good ol' Kansas claimed him in a few years 'cause the shoe situation got purty bad in Arkansas and it took the dirty Japs to chase him away from the K. U. journalism degree and that Kansas woman. His chief ambition is to navigate a bomber for a fellow Ryan-er, but to keep away from Rhumb lines, rum cokes, and San Diego women!

***

GORIS, WILLIAM B.

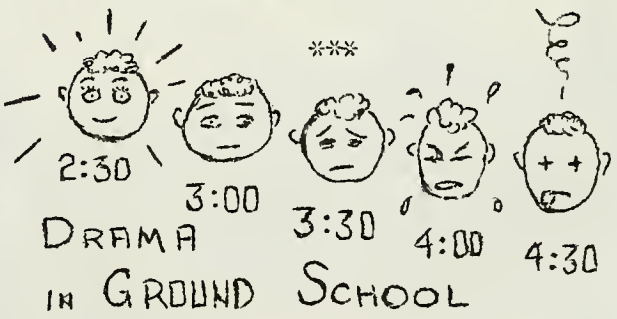
Had his first fight with his father on August 11, 1920. Grew up in a nice quiet mining town, Bingham, Utah. Learned to fight from force of habit. When he got tired of working in mines, he enrolled at the University of Utah. Went undetected for 2½ years, then the biochemical dept. discovered and kicked him out in one minute. Joined the Air Corps. Ambition: Photography and to take pictures of a dead Japanese Emperor in Tokyo.

***

GREEN, DAVID L.

On May 3, 1921 a late-model dive bombing stork dropped Cadet Green in to a little house in the city of Onaga in the state of Kansas. Attended school in the old home town until kicked out. Went to the Arkansas City, Kansas Junior College before joining the Air Corps at Ryan Country Club. Ambition to fly attack bombers.

***



21
42
SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

GRIFFIN, CURTIS S.

Made a forced landing into the arms of his folks on April 11, 1920. Ambition is to get wings and get through this battle in one piece. After this mission is completed would like to settle down, with his own airplane and raise a family. See you over Tokyo.

***

CUTHRIE, D. L.

Blew into this world October 31, 1920. His mother accepted him as a good sign of Halloween. Attended grade and high school in a small town in North Dakota. Surprised his teachers beyond all limits for two years at Minot State Teachers College with the wisdom he had gethered and was then sent out to a small school to practice the profession of a pedagogue. Kids knew more than he, so joined the Air Corps. Ambition now is to get a pursuit job and fly back home and WOW all his friends.

***

HABEIN, DONALD R.

Became a permanent fixture of the thriving little "city" of Morristown, in southern Minnesota on January 28, 1920. After a few quiet, peaceful years he entered the public school system and was eventually discharged from Morristown high school in June 1937. For the next four years he endeavored to get a bit of book learning at Hamline University in St. Paul from which institution he received a B.A. in June 1941. After three months of teaching boys football and history, he threw in his lot with Uncle Sam's Air Corps. Ambition - those bars, wings and a little burnette back home.

***

HENRY, CHARLES T.

Arrived January 20, 1916 in the State of Illinois, Town of Baylis. Was lured to California at the age of 6, landing in the friendly city of Clovis, gateway to the Sierras. Attended local schools and Fresno State College, ending up as a graduate of the California College of Mortuary Science at Los Angeles. Having spent the last three years as a licensed Embalmen and Funeral Director until the call of the Armed Forces on January 2, 1942.

***

HILL, PAUL F.

Things happen in Texas, but this one was purely accidental. A forced landing was made at Tyler, Texas in August 1920. Lived in the hills of East Texas until June 1941 and came to California as an enlisted man in the Army Air Corps. Got ambitious and finished one half year of college work while in the Army in order to become an Aviation Cadet. Life ambition is to fly a bomber large encugh to blow the whole of Japan off the map.

***

JACKSON, WILLIAM C.

In the year 1919 on June 22nd, a sleek P-38 passed over Ohio, and at the little town of Frayzeysburg it dropped an Irish bundle of trouble, namely Wm. C. Jackson. From then on the Jackson household was one of turmoil. William attended schools all over the country, finally ending at Bay City, Michigan. From here in June, 1941 Uncle Sam decided to draft Bill's services. After 7 mos. at Ft. Leonard, Wood, Missouri in the Field Artillery, he went to Bakersfield, California and then to the Ryan Country Club at San Diego where life is just a picnic.

***

LACEY, MELVIN F.

Bailed out from the mythical white bird on Sept. 29, 1920 and landed in Sacramento, California. Spent an uneventful seventeen years then entered Sacramento J. C. majoring in Aeronautics. Graduated in 1940. Was a P.P. Engine Mechanic for two years. First day of '42 entered Army Air Corps as an Aviation Cadet. Ambition is to have the girl back home pin on those gleaming silver wings of the Army Air Corps.

***

LAMME, E. G.

Shot his first and last accuracy stage at Santa Fe, New Mexico on March 30, 1921. Attended classes at New Mex. A. & M. for two years. Found out that profs had something against him, so Pasadena Junior College was the next victim. After a brief sojourn there, Fresno State was next honored by his presence. When the local music critics could stand his trumpet playing no longer, he decided that the Army Air Corps was just waiting for him, but he was wrong. Ambition is to be a navigator in an A-20-C.

***

LARSEN, R. G.

Parents were sabotaged by a stork April 30, 1921 in Rochester, Minn. The shock confined the family to the pleasant mid-western metropolis and there they still rent. Went to Rochester J. C. 1938-40 and took primary C.P.T. the summer of 1940. The desire to fly and the gentle patter of the local gendarmes at his heels prompted his entrance into the Air Corps. Ambition - to make a quick trip to Kirksville, Missouri with those bars and wings (unless she moves).

***

LARUE, JACK L.

Born April 24, 1917 at Gillett Grove, Iowa. Romped through public schools at Gillett Grove, Kansas City and Dickens, Iowa. Teacher's pet (do they?) in every school. Made letters in baseball because there were 9 guys in school. Was turned out of Drake University with a degree in journalism and a diploma in 1939. Left Dickens, (Podunk) (Pop. 350 - 17 dogs) and the queen of San Diego if she was in San Diego on January 4th to learn to fly, but the army suggested that he was more valuable elsewhere than in the pilot's seat.
Ambition: To put Hirohito in a good stiff brace.

***

MARSH, D. E.

Born June 19, 1916 at Greene, Iowa. After completing high school his pappy decided that he needed more of that stuff. Spent two years at Iowa State Teachers College and two years at Iowa State College from where a ground loop in Animal Husbandry and a draft board sent him to the Tenth Field Artillery, Fort Lewis, Washington. After a field life of ten months, he landed at Ryan's Country Club for the first course of instruction in learning to fly a P-38.

***

MARTIN, STANLEY W.

Meant to be a Christmas present but lost his tee setting until the following morning, December 26, 1920. Grew up in South Gate, California where he attained some of his vast store of knowledge, then attended Compton J. C where he proceeded to lose it. Was quite a racquetteer in school and then made a racket out of batting nuts and bolts around in a machine tool company until the call to the air became too great. Hopes to have those wings in the near future and make a racket out of batting a few Japs around.

***

McLEOD, STANLEY W.

Born Bellaire, Kansas November 8, 1919 for no good reason at all. After graduating from high school in 1937 he worked in the First National Bank in Smith Center, Kansas. Entered the University of Kansas in the fall of '39 and struggled through 2 years as a Sigma Chi. He took his first physical May 26, 1941 and finally reported for duty January 5, 1942. Only plans for future is being married to Miss Nita Albrecht on March 21st and going to basic (he hopes).

***

MERCHANT, DONALD W.

The stork and he stalled and squalled respectively into Jamestown, N. Dak. in 1920 two years after North Dakota and other major powers signed the Armistice. Had his first experience with a slip stick at college and had first experience with slap stick at the Ryan Country Club. Started at the bottom in government work as a draftsman in topography. While he is still not doing too well over this California topagraphy, at least he has gained a little altitude. Ambition is to play flying gorcery boy and deliver a crate of eggs at the home of Hirohito.

***

MILLER, J. E., JR.

Started down the run-way of life on February 27, 1918 in Sandusky, Ohio. After high school tried being a printer for four years, stopped when he found out he couldn't be the type. After two years in Ashland College, Ohio, got a passion to point a bicycle in one direction only, peddled from Ohio to San Diego to Seattle, wrote under the name of Cycle Analyst. Joined the Army in Fort Lewis to recuperate. After a year in the 41st Division had a belly full of ground soldering and really believes the Ryan Country Club an American's heaven.

***

MILLER, LEONARD V.

Born January 17, 1917 at Elroy, Wisconsin. Attended the University of Wisconsin and graduated into a job "blending rails" as a railroad switchman. Just another Miller to confuse Ryan instructors. Ambition - to help get the bluebirds back to Dover and to live to see the day when Wisconsin's football team beats Minnesota.

***

MILLER, VERNON L.

In the early morning of August 31, 1919 this little pilot-to-be breezed to a landing in Bellingham, Washington. Managed to buy a degree from Pacific Lutheran College in Tacoma. Worked in a lumber mill to keep that hungry face fed. Slated for Ryan School at birth, he really looks forward to getting those silver wings.

***

MICKISH, A. J.

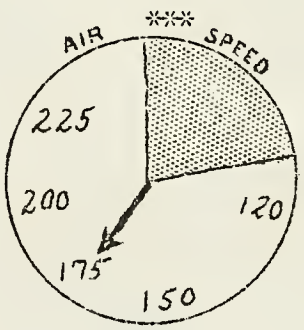
Launched his career with Henry Ford's mass production of automobiles October 5, 1917, near Perry, Oklahoma. After a few years of country school and a hitch at Perry high school, he finally received a B.S. degree in animal husbandry at Oklahoma Agricultural & Mechanical College at Stillwater, Oklahoma. Chief ambition is to help feed a straight diet of bombs.

***

PARLETT, E. R.

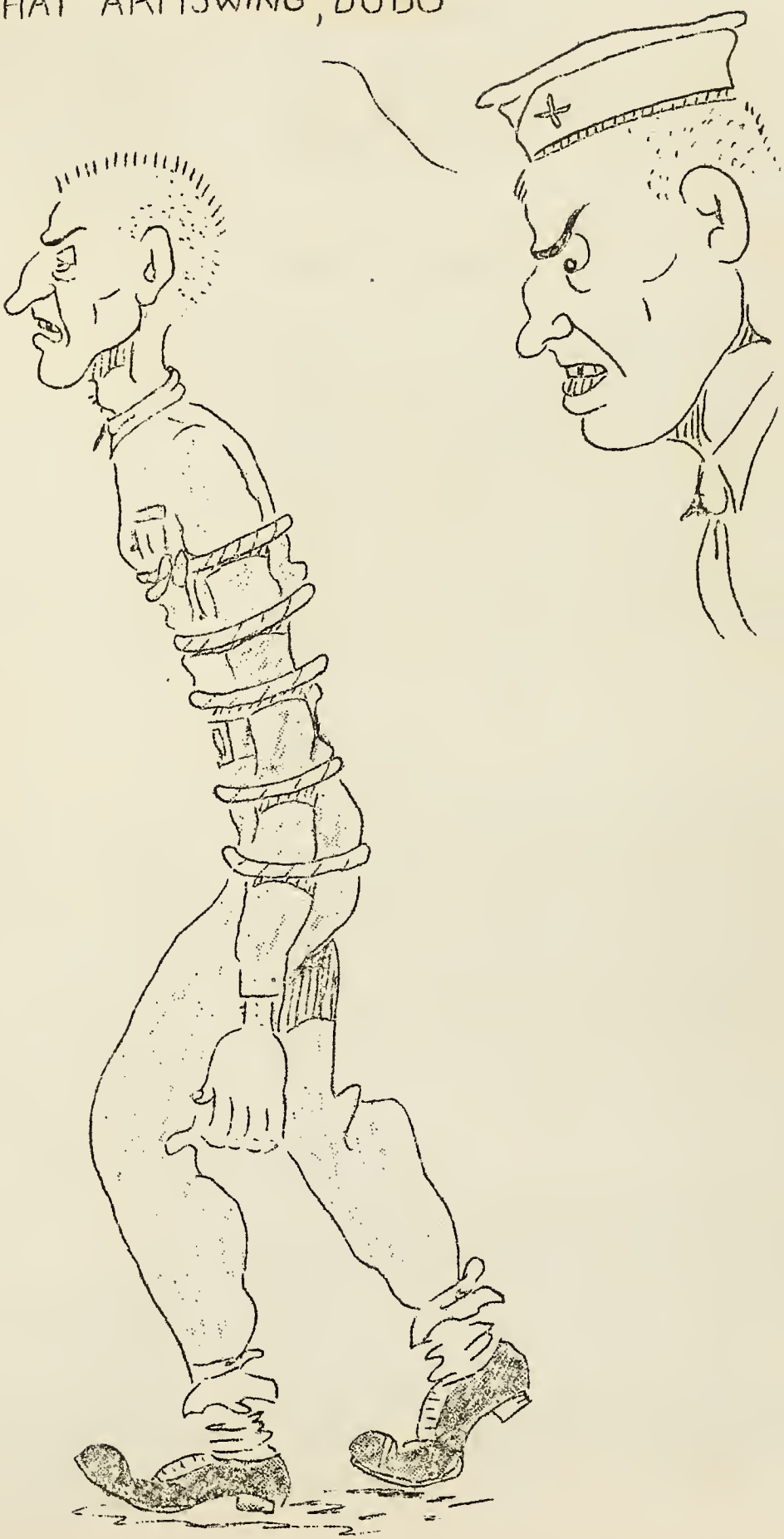
First forced landing was at Walla Walla, Washington, but doesn't brag about it. Home at present is Sacramento, Calif Began flying in C.P.T. course last summer and then decided to join those H. P.'s of the Army Air Corps. Now at the ripe age of 20 the "Keep 'em flying" bug has got him. As for future ambitions it is a set of wings and a march to the altar.

***



WELL, MR. SLATER, ARE YOU AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO STALL IT?

CUT DOWN THAT ARMSWING, DODO



RICHARDSON, W. S.

Navigated himself to Oklahoma on the night of December 12, 1921. "The stork refused to cross the border unarmed." Attended Geary High School for 4 years without being affected by education. Visited Oklahoma Military Academy the next two years. Ambition is to hang that paper hanger then start an all girl's flying club.

***

RUSSELL, ROY A.

This little bundle of T.N.T. rolled in from Fort Leonardwood, Mo. after 8 months in the field artillary with aspirations of becoming the world's best flyer, and to obtain an opportunity to help settle this score that the land of the rising sun has acquired through treachery. Some of us were eliminated from flying, but we're all going to continue in some branch of the service until ultimate victory is reached.

***

ROSEBUSH, K. E.

Born August 25, 1918 singing "We're From Kansas" and have been singing it ever since. Read a story about all oil men being rich so took Petroleum Engineering at the University of Kansas and then went to work for the Gulf Oil Corp. Finally decided that one member of the Rosebush family wasn't enough in the Air Corps so followed my brother's footsteps and joined the "glamour boys". Immediate ambition is to set an all time high for retakes on 30 hour checks and end up passing it.

***

SHIELDS, DEAN W.

Made his first appearance in 1920 as a rosy pink fuselage. Grew up in the rich farming country near Red Oat, Iowa and learned the rythmn of cadence count at the after end of a cow. Spent a stormy 12 years in a consolidated high school and is willing to spend another 12 years in a consolidated bomber, if necessary. He ran miles for Tarkio College, Mo., the school of his queen. Helped deliver 500 mules to the British Army at Karachi, India and learned to keep his "head out" during that trip - out the port hole. Ambition - to go after the cows in a P-38 when it's over, over there.

***

SINGLETON, ROBERT A.

Sprang from the sage and pines in 1921 in that corner of Nevada where desert is scarce. Finished high school in Sparks, Nevada, then went on to the University of Nevada at Reno. Was affiliated with Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. Spent $2\frac{1}{2}$ years in college taking courses in arts and science and having a good time in general. Snow sports in winter and water sports in summer at Lake Tahoe. Now the Japs cut loose, so here I am - ready to do my part in whatever I'm best fitted.

***

SLATER, G. B.

Came in drifting and ground-looped in Santa Monica, California on April 14, 1920. Navigated to Kern County as soon as possible and decided to stay there. Attended Taft High School 4 years. Decided in 1936 that Mountain Air was more beneficial, and that hunting would be easier to reach if he moved in on the squirrels. Completed primary and secondary C.P.T. then joined the Army Air Corps.

***

SIMONSON, J. R.

Swede from Fergus Falls, Minnesota who skidded in on a log jam November 18, 1919. Gave up snoose and lumberjacking to pick up a few odds and ends at the U. of Minn. The army in Loozyana took him as punishment for some major offense, then passed him on to the Air Corps. Wants to find out what to do with that funny stick in the cockpit since he heard it isn't just a handhold to keep from falling out.

***

SLIVKOFF, GEORGE

Born on the 20th day of October, 1919 in the city of Los Angeles. His home town and parent's residence still being Vista, California, a little town grown over by avocados. With shares of studies and athletics finished high school and Junior College. Occupied part of his time at Oceanside Junior College flying piper cubs made possible by the C.A.A. program. Employed by Southern California Telephone Company in the summer of 1941. A turn in worldly events brought about his enlistment into the air corps. Hopes centered in commission with the silver wings then the young lady in Escondido, California.

***

TAYLOR, D. P.

First take off was October 1, 1918 at Tucson, Arizona. Migrated to "God's Country" at the age of three and has been here ever since. Was educated at Hollywood High, Santa Monica Junior College, University of Southern California and at sea. He was a member of the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve and was training to be a Reserve Officer in the Infantry, when smitten by the flying bug. When the Japs got nasty he resigned from the Marines, left school and joined the U.S. Army Air Corps. Hopes to earn those wings and bars and the girl back home.

***

TAYLOR, A. F. B.

Launched by parachute on Selma, California October 27, 1921. Attended Selma Union High School and Reedley Junior College. Took Primary C.P.T. at Visalia, California; liked it so well decided to join Army Air Corps, but being too young, filled in the time by taking Secondary C.P.T. at Fresno, California. Finally joined the Air Corps on the 23rd of December 1941 and arrived at the Ryan Country Club two weeks later. Ambitions: Become a fighter pilot and see ACTION - the quicker the better.

***

THAYER, DAVID S.

Entered this world on November 17, 1921 at Seattle General Hospital. Proud papa is a structural engineer so little Davy led the life of the typical migrant laborer, skipping from Seattle to Hoquiam, Washington, to Portland, Oregon, to Salem, Oregon, to Mill Valley, Calif., to Berkeley, California where he was rudely interrupted in his happy pursuit of a chemical degree, a varsity rifle team, and certain other things. After wasting 31 hours and 11 minutes of the government's flying time, it was decided that he would make a good bombadier. At any rate he is looking forward to sitting in the front end of one of those B-24's.

***

THELEN, CHARLES J., JR.

Missed Santa Claus' sleigh and arrived via the stork pursuit on Dec. 26, 1919. Spent the next twenty years in school and then was bitten by the flying bug. After picking up a little time here and there, joined the Air Corps to get a crack at the little yellow fellows. Main interest in San Francisco. Ambition: To keep in the air and away from wires.

***

TIERNEY, FRANCIS E.

Born August 12, 1916 in the quiet town of Missouri Valley, Iowa. Attended high school there and then attended the University of Iowa. Graduated in 1941 and spent the next 8 months trying to get in the Air Corps. After many unsuccessful attempts finally made the grade in Los Angeles on the 7th day of January 1942. Ambition is to be a real army flier.

***

TUCKER, JOHN L.

The stork bombarded Wakefield, Nebraska with this wonder on November 2, 1919 and the whole world is now reaching the climax of this event. After attending six grammar schools and two high schools, Occidental College drew him from the grab bag. The scholastic rating hit a new low. The government then chose him to spread his distruction on the enemy. The chief ambition is to spend a week-end in Tokyo.

***

WATKINS, D. J.

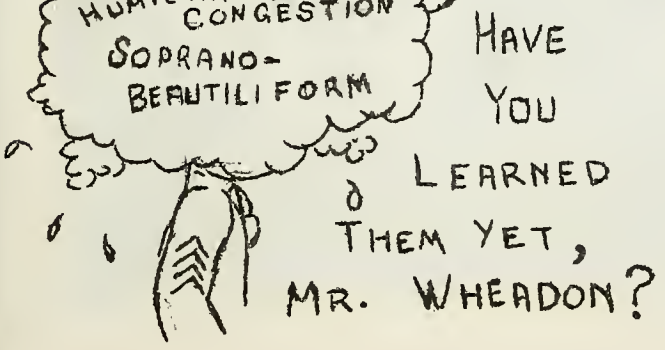
Made his first landing in Salt Lake City, Utah, December 17, 1919, later migrated and spent most of his life in a little mining town of Garfield, Utah. Spent two years at the Utah State Agricultural College, and while not in school, worked for the Utah Copper Company. He joined the air corps on December 30, 1941 and finally ended up at the Ryan Country Club.

***

WENDT, WILLARD A.

The old bird dropped the chief on the morning of December 31, 1919 in West Point, Nebraska. People have been celebrating the fact that the day ends ever since. Came to wonderful California in 1937, and went to San Francisco State for two and one half years, after spending one and one half years as a construction worker in the Sierras. Ambition is to get those wings and marry the beautiful blond from Nebraska.

***



WHEADON, E. M.

Took solo breath March 29, 1915. at Sacramento, California. Attended Military Academy for thirteen years, and Loyola University one year. Quit school to find out which road he wanted to travel. Held varicus jobs from cooking and tending bar to a fling in the Sound Department at Paramcunt Studios. Went back to school at Palmer College of Chiropractic in Davenport, Iowa. Matriculated with a degree of Doctor of Chiropractics, and practiced for five years. Took primary and advanced C.P.T. while practicing in Taft, California. Enlisted in the Air Corps, January 7, 1942 and has an ambition to help do the job confronting us, and get this mess cleaned up. He wouldn't mind doing it from a B-24.

***

WHEELER, W. A. K.

With a discord he landed in the symphonic land of Portland, Oregon. Unconscious thrcugh twenty years of childhood and two years at Princeton, where he failed to learn a song he was fated to make famous at San Diego, he joined the army to be a flyer.

***

WHITE, KENNETH H.

Born May 18, 1915 in the village of Winchester, Kentucky. Moved to Colorado in 1923. His schooling was in circles and finally ended up in good 'ole Colorado University with a B.A. in Economics. It seems as though now I'll be plotting great circles via Berlin and Tokyo.

***

WOOLPERT, GLENN W.

One cold February back in 1915 a red faced little bundle of cannon fodder was born, grew and was inducted. He was proud to wear the air corps uniform, but unable to meet the qualifications for flying. You can bet your next month's pay he'll be in some other branch of our army.

***

WALKER, CHARLES C.

Born February 27, 1915 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Attended Grammar School there and in Portland, Oregon. After 1 year at Grant High School in the City of Roses, he moved to Seattle, Wash. where Franklin High School claimed him. Graduating in June, 1933, Whitman College became the unquestionable Alma Mater. He bid farewell to her in June, 1939 with a B.A. degree. Joined Army Air Corps December 26, 1941.

***

WRIGHT, JOHN E.

Sideslipped into San Francisco, Cal. on that historic day June 30, 1918. Spent two years in Jr. College and finished (?) his education at the University of California at Berkeley, California graduating in May, 1941. Shortly thereafter, Sept. 13, 1941, he took unto himself a wife, but this marital bliss was interrupted when our little yellow brethren made their big mistake at Pearl Harbor.

Biggest desire is to get those wings.

***

WOODBURY, ROSCOE E., JR.

First saw the light of day in the Tournament of Roses city of Pasadena, Calif. When not digging divots at the Flintridge Country Club, the above could be found at Glendale Junior College and then Pomona College. Quit civilian life to go after those wings. Ambition - to lower that golf handicap, and to see the world.

***

WYCKOFF, FRANK M.

Being true Irish was born in Shamrock, Oklahoma on April 30, 1921. Grew to be a short red head. Lived until 1934 in Oklahoma when at that time came to California with his folks. Drove school bus while attending Reedley Junior College. One and only ambition to solo the B-19.

***

ZITKOWSKI, FREDRIC C.

Life began October 31, 1918 at Oxnard, Calif. for a bundle labled Fredric Zitkowski. This bundle for a bomber prepared himself at Chaska High School, Chaska, Minn. and Stanford University for the country club life of Ryan. Life until the present has been filled with love, laughter, and leisure-now aimed and dedicated for those "wings" and the business at hand.

***

ZWICKER, HENRY R.

In the year 1918 there arrived upon this earth a nine pound bundle of trouble. The proud possessors of this unusual bit of humanity named him Henry Richard Zwicker, and they had big hopes for him. He grew and grew until he became such a big bundle of trouble they sent him to Whitman College. After five years that institution gave him a teachers certificate to get rid of him. An unsuspecting superintendant hired him, so he was called teacher for a year and a half. He resigned this highly remunerative position at the outbreak of the War, and wished himself upon the Army Air Corps. He's their trouble now for duration plus six months--heaven help the Army Air Corps.

***

SIR, A DODO IS NEVER HAPPY

WICKERSHAM, Donald L.

Avn/C Wickersham slipped into existance Sept. 6, 1919; skidded throgh childhood and finished high school beating the drums but only after many mental beatings from his parents. Rode the up and down draughts through three intermittent years of Jr. College orchestra work and driving a candy truck; finally coming to rest at Glendale Jr. College where flying was his main interest. After several hours of exploring echelon, he was grounded by a declaration of war; but, catching the spirit of serving in his best capacity and with one eye on the glory of the uniform and silver wings, landed at Ryan where he is pursuing those elusive dreams.

***

WEINCH, Al A.

On a cold wintry morning Dec. 28, 1916, at Jamestown, N. Dak., a stork, after losing track of Santa Claws for three whole days, brought to the parents of Al Weinch a tiny baby. Mr. Weinch obtained his education by attending high school and college at Dickinson, N. Dak. where he received his degree in 1939. Since that time Mr. Weinch has been a high school coach and teacher until his present enlistment as an Aviation Cadet. His main aim in life at present is to become a Navigator so that he may direct bombers for our H.P's.

***

WILBUR, PAT R.

Launched June 1, 1918 at the Wilbur Navy Yard, Sikeston, Missouri, and picked up a few nautical terms in early youth, but really increased his sea-going vocabulary by a four-year hitch in the Navy. He returned to college at the end of his naval term and after two years of subduing by the damsels of Swamp East, Missouri, took a crack at the air corps. A border-line case, but willing to learn and the potential chief — that's Wilbur.

***

WILSON, KIETH G.

This Dodo was born in Minn, on May 20, 1920, and went to school at San Jose State College. Majored in Commerce and Aeronautics. Signed up the day after Pearl Harbor; the fact that the draft board had halitosis made no difference. The C.A.A. taught me how to fly a kite and the Army Air Corps offered to pay me to write letters in class so I outdistanced the draft board to the nearest station.

***

WREDE, HENRY F. JR.

Crashed in on papa Wrede bright and early on the morning of Jan. 14, 1920 at Omaha, Nebraska. Received his education in Omaha's primary, secondary, and advanced schools. After two years in advanced school, he quit. He joined the Air Corps to escape the enslavement of a store clerk and to sprout a pair of silver wings, but now he will have to navigate a buddy of his to Tokyo. Biggest ambition is to return to the girl at home.

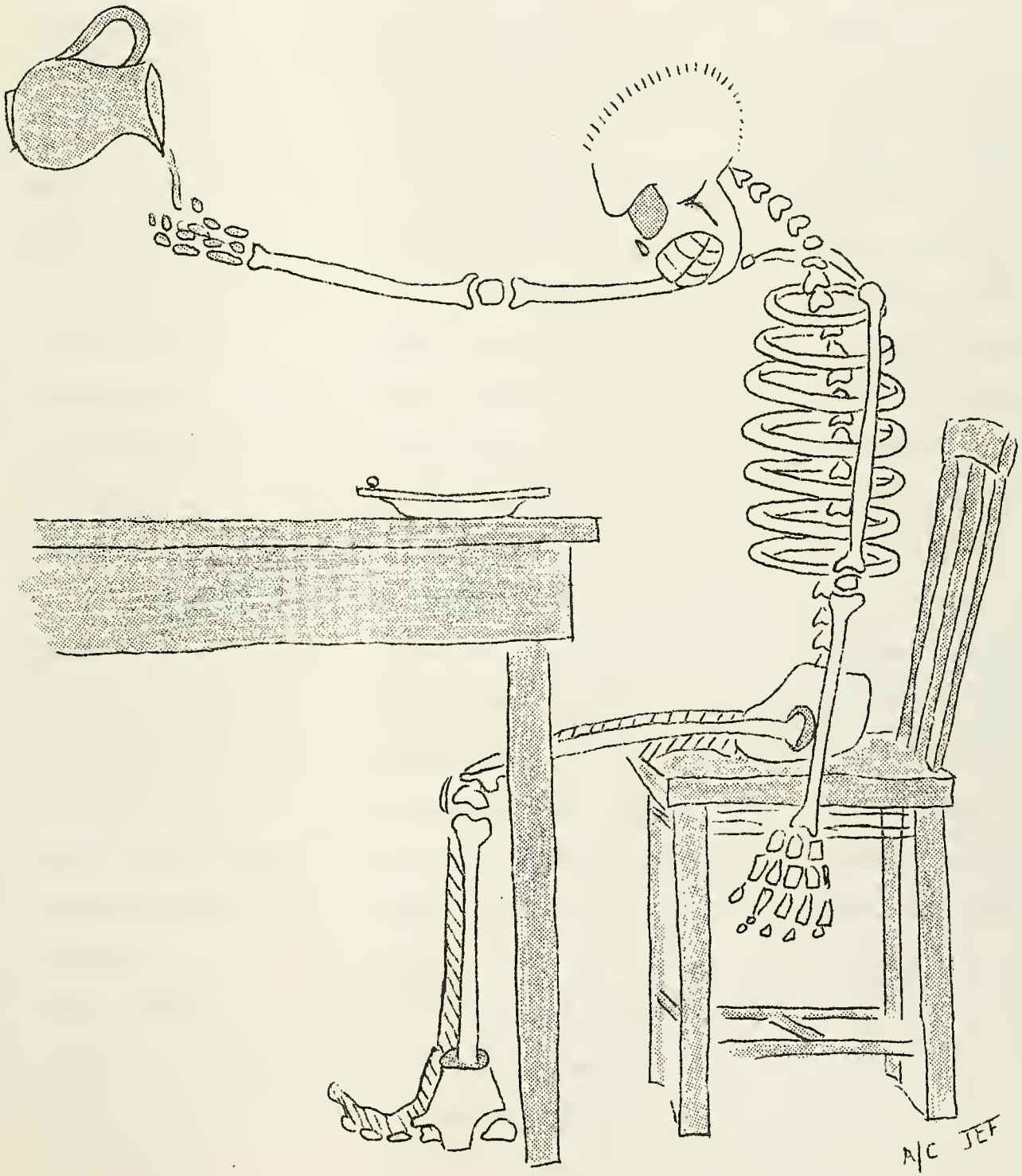
***

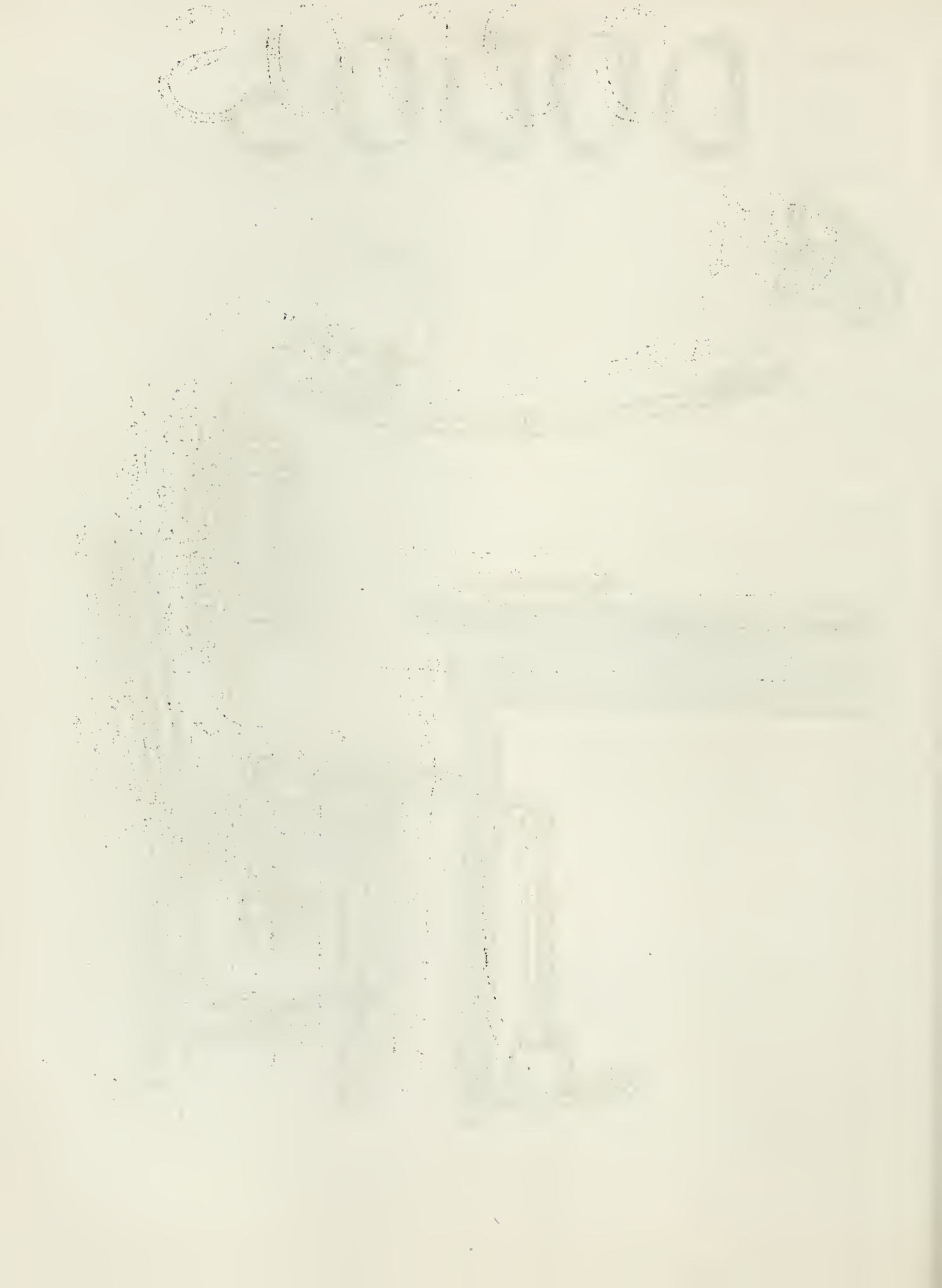
WRAY, STANLEY W.

Born Madero, Calif., June 17, 1918, and attended Santa Clara Grammar Schools; he graduated from Santa Clara High School in 1937. Studied Economics at San Jose State for 3 years before joining Air Corps. He is a member of Gamma Phi Sigma social frat at State. Strong booster of the advantage of Santa Clara Valley. Wants to be first to Tokyo.

***

DODOS





DODO ROSTER

Class 42-H

Acklen, William T., Jr.
Adams, Robert H.
Alston, Robert C.
Anderson, Clarence E.
Bainer, John I.
Baker, William O.
Ball, Francis X.
Barks, Hubert J.
Barr, Joseph
Beals, Donald S.
Bell, Jack W.
Bender, Edward M.
Benjamin, Paul K.
Betner, Raymond J.
Bitter, Frederick J.
Black, Robert L.
Bolen, Robert J.
Borders, Andrew J., Jr.
Boutwell, Delbert W.
Boyd, Edwin S.
Brenkus, Andrew C.
Brightwell, William E.
Briola, Donald A.
Brophy, Edward G.
Brown, Robert W.
Burch, Glen R.
Burger, George B.
Butler, Richard D.
Cannon, Charles A.
Cardwell, Jack L.
Chaves, Martin J.
Clark, Colton R., Jr.
Connor, Jack S.
Cook, John R.
Corson, Peter
Couch, William H.
Couse, Fred A.
Coyle, Joseph H.
Crowe, R. Lee
Daubenberger, C. D.
Davis, George E.
Delaney, Leo M.
Destro, Anthony L.
DuBois, John J.
Dunlap, John M.
Edwards, John F.
Esterline, Milton A.
Farnsworth, Robert
Feldstein, Lewis E.
Flanigan, Thomas A.
Floyd, Thomas F.
Fogerty, John A.
Forest, Joseph E.
Franklin, Arthur
Frantz, Carl M.
Garson, Robert
Glickfeld, Lester
Grinham, Frederick
Guiteras, Paul D.
Haarbauer, Homer C.
Hatch, James W., Jr.
Helm, Ralph B.
Hill, Carl L.
Hoffman, Melvin K.
Holliday, Arvil D.
Hoover, Howard H.
Houck, Hawley H.
Howard, Lester P.
Howe, Charles M.
Jackson, Norman W.

DODO CHATTER

EXCERPT FROM "ANY WEEK" COLUMN
COLLIERS FOR MARCH 14, 1942.

.....A young defense worker in East Hartford, Connecticut recently waved the contents of his pay envelope - $87 - under the nose of a $21 soldier on guard duty at the plant gate. "Look, sucker," jeered the worker. The soldier laid down his rifle and proceeded to beat the b'joy out of the fellow. This attracted quite a crowd, including several plant officials who promptly fired the worker and notified his draft board. One week later he was carrying a rifle for $21 a month.

In a few hours the soldier was a popular hero. But an energetic officer placed him under arrest and haled him before court for having laid down his rifle while on duty. The court became involved in a nice question of what the soldier should have done. Should he have used his bayonet instead of his fists? But that was settled by a superior officer who said: "It is not the policy of the United States Army to bayonet, shoot or otherwise weaken the defenses of the country by destroying defense workers. What the man should have done was to have held his rifle at port arms while kicking the defense worker's teeth out."

Submitted by: Avn/C Beals, D.S.

***

ODE TO AN H. P.

A wretched man is a Dodo.
He leads a life that few do.
In spite of gigs and braces,
Hazing and about faces,
We hope to fly like you do.

- Avn/C Hoover, H.H.

***

REVISED FAMOUS SAYINGS
FOR AVIATION CADETS

1. A dodo is God's gift to upperclassmen.
2. What is so rare as a day without gigs.
3. Silence is golden, especially in the mess hall.
4. 'Tis better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.
5. Hitch your wagon to a star, but don't try it in an airplane.
6. "Lost Horizon" was not a book written for future pilots.

- Avn/C Crowe, R. L.

***

HELPING WORDS FROM HOME

Sure, your absence keeps us sighing,
But we're bound to keep you flying
To seal the Fuehrer's doom!

Stamps and bonds we'll keep on buying
Just as long as you keep on trying
To give the rats no "living room".

- Avn/C Brown, R. W.

***

All dodos are sure to go to Heaven for they have served their Hell on earth.

- Avn/C Delaney, L.M.

***

A jerk at the stick is sometimes fatal; don't be one.

- Avn/C Flanigan, T.A.

***

GOODBYE TO FORTY-TWO G

So long to class forty-two G.
Good pilots they're bound to be;
They held the standard high and strong
Then held us up to follow along.

A lot we owe this great band,
For we were deep down in the sand.
But maybe we can do our part
By keeping it going after the start.

Keep going you pilots of Ryan-
Work hard and keep 'em flyin'.
Do your best to reach the goal
Keep trying with your heart and soul.

- Avn/C Cannon, C. A.

***

42 - H - ANSWERS

To our upper Classmen,
We always will remain
A bunch of raunchie dodo's,
With lame parts in our brain.

We've always tried to do our best,
With ground school, flying, and the rest;
But somehow failed to make the grade
Set by the marks you <u>say</u> you made.

All the hazing that you gave us
Was given just in fun;
Though it did seem sort of silly,
'Cause the job we must get done.

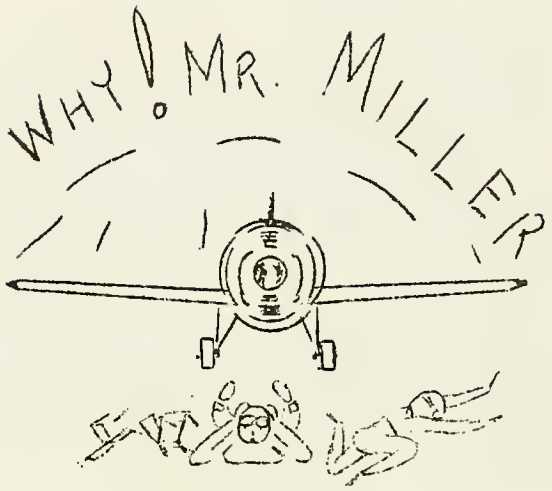
We realize now, though
It's been part of a game-
That was thoroughly planned
To lessen the strain.

We really do appreciate
The time that you have used;
And the model set before us
Will not be sore abused.

Respects from the Class of 42-H
To all the men in 42-G,
And to the U.S. we'll give our all;
We're Tokio bound--see you there next Fall.

- Avn/C Brophy, E. G.

***



I'VE BEEN WALKING ON THE GIG LINE
(to the tune of "Eyes of Texas")

I've been walking on the Gig line
All this afternoon.
I've been walking on the Gig line
I hope it's over soon.
I can see the O. D. coming
I hope my Gigs are gone.
No, he's got another Gig slip,
And I go marching on!

- Avn/C Acklen, W. T.

***

DO OR DIE

A lowerclassman's duty
Is not to reason why-
'Tis but to do or die.
The upperclassman bids
The lowerclassman does-
'Tis as it always was.

- Avn/C Hatch, J. W.

***

"A shoemaker who has sewed thousands of shoes is not necessarily a craftsman. Neither is a flyer an airman who has flown a lot only around his home town".

- Assen Jordanoff

***

THE DODO

A Dodo always is a dud
Never is he any good.
To the upperclassmen he is raunchy
Always small, fat and paunchy.
He never acts the way he should.
'Cause his poor brain's made of wood.
And the upperclassmen always wonder
Why he makes such foolish blunders.
To the teachers he's a nut
Always in the same old rut.
When with his instructor in the ship,
All he does is skid and slip.
At the table he is hurt
Upperclassmen do him dirt.
But to the Dodo a Dodo is the best
Why don't those upperclassmen give
him rest?

– Avn/C Esterline, M.A.

***

DEFINITIONS BY THE DODO

1. Dodo – A noble and much maligned individual forced by the irony of fate to endure the existence of upperclassmen.

2. Upperclassmen – A cross between Captain Bligh, Satan, and Adolph Hitler. A man who would give a hot foot to an elderly blind woman.

3. Chief Chicken – Practically any upperclassman depending upon the time of day.

4. Mess Hall – A place where Dodos die of slow starvation while upperclassmen gorge themselves.

5. Gig Line – A place where all Dodos meet during Open Post.

6. Recognition Day – Comes the Revolution!

– Avn/C Boutwell, D. W.

***

HORSE VS. AIRPLANE

O horse, you are a wondrous thing,
No gauge I watch no struts I sing.
No pilots' license every year
No trimming tabs upon your rear.
Your inner tubes are all okay
And thank the Lord they stay that way–
Your motor never makes a fuss
Your sparkplugs never make us cuss.
Your frame is good for many a mile
Your bodys' never change style
Your wants are few and easily met–
You've something on the airplane yet!

***

FLYIN'

There once was a Dodo at Ryan
Whose ambition was to learn flyin',
He thought he could do it, and went
right to it;
And soon got his wings for tryin'.

– Avn/C Cardwell, J. L.

***

SPECIAL AIR RAID INSTRUCTIONS FOR DODOS

1. At the first sound of planes run, it doesn't matter where—just run.
2. If an Upperclassman gets in your way at a shelter–knock him down, he is only saving a place for his friend anyway.
3. Scream and yell loudly, it will aid the Cadet officers in issuing orders.
4. If you find an unexploded bomb, pick it up and shake well. Just remember you wanted wings anyway.
5. In the case of incendiaries, hand a pail of water to an Upperclassman to throw at it. It will hasten his departure for parts unknown.
6. If you should be the victim of a direct hit, don't go to pieces; just lie still. For once, the Upperclassmen will fail to notice you.

– Avn/C Hatch, I. W.

***

lest we forget

Larson, R. G. -- Cut out B-24 on Lindbergh.

Richardson, W. S. -- Landed down wind against red light on Lindbergh.

Parlett, E. R. -- First ground loop in "A" flight.

Hill, P. F. -- Landed down wind at Gibbs.

Bibb, T. M. -- Taxied to line with flaps down.

Henry, C. T. -- His part in the "Dodo" play.

Gilmore, C. A. -- Taxies on his tail wheel.

Barnett, R. E. -- Never uses his tail wheel.

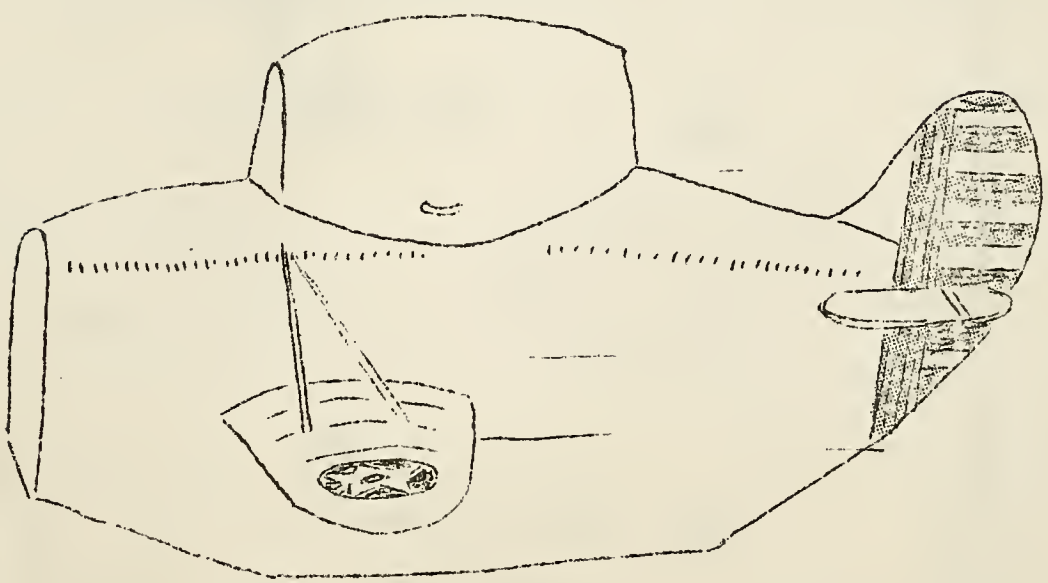
Green, D. L. -- Prettiest dodo in 42-G.

Frick, K. E. -- Good at ground looping.

Shields, D. W. -- Thinks parachutes are water-proof.

Lacey, M. F. -- Lands on taxi strip.

Marsh, D. E. -- Saw Link trainer fly over San Diego.



LEST WE FORGET

Birk, R. W. -
Slater, G. R. - } Descendants of Rip Van Winkle.

Fuhs, Q. A. - Won't let 'em sleep in peace.

McLeod, S. W. - Doesn't believe in fastening safety belt.

Wendt, W. A. - Kept the O.D. out of 'gig' slips.

Wychoff, F. M. - The wire hopping 'Angel'.

Zitkowski, F. C. - Flies the fabric off the wings.

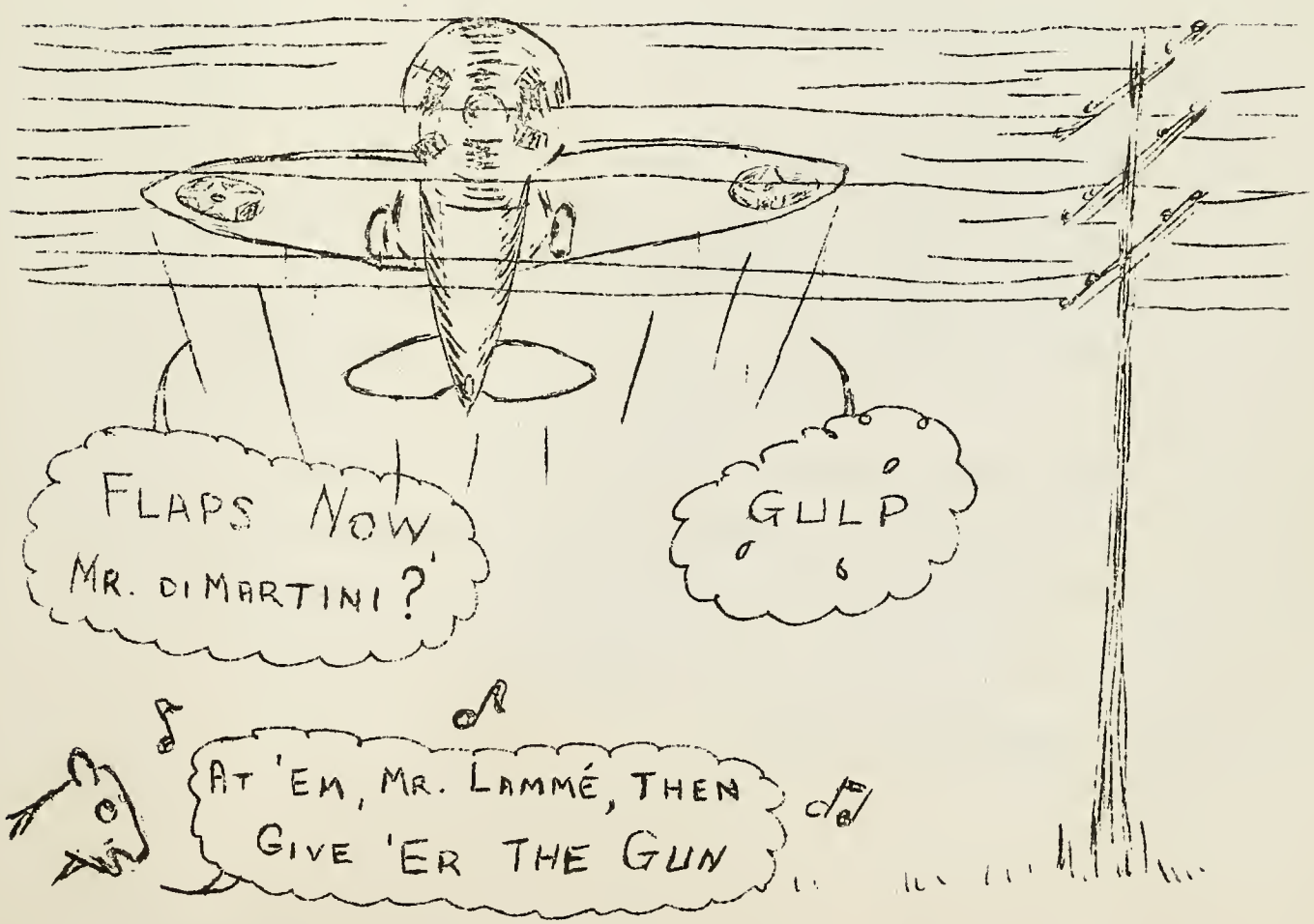
Miller, J. E. - Thought the swill was really swell.

Thayer, D. S. - Taught 42-H how to shut the mess hall door.

Jackson, W. C. - His individualism in traffic patterns.

Merchant, D. W. - Flaps No. 2.

Garveth, G. - Takes off from taxi strip.



We in Class 42-G at the Ryan School of Aeronautics have passed over the first peak in our Air Corps training. Other ranges appear in the distance, but for the present we are only looking back over the climbing turns we have been making for nine weeks.

We have felt the firm guiding hand of our officers and instructors. Living in our new world we have needed them, their translations and their directions. We hope we have shown our appreciation by eagerness to learn and the hard work necessary to make us capable of entering the patterns of the future.

We have found and felt many times that pilots and planes are not the whole story, but that half of the job is done by the Kinner doctors, dispatchers, office girls and all the background personnel that have kept us climbing up and over this primary ridge.

Today our country is at war. 42-G has been stimulated by the knowledge that we have a function in this war. We have every reason to go all out and we do not doubt that "NOTHING SHORT OF RIGHT IS RIGHT". May our brains and eyes and nerves help to turn this tide for good.

We have the traditions of the best primary school behind us and we come naturally to the belief that nothing can stop the Army Air Corps. The blue ranges on the horizon are calling for attention - we're together - let's level off and go.

- Avn/C E. M. Wheadon

"BASIC, HERE THEY COME"

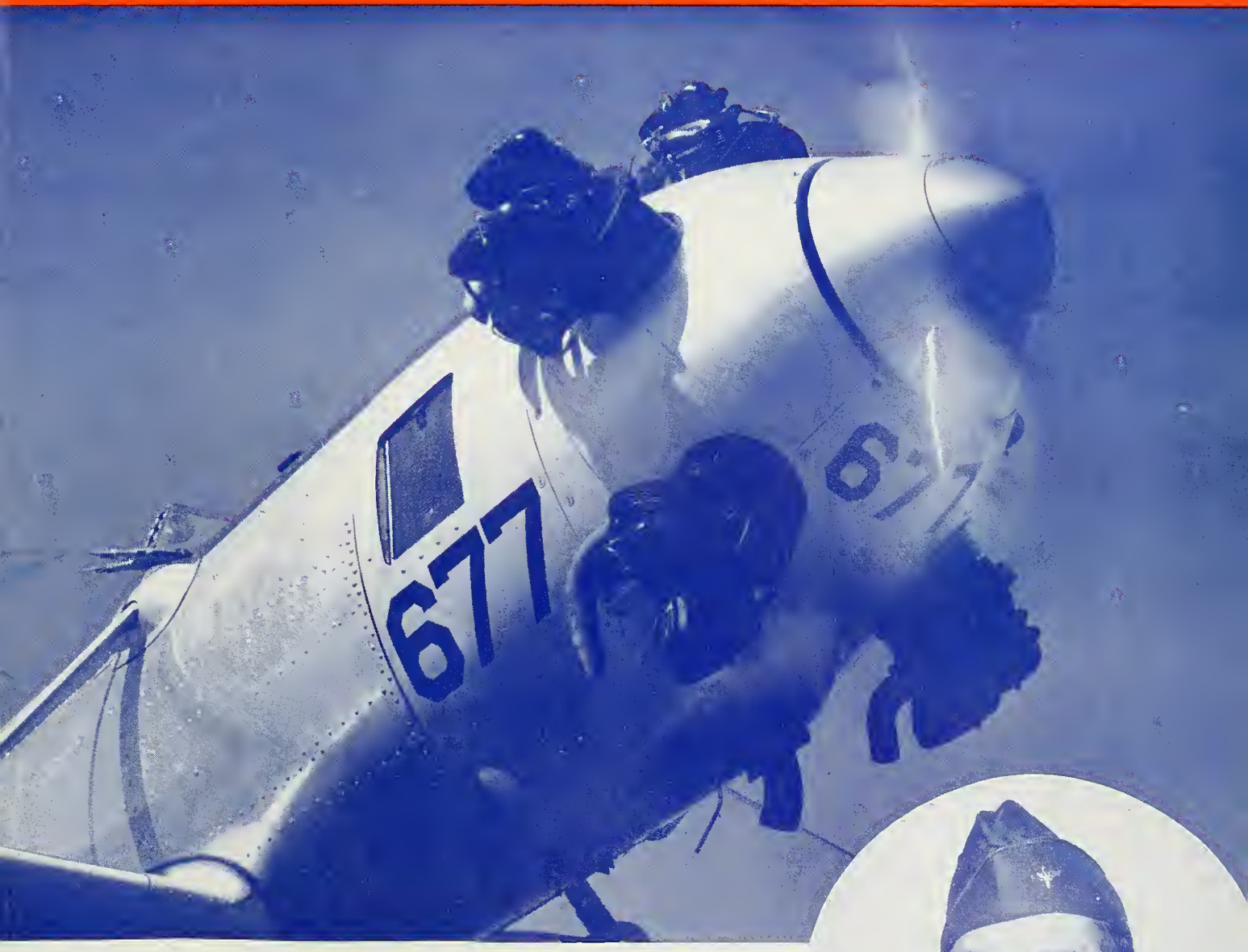
12 46

12 46

12 46

U. S. ARMY
AIR CORPS
TRAINING
RYAN
DETACHMENT
ALIS
VOLAT PROPRIIS

WINDSOCK

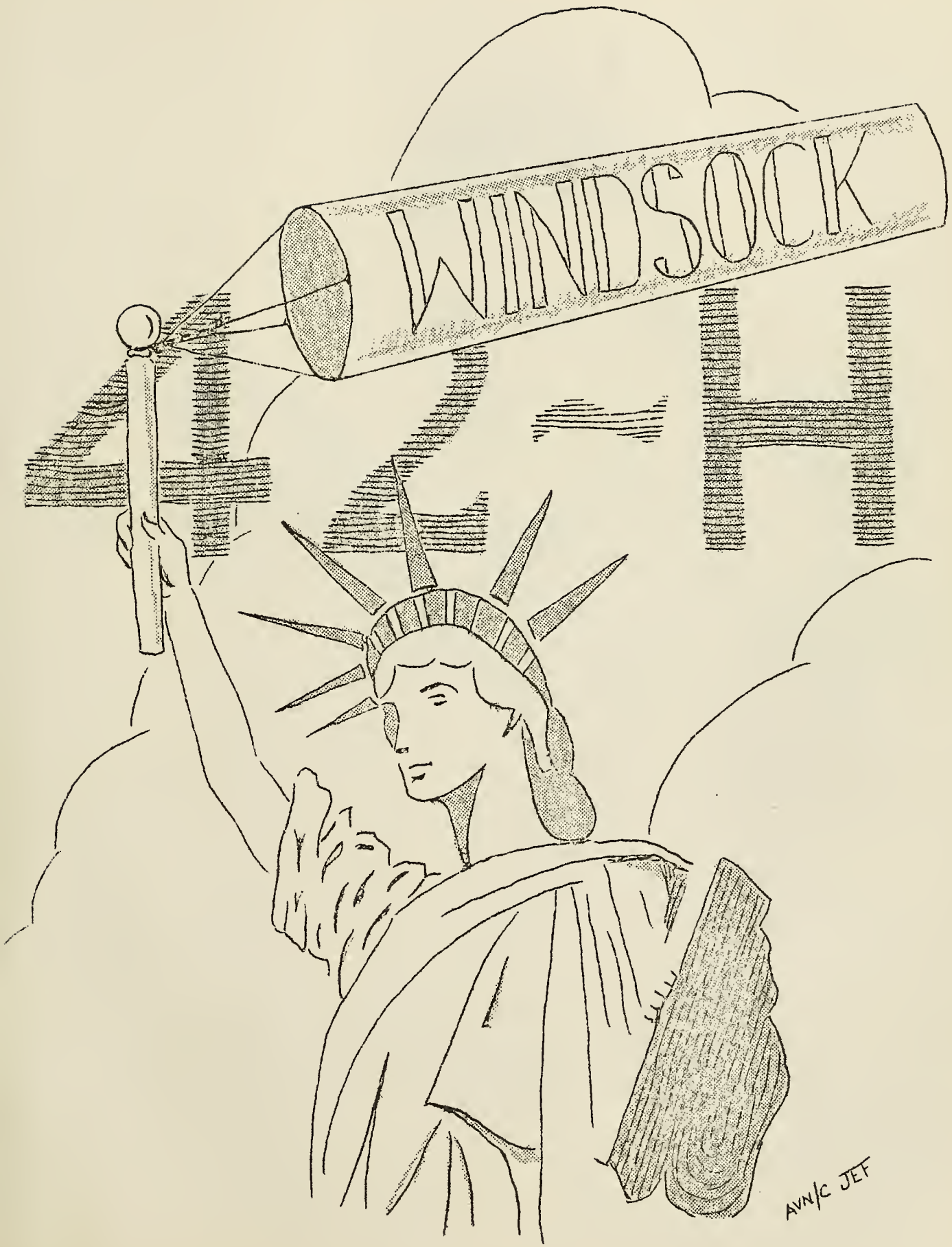


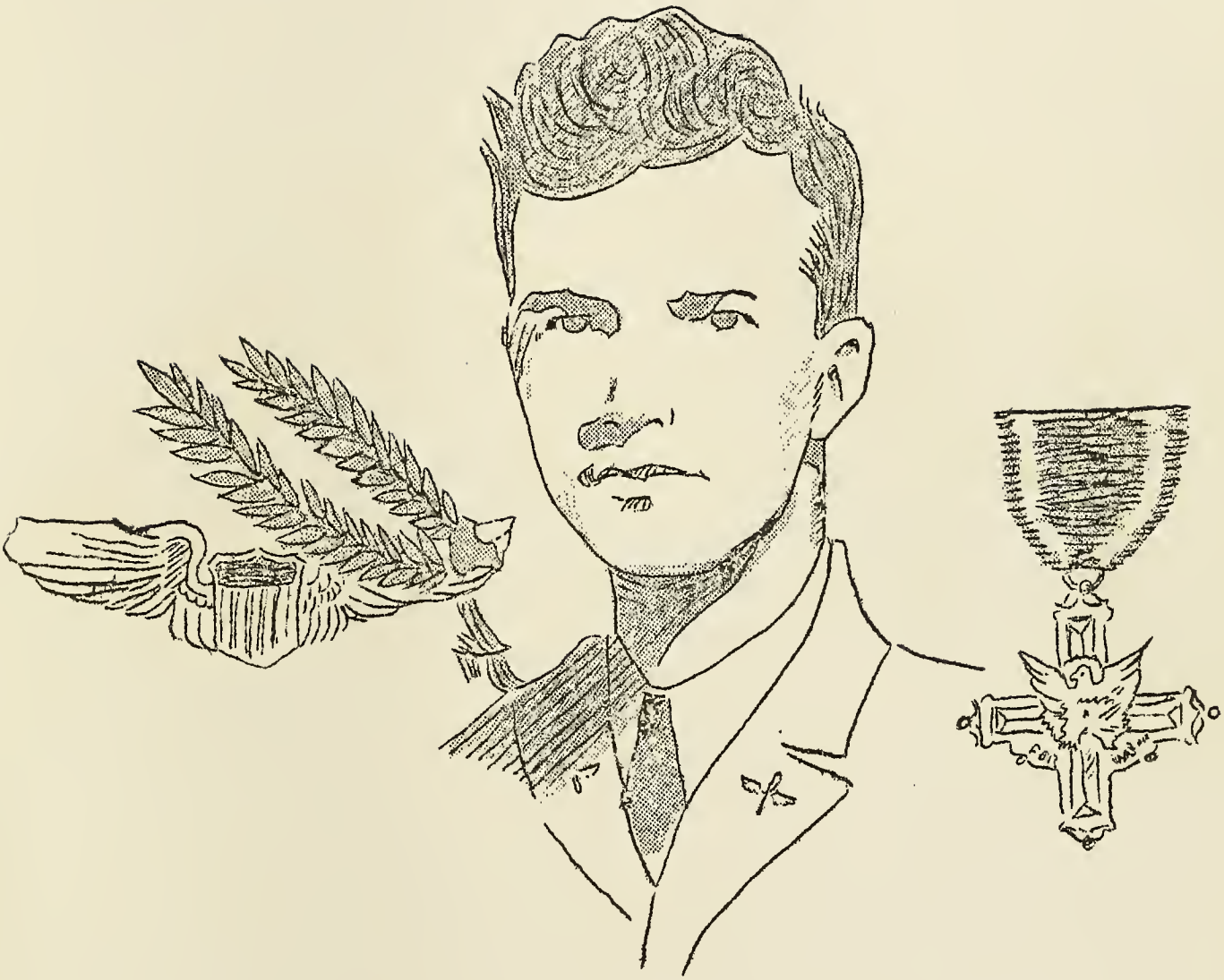
CLASS 42 • H

PUBLISHED BY THE AVIATION CADETS
AIR FORCE TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD • SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

MARTIN J. CHAVES
CAPTAIN AVIATION CADETS
CLASS 42 • H

APRIL • 1942


WINDSOCK
AVN/C JEF



DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY AND DEEDS

OF CAPTAIN COLIN KELLY, U. S. ARMY

AIR CORPS.

" -- We'll be there followed by more."

THE WINDSOCK:

THAT WE MAY NEVER FORGET THE INCIDENTS ASSOCIATED WITH OUR SERVICE AS RYAN CADETS.

- The Staff

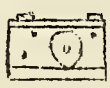
PUBLISHED BY THE

AVIATION CADETS

CLASS 42-H

EDITOR
Avn/C THOMAS FLANIGAN

Avn/C JAMES W. HATCH - ASSOCIATE EDITORS - Avn/C NORMAN W. JACKSON



PHOTOGRAPHY

Avn/C FREDERICK J. BITTER
Avn/C MILTON A. ESTERLINE

CARTOONS

Avn/C JOSEPH E. FOREST
Avn/C ARTHUR E. FRANKLIN

SECRETARY

BARBARA W. MOLLOY

COVER

WILLIAM WAGNER

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
APRIL 20, 1942

* FOREWORD *

We, the Class of 42-H, would like to express our appreciation to the men of Ryan who have been our instructors for the weeks just past. As we continue on there will always be a time when some incident brings back the memory of a bit of advice - a dressing down - a painstaking explanation. It was seldom that an instructor actually lost patience with a man - rather the man was helped over the hurdles constantly appearing before him.

From simple mathematics to navigation; from starting the engine to the "touch" in a stall - thru these we were guided by the hands of our instructors. Laboratory experts and veteran flyers; we consider ourselves fortunate to have been assigned to the Ryan School of Aeronautics.

Not all of us will be pilots - some will continue as navigators and bombardiers, others will return to civil life, but no matter where the tides of war might carry us, we shall bear the memory of those who bullied, cajoled, and pleaded with us in our darker moments. Those who never <u>really</u> gave us up as hopeless. To these men of Ryan, again we say, "Thanks, we <u>won't</u> forget you.

Thomas Flanigan, Avn/C
Editor

* * * *

EDITORIAL

Gentlemen of 42-H, we have been the fortunate ones chosen to fly the planes, but let us remember those who really keep them in the air. To the flight director and his staff,of clerks and dispatchers, to the engineers who design our planes, to the men who build them, to those who repair them, to our ground crews who service them on the line, to all of these and many others we owe a tremendous vote of thanks.

They have a job to do and are doing a bang up job of it. Analyze the facts while we have been here. Only one engine failure in some 4,000 hours of flying or in mileage of approximately 400,000 miles. A record like that certainly requires a heads up job of designing, building, maintenance, and planning. They have done their job now let's do ours. Let us keep our heads out and become as good pilots as they are in their particular job.

James W. Hatch, Jr., Avn/C
Associate Editor

After a few months in the present conflict such terms as "lightning war", "blitz tactics", etc. are common and well understood.

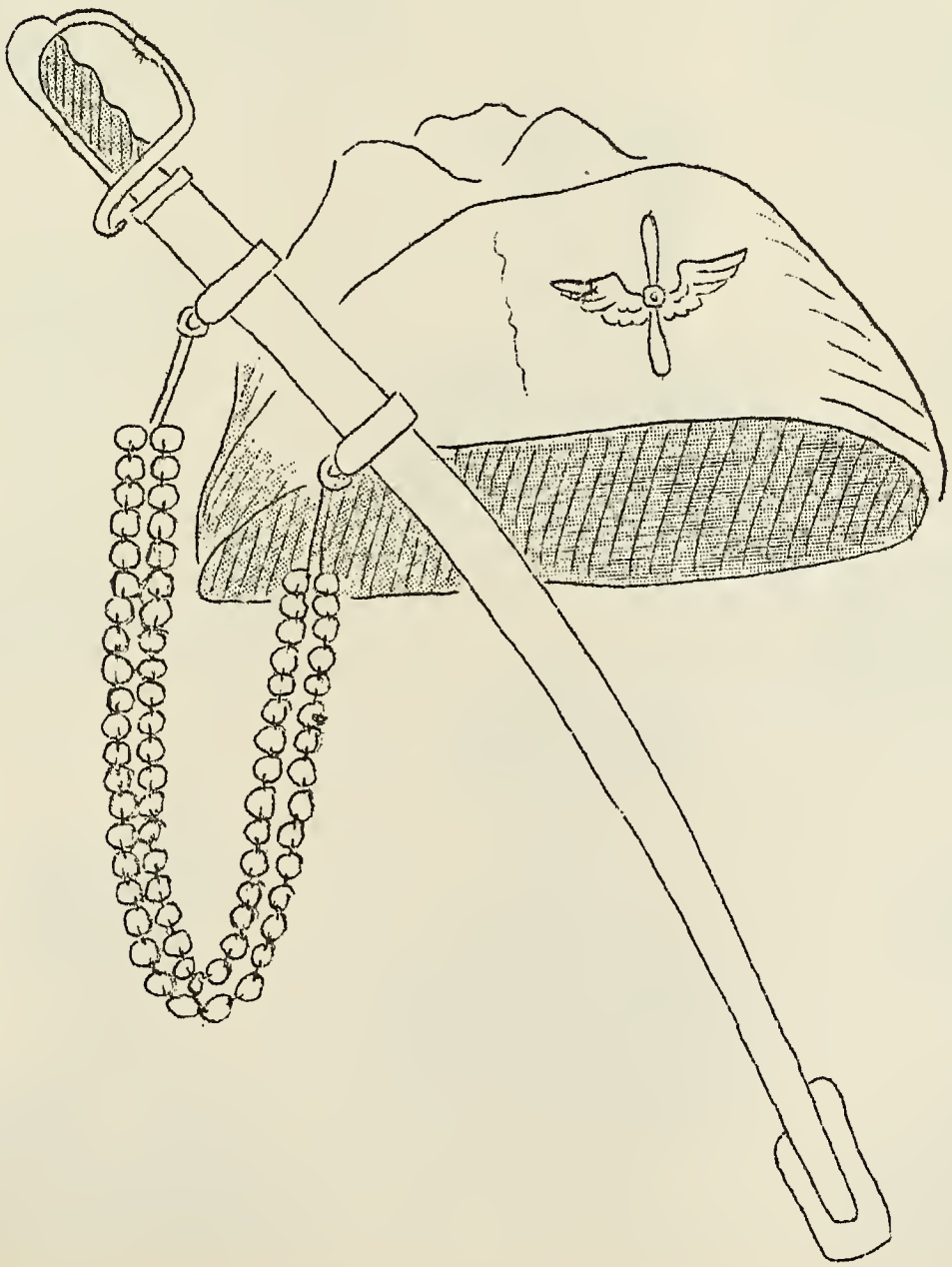
Expansion, efficiency and speed are factors that we must enforce to the utmost of our ability in order that we may promptly and efficiently cope with the task before us.

We of 42-H are a part of this program. In the few short weeks that we have been here at Ryan we have been exposed to a vast amount of flying knowledge and technique. It has been our job to assimilate this in as large a measure and as rapidly as possible so that we will soon be in a position to take our part in this conflict and help bring it to a successful conclusion.

So to you gentlemen of 42-H, we say carry on, "keep 'em flying" and Give 'em Hell!

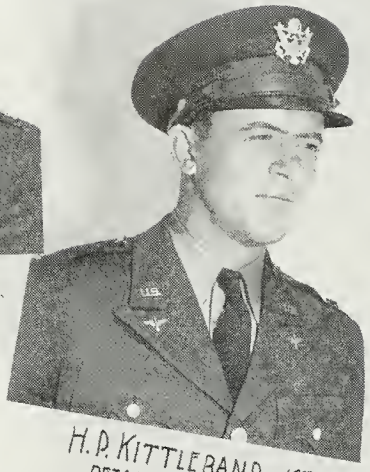
Avn/C Norman W. Jackson
Associate Editor

Officers



M. R. WILUCKI, CAPT. M.C.
FLIGHT SURGEON

D. W. HAARMAN, CAPT. A.C.
COMMANDING OFFICER

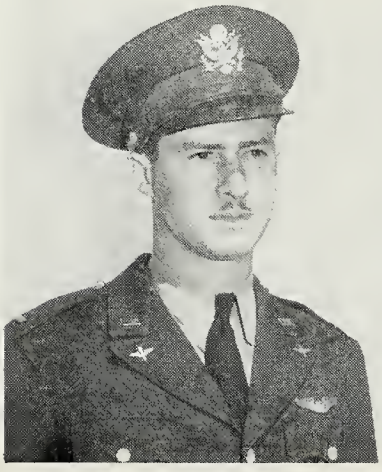


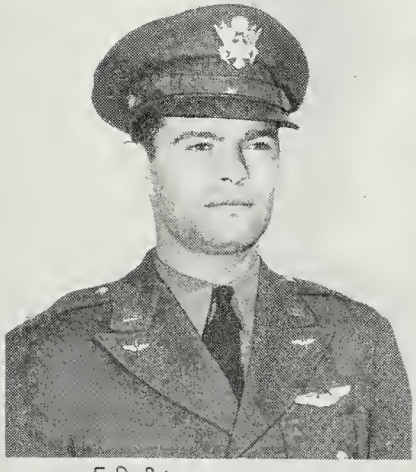
H. P. KITTLEBAND, 1ST LT. A.C.
DETACHMENT SUPPLY OFFICER

K. L. SIEBECKER, 1ST LT. M.C.
ASSISTANT SURGEON

J. D. ANDERSON, 1ST LT. A.C.
SUB-DEPOT SUPPLY OFFICER

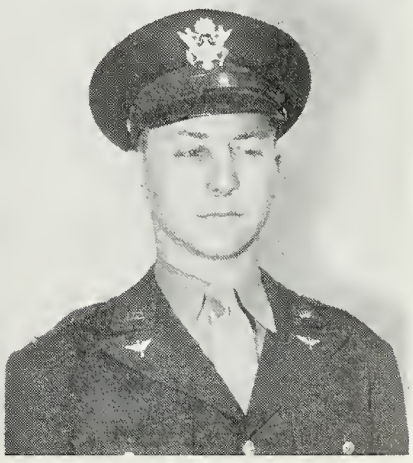
O. A. ISHAM, 1ST LT. A.C.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS





E. R. BANE, 2ND LT. A.C.
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

J. B. FISHBURN, 2ND LT. A.C.
INTELLIGENCE OFFICER



J. F. WEAR, 2ND LT. A.C.
RECRUITING OFFICER

"I'll tell you what morale is", said Adjutant General James A. Ulio, U.S.A. "It is when a soldier thinks his army is the best in the world, his regiment the best in the army, his company the best in the regiment, his squad the best in the company,. and that he himself is the best damned soldier-man in the outfit."

To make the kind of soldier with the kind of stuff a soldier needs to win this war, each of you men have learned in Primary School the basic fundamentals of morale needed to give you the will to get out and fight for a country that is worth fighting for.

You men of 42-H have shown splendid spirit while you have been at this detachment, and now, as you have passed the most difficult phase of your training, keep the morale of our Air Force and our country higher and higher - for with that spirit - WE CAN'T LOSE.

DONALD W. HAARMAN
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding

THE MILITARY PILOT AND FATIGUE

Everyone in this day of trial and strife has a definite primary duty and objective. The military pilot or aircrew is no exception, indeed he has one of the most difficult and most exacting of duties. Due to this exacting duty and its consequent "nervous strain" flying fatigue becomes a problem for you as well as your Flight Surgeon in your subsequent military career.

What then is the best manner of avoiding this condition which may spell the difference between success and failure in your mission?

Rest, is the primary preventative and treatment agent. This rest must be physical as well as mental, by that we mean the normal amount of sleep as well as "change of scenery". This "change of scenery" need not necessarily be change of country nor locality but rather outside interests or hobbies. Stimulants such as alcohol and tobacco and other drugs are not substitutes for sleep. Rather they furthur increase fatigue and cause eventual nervous exhaustion and consequent fatigue. These factors are difficult of control by your Flight Surgeon alone, but are very easily controlled by you with the supervision of your Medical Officer.

Other factors are proper diet, change in flying missions and adequate non-flying periods and happy surroundings. These latter factors belong to the realm of your Commanding Officer and Flight Surgeon.

MELVIN R. WILUCKI
Captain, Medical Corps
Surgeon.

* * * * * *

WELCOME

The Air Force Training Detachment extends a hearty welcome to its new officer, Lt. Orville A. Isham, our new Commandant of Cadets. Lt. Isham comes to us not as an inexperienced man, but for some time has been Tactical Officer of the Cadet Detachment at Air Force Advanced Flying School, Mather Field, California. Prior to his transfer to the Air Corps, he was commissioned in the Cavalry, where he was Platoon Commander.

It has been a real pleasure to work with you men of 42-H, and to have served as Commandant of Cadets in these past months. As Executive Officer, I shall still be in close contact with the men.

It is my sincere desire that the same cooperation will be given to your new Commandant of Cadets as was given to me.

EDWIN R. BANE
2nd Lieut., A.C.
Executive Officer

INSTRUCTORS

A/C JEF

GENTLEMEN OF 42-H:

I don't remember whether I told you of an article that appeared in the Aero Digest some 9 months ago on props. Wright was experimenting with 6, 8, and 10 bladed units. That was the last bit of news I saw until the present issue of Aviation in which De Haviland describes a 6 bladed prop called "contra-rotating".

It consists of two 3 bladed props rotating in opposite directions and the advantages listed are: eliminating prop torque, prop wash (straightens it out so that no correction need be made on take-offs) increasing blade area, decreasing prop diameter and producing greater efficiency.

It has been a pleasure to have had these few brief weeks with you. Let us hear from you....Thumbs up!

EDWARD PYE

* * * *

In fighting this war against clever but ruthless enemies, "Yankee Ingenuity" has displayed its effectiveness several times. The outstanding example of ingenuity in this war was the use of P-40's as bombers by General MacArthur's men. The conversion of these airplanes with the materials at hand, showed that the men performing this task had a well grounded basic knowledge of the problem at hand, even though it had never been attempted before.

From this display of ingenuity, it can be seen that there are times when a pilot may have to accomplish maneuvers that he never has been taught to do, or that have never been considered until a particular emergency arises. The ability to plan and execute such a maneuver successfully, depends largely upon his training. If the pilot is thoroughly familiar with his airplane, the purpose, design, and operation of each part, he is equipped to make such a decision.

The purpose of the ground school is to teach the pilot about his airplane as a whole, its component parts, the air in which he flies, and the navigation of the airplane so that he may use his ingenuity to bring Victory to the United States in the shortest possible time.

Glibert W. Hofeller

* * * *

As you know, the time of the training course has been drastically reduced. Your instructor is trying to make up for this lack of time. Are you?

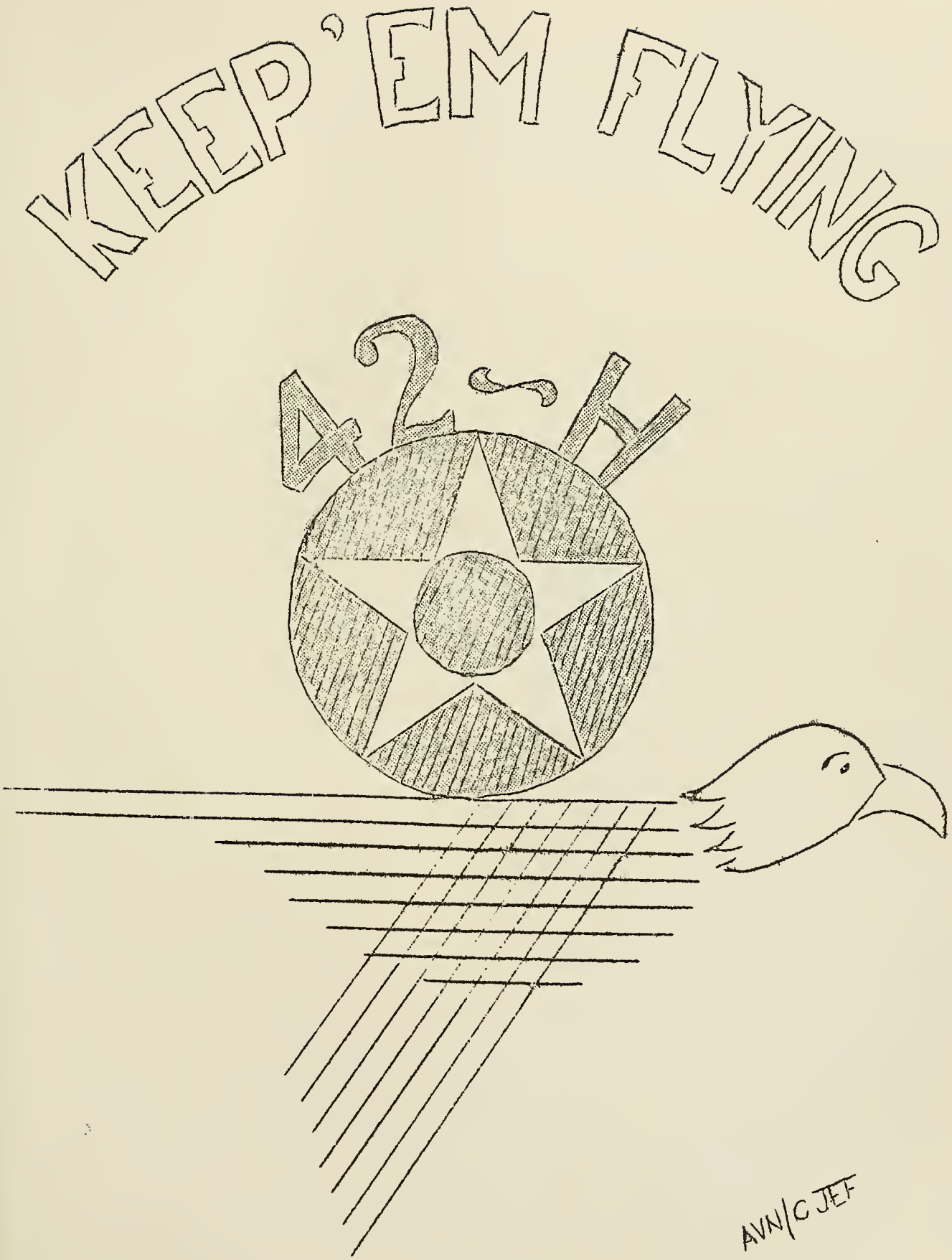
It is our regret that we do not have more time to give you what little we know of the things that will help you in the job you have ahead. Two important factors in instruction are repetition and demonstration. Both take time. I think that you as the student, by an alert and responsive attitude can go far to help your instructors. Since time is short repetitions and demonstrations are necessarily limited. You can make them do.

When a new point is made or you witness a student error, don't say, "I understand that" or "I never do that". Stop and think, "Does this make sense and what do I need to do about it?" If it does not make sense you will not remember the point long enough or well enough to utilize it when needed. See that it is a usable piece of knowledge before you store it for future reference.

Your instructors realize all too well that you have many many new things to learn. They are doing their best to see that you learn them well. Gentlemen, open your minds and respond to instruction.

Luck to you all,

Lee A. Garner


KEEP 'EM FLYING
42nd
AVN/C JEF

FLIGHT "B"

ROBERT H. ADAMS ROBERT C. ALSTON CLARENCE E. ANDERSON

JOHN I. BAINER HUBERT J. BARKS DONALD S. BEALS

WILLIAM O. BAKER JOSEPH BARR JACK W. BELL

EDWARD M. BENDER ROBERT L. BLACK FREDERICK J. BITTER

PAUL K. BENJAMIN RAYMOND J. BETNER ROBERT J. BOLEN

ANDREW J. BORDERS, JR. EDWIN S. BOYD WILLIAM E. BRIGHTWELL

DELBERT W. BOOTWELL ANDREW C. BRENKUS DONALD A. BRIOLA

EDWARD G. BROPHY GLEN R. BURCH RICHARD D. BUTLER

ROBERT W. BROWN GEORGE B. BURGER JACK L. CARDWELL

MARTIN J. CHAVES JACK S. CONNOR PETER CORSON

COLTON R. CLARK, JR. JOHN R. COOK

FLIGHT B

FLIGHT "D"

CECIL D. DAUBENBERGER

R. LEE CROWE ANTHONY L. DESTRO

FRED A. COUSE JOHN F. EDWARDS

MILTON A. ESTERLINE THOMAS F. FLOYD ARTHUR E. FRANKLIN

THOMAS A. FLANIGAN JOSEPH E. FOREST

CARL M. FRANTZ FREDERICK D. GRINHAM, JR. MELVIN K. HOFFMAN

LESTER GLICKFELD CARL L. HILL

ARVIL D. HOLLIDAY HOWARD H. HOOVER LESTER P. HOWARD

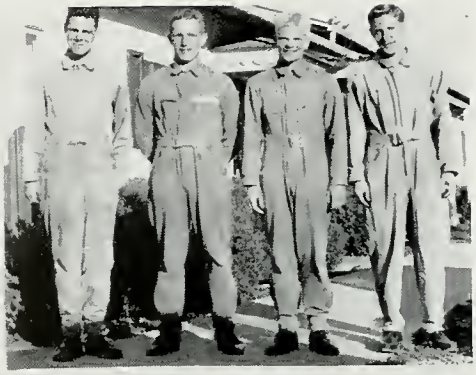
CHARLES M. HOWE NORMAN W. JACKSON

FLIGHT 'D'

PERSONAIRLITIES

REC HALL

OLD GLORY

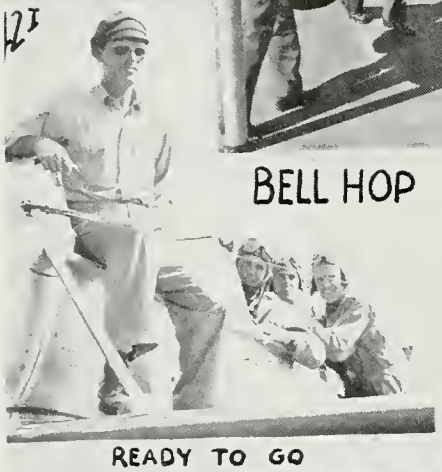


DODOS

BELL HOP

GIGLINE

FLANIGAN



READY TO GO

42

HAPPY LANDINGS

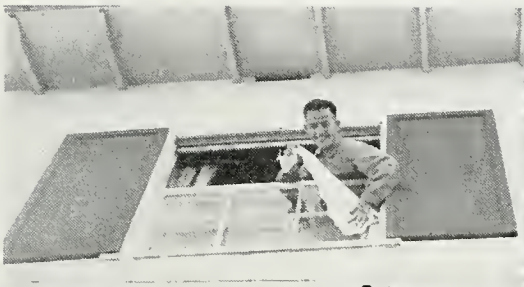
SOLOED

UPPER CLASSMEN

FLIGHT LINE

RADIAL ENGINE

MESS HALL



GLICKFELD

GARNER GASSING

BURCH

MR. BOB

CHECK-RIDE

COMING

COMING

MR. GIBBS

GONE

GOING

ROBBIE

HELL RIDERS

WAITING

"D" FLIGHT H.P.'S

FEET

HAPPY DAYS

READY

GIG LINE

PERSONALS

ADAMS, ROBERT H. (Avn/C Sergeant)

Like most cadets, the stork forgot to correct for wind drift and dragged a wing into Pomeroy, Washington in April 1920. Adams attended Pomeroy High School and Washington State College where he studied dentistry. Decided he didn't want to look down in the mouth the rest of his life so started to fly in Lawiston, Idaho. Was told he'd be a glamour boy in the army and sport a classy uniform, so he became a cadet. Ambition is to drop a 1000 lb. bomb on Tokyo, circle the city, and watch it rain confetti.

. . .

ALSTON, ROBERT C. (Avn/C Sergeant)

"Rebel" started to annoy the population of Atlanta, Georgia, on December 29, 1917. After struggling thru Episcopal High School, Darlington, and the University of Georgia, joined the cadets and drawled his way through Williams Field, Arizona before coming to Ryan. Wants to nail some Japs, Nazis, and Fascists before retiring to Georgia.

. . .

ANDERSON, CLARENCE E.

Came in for a landing at Oakland, Calif. on Friday the 13th, January 1922 - calls Newcastle home. Assaulted instructors in Placer Union High at Auburn and Sacramento Junior College, majoring in Aeronautics, where the C.A.A. taught him to fly a power glider. Worked as an aircraft mechanic at Sacramento Air Depot for nine months. Tiring of seven day weeks and the graveyard shift, joined the Air Corps, January 19th, 1942. Ambition is to fulfill a boyhood dream and get those wings.

. . .

BAINER, JOHN I.

Bawled his way into Washington, Penna. on July 25, 1916. Attended the local high school and Carnegie Tech then went to work giving orders for Frazier-Simplex Company - came into the army on January 18th, 1942 to take them. Ambition at present is to end the war in the right way and get back to that beautiful Pennsylvania.

. . .

BAKER, WILLIAM O.

Startled the good people of Beaver Falls, Penna. on April 21, 1921. Managed to get through Beaver High and Geneva College after which he took up Civil Engineering. Finally enlisted in Air Corps, January 18th, 1942 to get a bit of excitement. After finding more hard work than excitement, decided chief amibition was to get those wings and then take up a permanent partnership with that beautiful red-head from Pennsylvania.

. . .

BARKS, HUBERT J.

The stork certainly made a messed up landing in Swamp East, Mo. on August 23, 1919. The baggage, later known as "Bum" was exposed to an education in Cape Girardian, Mo. - wasn't contagious. His creditors thought the army might compel him to pay his bills so talked him into joining the Air Corps. Main ambition is to get those wings and go home to a certain woman.

. . .

BARR, JOSEPH

New Jersey did the work but Manhattan get the credit. Joseph Barr reported from flight line at Kenilworth, N. J. February 28, 1918. He took all the book

(Continued next page)

BARR, JOSEPH (Continued)

learning that Ashbury Park, N. J. could offer and let New York City College take charge. Formerly a hash slinger, Barr joined the Air Corps to learn how to serve Tokyo on order of hot scrap iron at high velocity. New York nurse, Marie, is the goil for the guy we've come to call "Airfoil".

. . .

BEALS, DONALD S.

The Twin Falls (Idaho) newspaper notified the populace on April 17, 1917 that the U. S. was at war and that Donald Scott Beals had logged his first and last time dual with a stork. He graced the home town envions until transplanted to the University of Idaho in Moscow. Don, a true son of the soil, is all for the A.A.A. - Air Corps, Alice and Agronomy. We won't say anything about airliners.

. . .

BELL, JACK WESLEY

The focal point of the universe, as far as Jack is concerned, is Miami, Florida. Since October 5, 1919, Jack has centered his life in and around this city, and has an interest of the heart in Knoxville Tenn. Sailing in the Florida Keys and a brokerage firm monopolized most of his time prior to enlistment. Now he wants to do all of his sailing in the air. Measles kept Jack from leaving for basic with 42-H, but he'll make it with the 42-I H.P.'s.

. . .

BENDER, EDWARD M.

July 2, 1918 saw Cape Girardeau, Missouri awakened from its complacency by stork dive-bombing of the Bender Home. The delayed action bum, christened Edward Martin, attended Southeast Missouri State Teachers College and later as postman was the "local man who comes around". Hopes to deliver Uncle Sam's parcels airmail special delivery to the Axis in the near future. Although Ed claims to be free-lance, there is a Missourible lock in his eye when blondes are discussed.

. . .

BENJAMIN, PAUL K. (Avn/C Corporal)

The stork express stalled over Normal, Illinois on December 28, 1919, dropping P.K. in his tri-corners. Benny sprouted the wanderlust and gained scraps of education from Arizona, Illinois and Washington schools. Finally wrangled a sheepskin from Washington and did a hitch at Illinois State Normal. After working in THE Wenatchee apple valley, hopped on a bike and crawled off in Elwood, Indiana after 3000 miles of arnica and sore spots. The draft reached out but Benny beat it into the Air Corps. Ambition is to take the B-19 and pay due respects to Herr Hitler. Wants to explore the well known four corners after the war is over.

. . .

BETNER, RAYMOND JOHN (Avn/C Sergeant-Major)

Kicked off his first diaper in Granite City, Illinois August 14, 1921. Rambled over the country settling in Hoosick Falls New York, but talks distinct Flatbush. Whitey managed to get through high school kicking a soccer ball, was lucky to pass the physical and mental to attain his dream. Also dreams of a Sophie back east. Wants to let his hair grow and get thru primary.

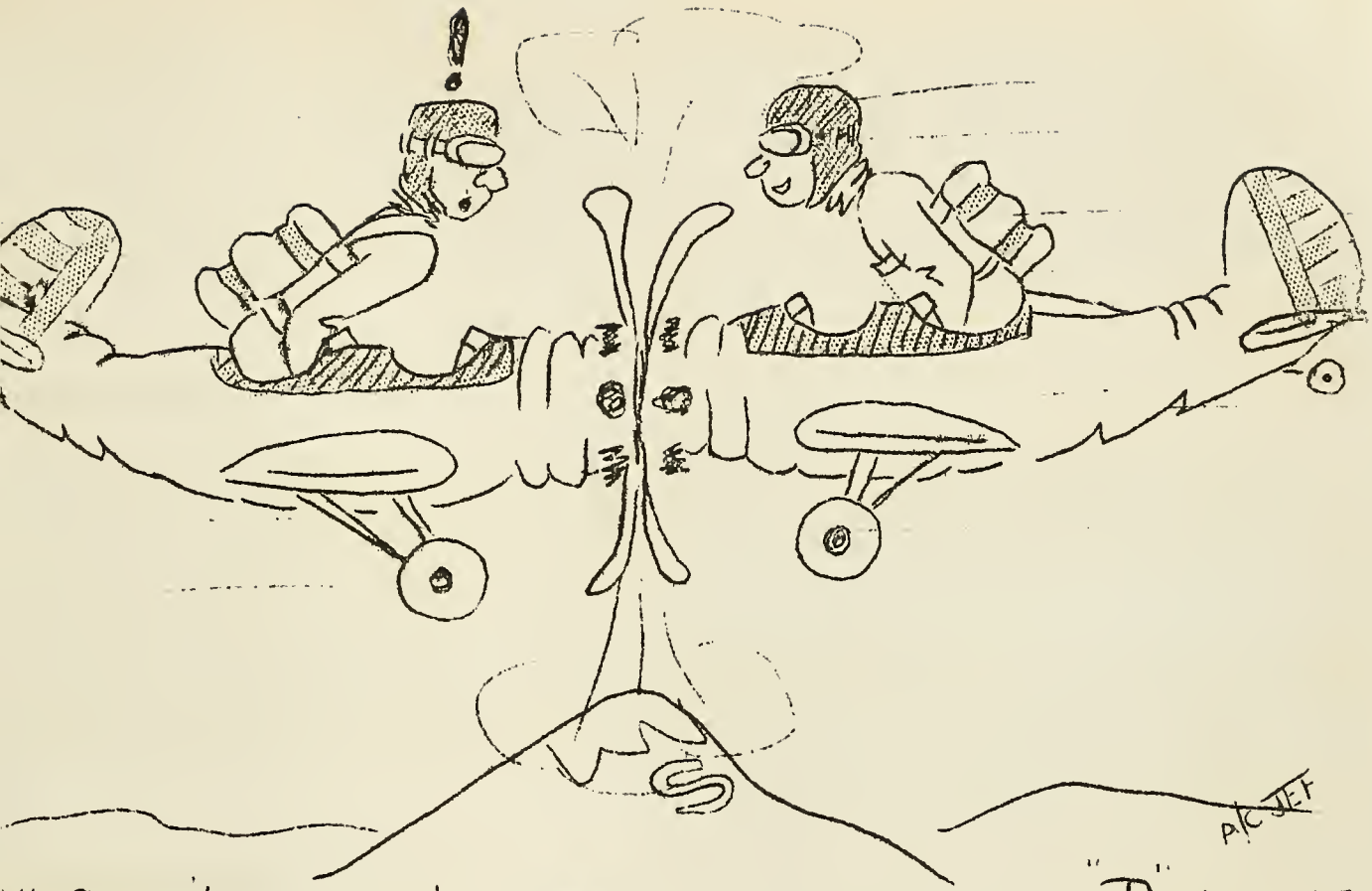
. . .

BITTER, FREDRICK, J. (Avn/C Lieutenant)

Jim pounded his way thru a football line for Butler High School back in Penna. - a bit of swimming on the side. Didn't have enough so went on pounding in semi-pro football for five years. Started to get in the air corps in March 1941. After flunking the exam in May, made it in Aug. Even went through a nose operation before being inducted, January 19, 1942. Wants to marry Mary Jane and be a good flyer for Uncle Sam.

. . .

MR. LONGANECKER LOGGING SOLO TIME.



HI DAUB! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN "D" FLIGHT

GIBB'S HAZARD # 2

A/C JET

BLACK, ROBERT L.

"Blackie" began his heckling of the populace of Tyrone, Penna. on November 18, 1919. Fooled his way through Tyrone high and the University of Pittsburgh. Is gay when he dreams of "Gay". Wants to help knock out the Axis in a hurry.

. . .

BOLEN, ROBERT J. (Avn/C Captain)

That bird got caught in a dust storm on November 28, 1920 over Ulysses, Nebraska so dumped "Corn-Fed" on the poor town. Squeezed thru District 87 and the home high school before flunking every course in La Salle J. C., Illinois. Did a hitch with 129th Infantry at Camp Forrest Tennessee then decided flying would be easier than walking (a mistake). Hopes to do a loop over Tokyo some day.

. . .

BORDERS, ANDREW JACKSON

Stonewall glided into Atlanta, Georgia on October 19, 1920. Has lived in a good many places but claims Birmingham, Alabama as home. Kicked out of Davidson College so joined the Air Corps. Passed through Williams Field, Arizona, before coming to Ryan. Favorite sport is collecting broken hearts.

. . .

BOUTWELL, DELBERT W.

Born November 30, 1918 in Taft, Calif. Received a meager smattering of education during brief intervals at Taft Junior College and the University of California. Achieved small measure of fame at Ryan Country Club for not landing close enough to the ground. Hopes that the rest of the class profited by his example of what not to do in an airplane.

. . .

BOYD, EDWIN S.

Almost born a turkey when dropped into this world November 26, 1921. After two cold years in Vermont moved to Santa Monica, California, where the sun always shines. Got an ambition to fly about the age of six and got the first chance the summer of 1939 when Primary CPT was taken. After struggling with 1½ years of college the army accepted him for the Air Corps. Ambition is to fly some fast pursuits and make some Japs think they're saps.

. . .

BRENKUS, ANDREW C.

Andrew C. Brenkus spun into Jefferson, Ohio on November 15, 1915. One of two representatives from the Buckeye State he attended Jefferson high and then went to New York City to conquer greater worlds. Supervised building of apartments for several years before the long arm of Uncle Sam snaked him into the 212th CA (AA) at Camp Stuart, Ga. Latest ambition is to graduate from the Ryan Country Club and report to Basic.

. . .

BRIGHTWELL, WILLIAM E.

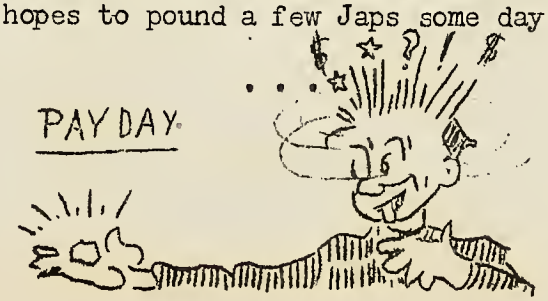
William E. Brightwell (Bill) the southern gentleman from Roanoke, Va. who learned his drawl at Emory & Henry College and his line for the girls in the 47th Infantry, Ft. Bragg. Formerly an employe of Riddle Aeronautical Institute (S.E., A.C.T.D.) where he began to vision wings. On September 18th his 27th birthday he should have those wings along with his golden bars. A roamer at heart he would love to visit Tokyo and drop his best regards.

. . .

BRIOLA, DONALD A.

Scrambled into Fair Oaks, Penna. on April 16, 1917. Attended Ambridge high school then pounded automobiles for six years. Don hopes to pound a few Japs some day.

. . .



BROPHY, EDWARD G.

Ed scattered the coal dust of Douglas, Penna. on April 3, 1920. Sometimes attended McKeesport and Elizabeth, Pennsylvania high schools. Likes Virginia well enough to stay there after a stretch spent there in 1941. Had C.M.T.C. experience at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland in 1937. Wants to make army flying a career and run the Japs off the map.

. . .

BROWN, ROBERT W.

Brownie took off on June 21, 1916 at Erie, Penna. where Strong Vincent high school beat some learning into his skull. Penn State did a little beating too. Biggest thrill was Theodora, till flying bug bit him. Wants to wow the hometown by doing snap-rolls overhead in a P-38.

. . .

BURCH, GLEN R.

Scared the Independence, Oregon people on December 30, 1919. Attended local high school, Linfield, and Monmouth. A school teacher, he aspires to be a sports announcer. Is famous for ignoring curfew. Wouldn't mind seeing Betty either.

. . .

BURGER, GEORGE B.

Unable to pass by the beautiful Miami Valley, the old bird stopped off in Hamilton, Ohio December 10, 1917 to leave a bundle of blitz to grow up amongst peace and contentment. While attending Hamilton Catholic High School he was bitten by the flying bug and acquired a few hours at the local airport. Accepted for appointment as Aviation Cadet, December 30, 1941, while employed as a sales correspondent and is now looking forward to a trip to Tokyo in the pilot's seat of a B-24.

. . .

BUTLER, RICHARD D.

Due to poor navigation, wind drift and stuff, the old stork 3 pointed on the Butler residence in San Diego on March 18, 1921. Upon graduation from San Diego High School, attended San Diego State College where he took C.A.A. Primary Training and then went to U.S.C. Ambition is to make a bigger crater in Japan than Mt. Fyjiyama.

. . .

CARDWELL, JACK L.

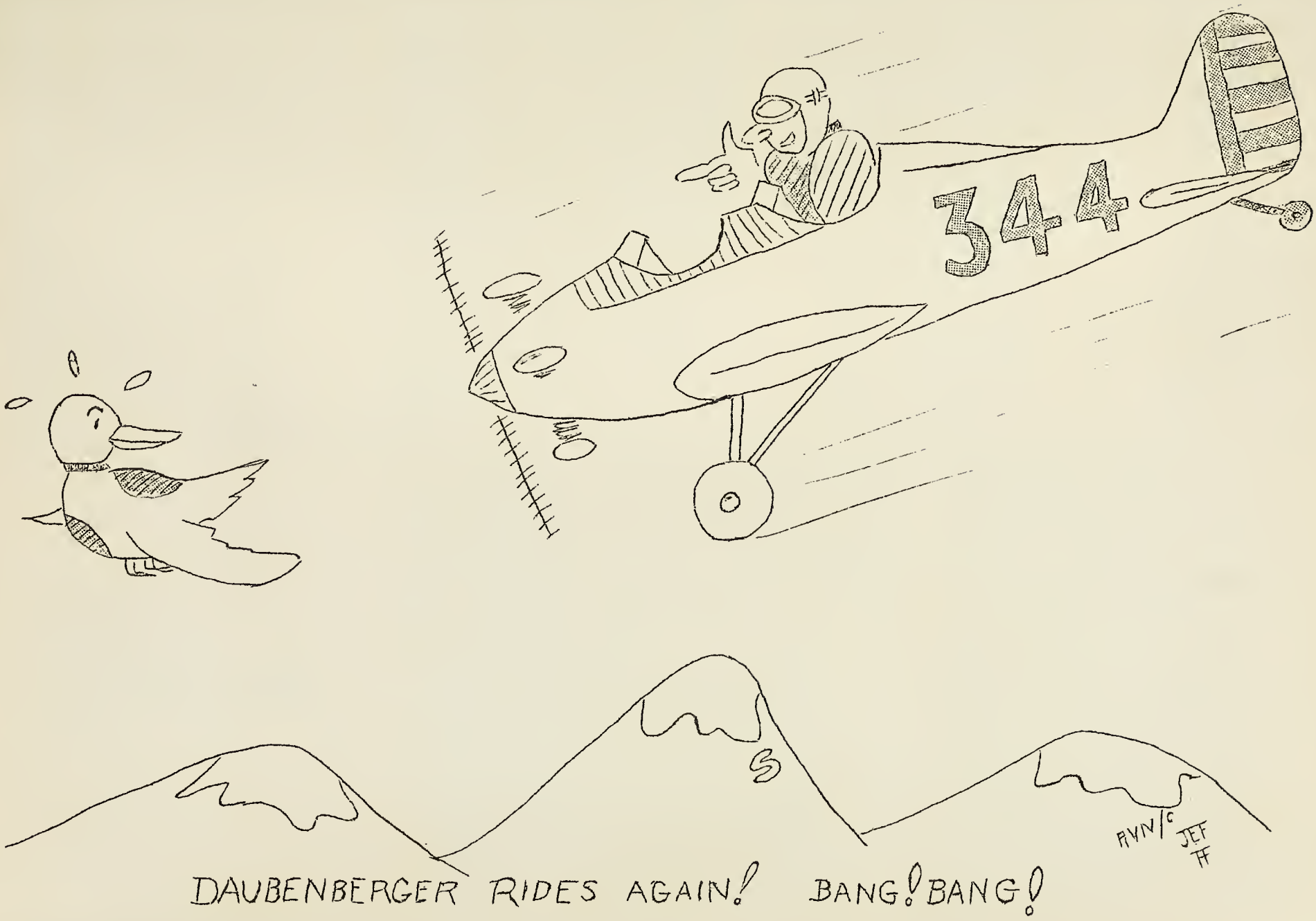
Had a forced landing at Fresno, California on January 19, 1921. Attended the Kerman Union High School and later graduated from the University of California, college of Agriculture. Air experience was kite flying and a primary C.P.T. course. He never had a nickname that stuck, and his best girl is better known as "Pug". His ambition is to get the wings every cadet dreams about.

. . .

CANNON, CHARLES A.

Born in Atlanta, Georgia where he has lived ever since. Attended night school and worked with Westinghouse for the past

(Continued next page)


344
AVN/c JEFF
DAUBENBERGER RIDES AGAIN! BANG! BANG!

CANNON, CHARLES A. (Continued)

few years. His nickname is Stinky and his girl friend is Sweat Meat. Main ambition is to get his head out. His wanderings have lead him all over here and there.

. . .

CHAVES, MARTIN J.

Dropped in amid the rattlesnakes and sage brush of Durkee, Oregon, April 29, 1919. Served a stretch of 13 years in this joint, and then went to Baker where he captained the high school football team. Continued his learning at Oregon State College and also captained the 1942 Rose Bowl champs (just look at my ring boys). His plans, besides getting those bars, are to marry a lovely little schoolteacher back home.

. . .

CLARK, COLTON REYNOLDS, JR.

Born in Atlanta, Georgia on August 19, 1921. He attended Decatur Boys High School and the Gerogia School of Technology. Only air experience was the time he sat up all night blowing soap bubbles off the end of the pier at Jacksonville Beach. Nicknames are Bubber, Stinky and Swivel; best girl friend is known as "honey". Ambition is to fly like a bird. Roamings have carried him in and out of Architects office, chemical laboratory, dance band, and up and down every beach from Miami to Atlantic City.

. . .

CONNOR, JACK STRABL

Born in Seattle July 22, 1915. Attended Ballard High School and graduated from University of Washington in 1939 with a B.A. degree in economics. No previous air training. Ambition is get a pair of wings and give them a ride over Tokyo. Roamings - where ever the army sends me. Formerly worked for a newspaper - The Seattle Star - in the circulation dept. as a district manager. Would much rather take the day off and go hunting, fishing or skiing in the beautiful wilds of Washington.

. . .

COOK, JOHN R.

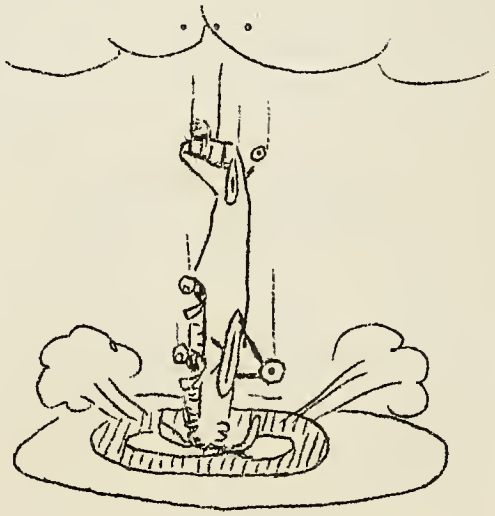
So called by Army. Known in private life as Bob Cook. Originated in the smoke filled town of Pittsburgh, Pa. on April 27, 1916. Attended South Hills High School and wandered through two or three business schools, the last being B.T.C. at Pittsburgh. Never saw an airplane or was inside an army uniform until a recent date. My friends (girl friends) call me "Cookie" My especial girl friend, Stella, calls me even more luscious monikers. Used to work for the Army Ordnance District at Pittsburgh. Ambition is to fly a plane as Mr. Prescott wants it flown.

. . .

CORSON, PETER

The old stork dropped him in Lockport, New York, a town up in the Western part of the state, on September 3, 1919. After leaving Taft School, Watertown, Conn. in the class of '38, this future "H.P." headed for Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. where he spent a blissful two years before joining the 209th Coast Artillery Anti-Aircraft Regiment. In February of 1941, this National Guard outfit was sent to Savannah, Georgia where Pete signed up for a transfer to the Air Corps and was accepted in January. From Savannah to Phoenix to San Diego and Ryan went this ambitious young man in search of the "wild blue yonder." No nickname will he tell us, nor his girlfriend's name, but his ambition is to fly a P-38 over Tokyo and Berlin with his class of 42-H.

. . .



SPOT LANDING

COUSE, FRED A.

Born on June 22, 1921 in West Point, Virginia. Arrived in Miami, Florida in 1926 to make it his permanent home. Attended Miami Senior high and graduated in 1939. Took up cabinet-maker's trade until he tired of it and joined the Air Corps. Greatest ambition is to become commissioned pilot and get at the December 7th rats.

. . .

CROWE, R. LEE

Made a side-slip into Stanton, Ky. on January 16, 1921. He spent 15 years trying to get an education which went in one ear and out the other. After 2 years of teaching school, he joined the Air Corps to learn to fly. If names meant anything he should be a good pilot, but names mean nothing as he soon found out. Those silver wings are his life's ambition. Tokyo or bust!

. . .

DAUBENBERGER, CECIL D. (Avn/C Captain)

Got a taste of California fog for first time when he was forced down in San Francisco on June 24, 1920. Decided he was too big for a little burg like Frisco so moved to Turlock, California (home of the raisins). Had his first 12 years of ground school at Turlock, then breezed through Modesto J.C. Evaded the army by sneeking out of California National Guard and going to Cal. Aggies for one year. Big objective is to fly a "Maytag Messerschmitt (Ryan PT-22) back to Turlock and marry his little raisin.

. . .

DAVIS, GEORGE E.

Fishtailed in at Wilkinsburg, Pa. on February 15, 1920. Barnstormed on the family farm in Grove City, Pa. for about 20 years. Then cluttered up Westinghouse Electric Transformer division at Sharon, Pa. for a couple of years. Decided the Air Force needed men like him so crammed for about 3 months and bluffed his way thru the Nov. exams. Found the army is rather fussy about the way its students fly. Chief ambition is to render the salute to his friends from Ryan Country Club and hope that it isn't as raunchy as his drill.

. . .

DESTRO, ANTHONY L.

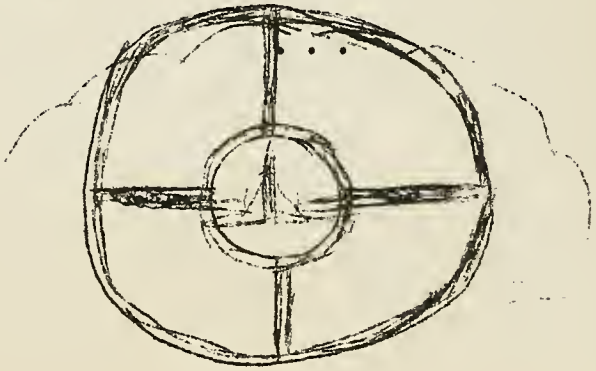
On January 15, 1921 Jamestown, New York was greatly frightened by an air raid alarm. One of the enemy ships was unkind enough to save his bombs and drop Anthony L. instead. He did a snap roll and landed in his sense of humor. In 1931 having been jerked up by the hair of his head; he stuck to the tail of a P-38 and ended up in Miami, Florida - land of sunshine and beautiful women. He ignored the sunshine - fell in love and had to join the air corps. Was a real H.P. until he did S turns under the wires at Gibbs Field. Ambition - to be a crack personnel officer and make love to Louise, his unfinished business back home.

. . .

EDWARDS, JOHN F.

Blasted his way into the little town of San Diego, California on March 25, 1915. Labored through grade and high school in good old San Diego, he couldn't break away so he entered San Diego State College and received his teacher's credentials. Has completed both primary and secondary C.P.T. training and taught school for some 3 years. During his trials and tribulations he has acquired himself a beautiful wife. Ambition - he and Eileen want to raise a brood of little Edwards.

. . .



ESTERLINE, MILTON A.

Misfortune visited a couple in St. Louis, Missouri November 21, 1920 in the form of the above. He later attended Natrona County High School of Wyoming and acquired the nickname of Bud. With a generous and democratic attitude toward the opposite sex, he prefers to mention no particular one. Has seen most of the Western United States. But still prefers hunting and fishing near his home town of Casper Wyoming. Worked as order clerk for wholesale grocery until he decided a short exciting life was better than a long dull one. His ambition is to secure those coveted wings, and to make his room-mates work. He has failed in last ambition - is well on way to attaining first.

. . .

FELDSTEIN, LEWIS E.

On April 25, 1916, during the hottest period of the last World War a bundle from heaven made a forced landing at the Feldstein home in Minneapolis, Minn. In between the hectic life of a confirmed idealist he gathered together enough of an education in Portland, Oregon to try for the Air Corps, and by some freak of fate he made it. To the consternation of his flying and ground school instructors he landed here at Ryan. Hope to keep on flying, and get those wings. Perhaps somewhere there's a "P-47" with his name on it.

. . .

FLANIGAN, THOMAS A.

Came in on the crest of a wave in Niagara Falls, New York on March 19, 1916. Pittsburgh, Pa. received his howls at the age of 3 months - attended Westinghouse High School and the University of Pittsburgh in that city. Wandered about the country in between times finally settling in Wilkinsburg, Pa. Came to Ryan via Williams Field, Arizona. Nearly went crazy trying to get this issue of WINDSOCK out on time. Would like to dump some Irish Confetti on Tokyo and get home to Marg in a hurry.

. . .

FLOYD, T. F.

First appeared in the very early 20's in Madesto, California and a few years later was registered at the local high school. Put in some time at University of California. Picked up a moniker of String Bean. Has a funny idea of being an army pilot and an electrical engineer which he picked up while hitch-hiking around the country and working in a Physics Laboratory.

. . .

FOREST, JOSEPH E. (Avn/C Sergeant)

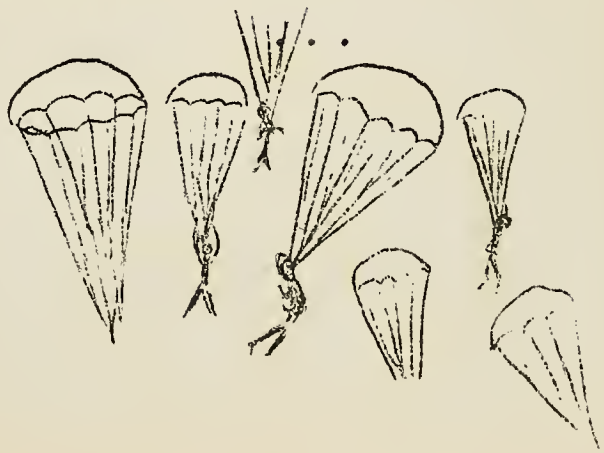
Came down in a heavy snow over Saugus, Mass. on January 26, 1918. Was ridden out of town on a rail so moved to Concord N.H. where he wasted time in St. John's High School. Had 35 hours C.P.T. and a year and a half as an air corps mechanic before swishing thru Williams Field, Arizona and then to Ryan. This man, the hottest pilot in the whole outfit calls his best girl "Mom". Can see only one phrase - Get those Wings.

. . .

FRANKLIN, ARTHUR E.

First landing made December 19, 1920 at Glassport, Pa. He then spent the next 13 years attending school. Leisure time was spent in working in a steel mill to see what made the wheels of industry go 'round. Finally the flying bug got him and it was the 18th of January that he was finally accepted for training as an Aviation Cadet. Ambition is to get those silver wings and to see the sites of Japan from the air.

. . .



FRANTZ, CARL M.

Twenty-three years ago Connellsville, Pa. made history by receiving with open arms a cherub, Carl Frantz by name. Later Brownsville, Pa. was honored by his presence and it was here that he attended high school. Pennsylvania State College claimed him for a year, everyone seemed to agree that a year was enough, so our friend became a lumberjack, he hints that he was manager in a lumberyard. Canada and many of the States have heard his familiar laugh. He tossed aside a C.P.T. course to join the Air Corps to teach Mr. Carrier how to fly. Well, Carl, Zita will not wait forever.

. . .

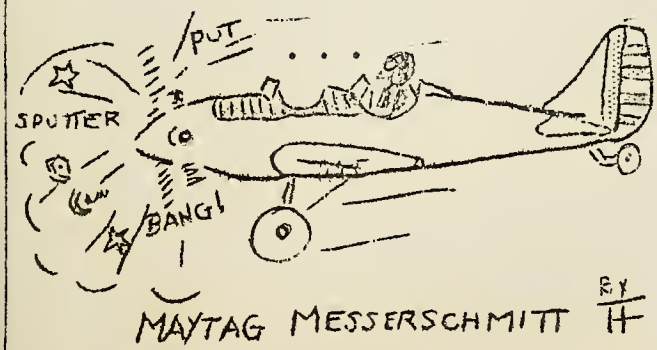
GARSON, ROBERT

Born in Brooklyn, New York on July 21, 1918. Attended Forest Avenue High School at Dallas, Texas and University of Texas at Austin. Had 13 months previous Army training in the Infantry. His ambition is to be a successful navigator and navigate one of the H. P.'s from 42-H.

. . .

GLICKFELD, LESTER

Dropped in on the Glickfeld family on May 29, 1920 at their abode in Newark, New Jersey. Driven out of town in a baby carriage, and ended up in Miami Beach, Florida. After graduating from Miami Beach High School and attending University of Floridafor 1 semester, his education was completed at the University of Illinois. His heart still lies in Miami Beach tied up with a gal named Beverly. Ambition is to get those silver wings and be stationed somewhere in Florida.



GRINHAM, FREDERICK D., JR.

On April 13, 1920 in St. Louis, Mo. The house of Grinham was blessed by "lil Duke". After much travel in the U. S. Duke finally wound up at Coral Gables, Florida. Having been literally thrown out of Ponce De Leon High School, he ended his brilliant educational career with one year at Miami University. Little Roberta back in St. Louis has the key to Duke's heart. He planned on Parks Air College in St. Louis to be near her, but the government altered his plan. Ambition is to get his wings, a few dozen Japs and a station in Florida.

. . .

GUITERAS, PAUL D.

Came in on the beam on March 2, 1921 at the city of Brotherly love. Attended Philadelphia's greatest high school where he was on the crew and played guard on the football team. Saw one year at Willamova College, after which he heard Uncle Sam calling. After two weeks became an honorary member of the Lost Battalion. Navigation for me.

. . .

HAARBAUER, HOMER C.

Born in Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada. Had one year in Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. Joined the Air Corps January 18, 1942. Came to Ryan in February and it only took 3 weeks to find out he wasn't a pilot. Ambition is to be a navigator in a B-24 with a Ryan H.P. at the controls.

. . .

HILL, CARL J.

The terror of 42-G first made eyes at a nurse at the tender age of one hour at Meridian, Idaho, Sept. 22, 1919. After 4 turbulent years at Meridian High School and two more at Boise J. C. the placid quiet of Whitman College and its Sigma Chi chapter was shattered and did not recover until he forsook the arms of his dream girl for those of Uncle Sam.

. . .

HOFFMAN, MELVIN K.

Little Joe started wrangling at Braddock, Penna. February 23, 1921. He worked 4 round-ups at Braddock High School and then joined the U.C.L.A. rough riders for a 3 year stretch. He left school for the more lucrative work of gold mining here also he learned the art of gold bricking. Decided later Army Air Corps had a much better future. His chief ambition is to go back to his mines in Nevada with the little princess and his second ambition is to see the Hoshiwara section of Japan - when all the Japanese have left.

. . .

HOLLIDAY, ARVIL D.

First saw daylight at Ary, Kentucky, March 10, 1918. He attended High School at Hindman, Ky. and his first forced landings were brushed up while driving C.P.T. instructors whacky at George Town College, Ky. It was here that he met Dove, the one and only. After his release from the lost battalion he plans to return to Ky. with a 50 caliber machine gun and teach those pesky revenooers a lesson.

. . .

HOOVER, HOWARD H.

From the focal point of Heaven - Placerville, California, hit the 3 cornered silk at Goshen, Indiana November 21, 1916. Spun through 4 years of high school in Placerville and then stalled out of Sacramento Junior College after two turns then 4½ slow rolls as a highway engineer with the State of California To his most intimate friends he is known as Herbie. Chief ambition is to be head engineer on a U.S. highway from Nogasoki to Tokyo.

. . .

HOUCK, HAWLEY H.

Born in Ojai, California on January 4, 1920 but calls Ventura , California his home. Attended Nordhoff high school and the University of California. Was employed at the Lockheed plant before joining the Air Corps. His chief ambition is to navigate a B-17 over Hirohito's palace.

. . .

HOWARD, LESTER P.

On May 25, 1917 Lester arrived at Hemp, North Carolina. Attended Elise Academy at Hemp and Elon College at North Carolina. Taught school two years and had three months of army service. His ambition is to get his share of Japs.

. . .

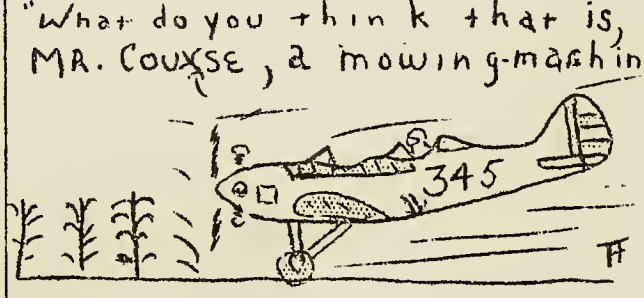
HOWE, CHARLES M.

This all-American boy was born on Jan. 18, 1919 at Greybull, Wyoming, attended high school at Milwaukie, college at Oregon State. Commonly known as Chuck. His main ambition is to get those silver wings.

. . .

JACKSON, NORMAN W.

Born on April 14, 1920 at Carter, Montana and attended high school at Fort Benton. Attended college at Montana State College and had two years of R.O.T.C. and Primary C.P.T. He has roamed through the western states, Canada and Mexico. He has worked as a farmer, grain elevator worker and oil station attendent. Chief ambition is to be a hot pilot.



CLASS 42-I

AVIATION CADETS

Allen, Norman I.
Baker, William L.
Bullock, Fredrick E.
Chapman, Gordon W.
Churchill, Leon F.
Cobel, Arthur A.
Coffey, Richard M.
Conner, Dudley B.
Delchi, Joseph A.
Dooley, Cedric D.
Dresbach, John T.
Dyrud, Justin L.
Edmonson, Joseph H.
Emmer, Wallace N.
Escalona, Ismael V.
Evans, Howell B.
Fry, Dwight A.
Gardner, James H.
Goulette, Thomas W.
Grant, John B.
Hall, Jack C.
Harter, Richard L.
Haslup, Lloyd H.
Hollis, John T., Jr.
Huppert, Charles C.
Jones, Lincoln D.
Kortemeyer, Henry A.
Landry, Henry J.
Lapsensohn, Richard I.
Maher, Edward F.
Manning, Richard N.
Mayes, David R.
Miller, William J.
Minogue, John F.
Murphy, Edward L.
Myers, Walter S.
McCaslin, Frank W.
McGregor, Robert L.
Neil, George
Peebles, Robert M.
Rodenburg, Joseph H.
Rudolph, Ray A.
Ryan, John C.
Sanders, Joseph W.
Sandifer, John D.
Severson, Harland S.
Smith, Clare A.
Smith, Ronald R.
Soliday, Richard H.
Spargur, John A., Jr.
Taylor, Stanley
Thigpen, Joe E.
Twitty, Kenneth E.
Van Tassel, Newman
Viner, Sylvan H.
Wallace, Robert B.
Warrilow, David P.
Weant, Willie B.
Webber, Donald L.
White, Donald G.
Williams, Martin E.

STUDENT OFFICERS

Bushnell, William E., 2nd Lt., Ord-Res.
Hart, Allen G., 1st Lt., Fa-Aus
La Spina, Gaetano J., 2nd Lt., QMC-AUS
Medvedeff, Harold C., 2nd Lt., CAC-Res.

PROP-WASH

THE DODO LAMENT

I never saw a joystick
I never touched a wing
I never read a compass
I never learned to sing.

And then I joined the Air Corps;
And then I found the rub;
You learn this all and even more
At the Ryan Country Club.

Avn/C S. H. Viner
Class 42-I

- - - -

A PILOT I AM BOUND TO BE

If I could only fly
I would heave a sigh.

I can't do steep turns
My check rider really burns.

I am lost doing stalls
The plane wanders when it falls.

And when I do a chandelle right,
I work all day and half the night.

I once did a lazy eight,
But that was just a chance of fate.

I will fly some day, you'll see
Though it might be when I am eighty-three.

Avn/C Charles A. Cannon
Class 42-H

- - - -

Of course you've heard of the patriotic worm - - the one who joined the apple core.

Margaret Jacobs
Ryan

THANKS

We, who have laughed and gold-bricked through Ryan would be ungrateful if we didn't express our appreciation to those who made our stay pleasant and beneficial.

Mr. Pike, for dates at the Dodo Dance.

The cooks for ice cream at <u>every</u> meal.

Mr. Prescott and Mr. Garner for making us feel so low on our ten-hour checks, that we worked the rest of the way through.

Mr. Bob and Mr. Robbie for telling us what time we took off when we forgot.

Mr. Slatter for credit on 5¢ checks.

Mr. Ulm for his charming way of telling us we flunked a course.

42-G for making us keep our heads out.

The control tower for giving us the red light after we landed.

Our instructors for putting us through by hard work, risking their necks, and apple polishing the check riders.

Lt. Bane for being a swell Commandant of Cadets while we were so raunchy.

Our folks at home for the encouragement and faith that we hope to live up to.

Avn/C A. J. Borders
Class 42-H

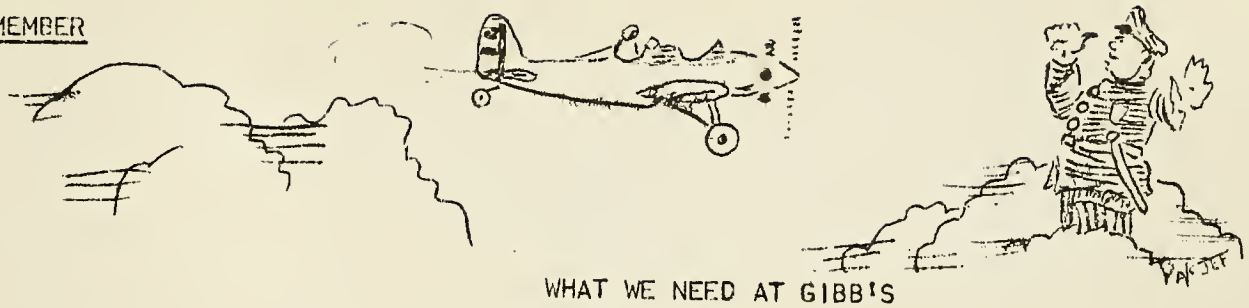
- - - -

Footprints on the sands of time are not made by sitting down.

Anon

WE'LL ALWAYS

REMEMBER



WHAT WE NEED AT GIBB'S

Daubenberger running the elevator over the wires....Boutwell and the perfect landing - 20 feet off the ground...Feldstein landing downwind against the red flag...Couch - the raunchiest of them all...Air raid in the mess-hall...Frick and Wendt, who really gigged us...Couse cutting shrubbery with PT-345...Our human radials... Shooting "Dodos".. Burch and the bed-check...The many gosports that took fire...Little Joe and the "snap-loops"...Acklen and "Deep in the Heart of Texas"... Wheeler - "Little Napoleon"...Sleeping in ground school...Measles... "Dodo" Dance...Our first solo ... Monkey suits.... Mr. Bob ... Destro doing "S" turns over Gibbs Field ... "Little Joe" with no safety belt in a spin...Burger landing against a B-20...Floyd under the pepper tree...Franty and Zita..."H.P." Forest...Grinham, the Duke of Miami... Helm at the stag-party...Boyd taking Mr. Prescott for his thirty-hour check (Editor's note - he passed!)...Miller and the sixty-six gigs... Borders, the prettiest "Dodo" of them all.

First slow-roll - wow!...The Shoe Dance...The Army Air Corps song.. Calisthenics in the cold, still mornings...Our badly burned noses... Check rides...Cokes in Slatters Cafe...The dodo's friend...The Ryan beauties...The "rotating beacon"...Wandering eyes...Open Post! ..... "Captain Bligh" Flanigan trying to get pictures...Hangar flying..... Taylor's laughing...Fever shots - millions of them...The switchboard operators....Stages....The oil-well...."S" mountain....Taps.

- Avn/C Thomas Flanigan

OFF WE GO!

It was really a pleasure to know and associate with the fine gentlemen cadets here at Ryan. Now that our Primary training is almost completed, we stand upon another threshold.

Our next step is a large one and I am sure it will be filled completely with exciting experiences, new acquaintances and a great amount of aeronautical knowledge all of which tends to make us better pilots.

We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the finest of treatment given us, and that we feel we have attended the "best" Primary training school in America. To the people of San Diego we are also very grateful for making our stay here a pleasant one.

To our officers, ground school instructors and flight instructors, we offer deep heartfelt thanks and appreciation. We have really enjoyed working under you and feel that no better instruction could have been given us.

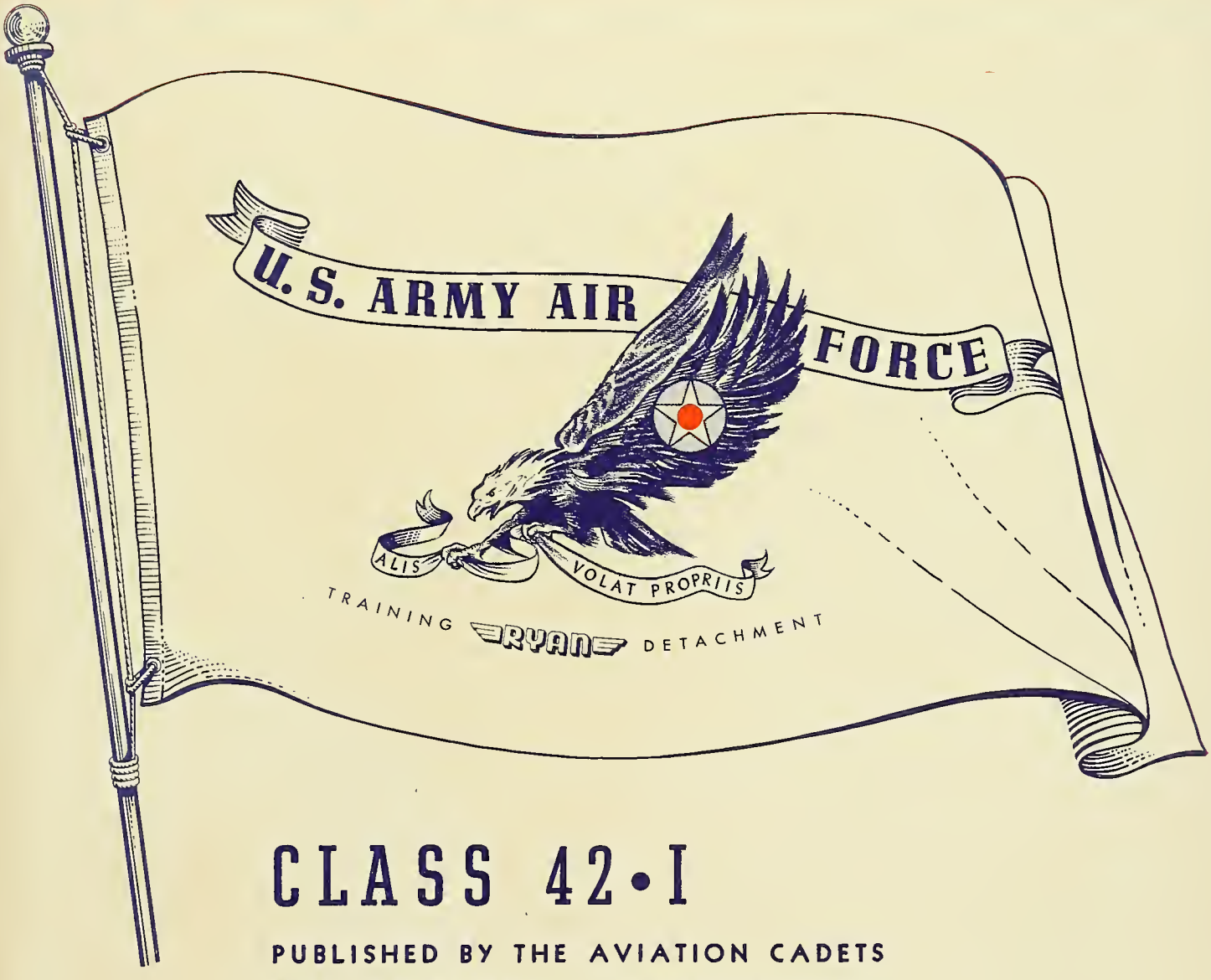
To 42-I, we say,"Carry On" and may you continue the good work for the betterment of yourself and our great nation.

Martin J. Chaves, Avn/C
Senior Cadet Captain

BASIC
RYAN
By
T.A.F.

53 105

Windsock



CLASS 42-I

PUBLISHED BY THE AVIATION CADETS
AIR FORCE TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD • SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

MAY • 1942

THE WINDSOCK

Published at Ryan School of Aeronautics by the Class of 42-I, Air Force Training Detachment.

SUPERVISOR
Lt. Gordon A. McGough

EDITOR
Avn/c D. L. Webber

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Avn/c J. A. Spargur, Jr.
Avn/c R. N. Manning

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Avn/c W. N. Emmer

CARTOONIST
Avn/c Ellis A. Ruppelt

PROOFREADER
Avn/c D. P. Warrilow

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Avn/c M. E. Williams

Dedication...

THUS FAR in World War II, The United States Army Air Force has been credited with numerous feats of gallantry against great odds. The latest of these feats, and one of the most spectacular in the annals of American military history, was the battle between a lone Flying Fortress, commanded by Captain Hewitt T. Wheless, and eighteen Jap Zero pursuits.

☆

Their ship crippled by engine difficulty and riddled by Jap machine guns, Captain Wheless and his crew destroyed four of the attacking planes, fought off the others, and made their bombing run exactly as ordered. Against these seemingly insurmountable odds, they carried out a successful mission and returned to their home field.

☆

In recognition of this heroism, the Class of 42-I dedicates this issue of the Windsock to Captain Wheless and his crew. We further dedicate ourselves to the cause that these men are defending so brilliantly. With such men as Captain Wheless supporting it, the cause of freedom and justice cannot fail.

M. R. WILUCKI, CAPT. M.C.
FLIGHT SURGEON

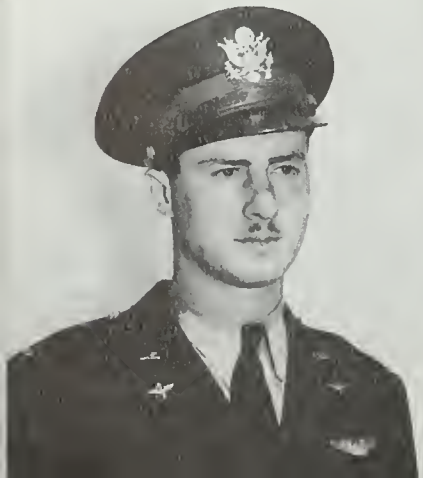
D. W. HAARMAN, CAPT. A.C.
COMMANDING OFFICER

H. P. KITTLEBAND, 1ST LT. A.C.
DETACHMENT SUPPLY OFFICER

K. L. SIEBECKER, 1ST LT. M.C.
ASSISTANT SURGEON

J. D. ANDERSON, 1ST LT. A.C.
SUB-DEPOT SUPPLY OFFICER

O. A. ISHAM, 1ST LT. A.C.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS



E. R. BANE, 2ND LT. A.C.
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

J. B. FISHBURN, 2ND LT. A.C.
INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

J. F. WEAR, 2ND LT. A.C.

CLASS 42·I

One of the most essential factors when you begin your Primary Training is desire for knowledge. When you men entered your training as Aviation Cadets there were probably many of you who didn't know and probably didn't care about flying. Many of you didn't know the difference between Rudder and Aileron, Breaker Points and Distributor Points, or what actually made the airplane stay "up."

You have started to learn how essential it is in flying to love flying, to **feel** the control of the ship, and to actually thrill to the roar of the horsepower. In order to get the most out of the airplane it is necessary for you to know the structure of the engine, the theory of aero-dynamics, the working of the controls and instruments and what an important part each has to play in the job of flying. The thirst for this knowledge is what will make each of you men a crack military pilot. In Primary Training your knowledge of flying has just begun and the more you learn the more you will want to learn. Get the most out of your opportunities as you go on to your Basic and Advanced training, and remember to keep this business of flying the most important thing in your life. We have a great job ahead of us in winning this War and we will all feel a great satisfaction in our accomplishment when we have done our job and know we have done it well.

DONALD W. HAARMAN,
Captain, Air Corps,
Commanding.

L. A. GARNER
2nd Lt. A. C.
Operations
Officer

G. A. McGOUGH
2nd Lt. A. C.
Asst. Commandant
of Cadets

L. E. WHITE, 2nd Lt. A. C.
Asst. Engineering Officer

E. R. FRISBEE, 2nd Lt. A. C.
Asst. Operations Officer

OPERATIONS AND TACTICAL OFFICERS

HIGH ALTITUDE FLYING AND YOU

Modern Military flying demands high altitude flying and rapid attainment of these altitudes. For this reason the ground work in your education in this important subject should begin at this time. The subject is in a very confused and fluid state because our knowledge is meager and new facts are being added at a rapid rate, changing our preconceived notions sometimes based on misinterpretation many times advanced by men with wide experience in flying, but not appreciating mental changes that make their impressions erroneous.

As we scan the current literature we begin to realize the vast importance of lack of oxygen in high altitude flying. Here we find our first point of discussion. What altitude to use oxygen? It has been felt that oxygen should be used for any prolonged flight over 10,000 feet altitude. However, recent studies have shed some doubt on even this conception and now until more information is gathered we must be content with stating that oxygen must be used soon enough, long enough and constantly. There is no value in its intermittent use since our body has no ability to store oxygen. Remember also that due to lack of oxygen we react in a similar manner as one does in alcoholic intoxication and therefore we cannot depend on our mental reactions to inform us of the necessity of its use.

We have considered only one of the factors in high altitude flying. It has been most widely studied and its significance most appreciated. In your studies do not lose track of the broadness of the subject, but consider also nitrogen bubbles, the "X" factor, and perhaps changes in blood vessel sizes induced by pressure changes in surrounding tissues.

The importance of knowing your oxygen requirements and the use of oxygen may save your life because all of your meteorological or navigational or pilot training may temporarily slip from your grasp if insufficient oxygen is received for even a few minutes.

MELVIN R. WILUCKI
Captain, Medical Corps
Surgeon.

Congratulations! You are about to finish your primary training and go on to basic in your further quest for wings. Work hard and pay every attention to the smallest detail.

We have endeavored to teach you in your short stay here something of military discipline and courtesy. We know we have accomplished much. However, you yourself must practice self-discipline. Nothing is more important in flying or in being an officer.

Happy landings and the best of luck throughout basic and advanced and in your careers to follow.

ORVILLE A. ISHAM
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets.

Congratulations 42-I.

Primary training is now behind you. You have accomplished a number of things you once questioned. You have become familiar with the army way of doing things. You have come out "thumbs up" after your first phase of flying. Some members of your ranks have had previous contact with military service, however for the majority of you this initial phase of Aviation Cadet training is your first contact with army discipline and military life.

Members of 42-I are to be complimented on their splendid response to instruction and orders during their transition from civilian life to military life.

Heads up, and KEEP 'EM FLYING.

GORDON A. McGOUGH,
2nd Lt., A. C.
Assistant Commandant
of Cadets.

FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

MR. LARSON

MR. JOHNSON

MR. PRESCOTT

MR. FUNK

"A" FLIGHT

"B" FLIGHT

"C" FLIGHT

"D" FLIGHT

GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

MR. PYE MR. THERRIEN MR. ULM
MR. HOFELLER MR. MATSON

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLASS OF 42-I

You have no doubt found by now that the life of an Aviation Cadet is not the easiest life during wartime. There is a great deal of information to be learned in the air and on the ground in the short time you are allotted in primary school. However, you have ably proved that you can learn the material presented in this short time.

We of the ground school staff wish to thank you for your cooperation and understanding of the adjustments that were made in the ground school curricula as a result of illness of the instructors. With your aid, the ground school was able to run at full efficiency during this emergency.

We hope that your duties will be such that, after you are commissioned, you may return to visit Ryan, where you are always welcome.

—Gilbert A. Hofeller.

MR. HOWSMAN

We have the best planes that this world has ever seen, but it has been proven that in actual combat, these planes are no better than the pilots who fly them.

In order to be a good pilot, you must not only be intelligent, but you must have stamina, coordination, and natural aptitude. Taking these four things into consideration, it is obvious that you, as pilots, must be in excellent physical condition if we are to win this war. This is the fundamental principle of our physical training program.

While you cadets have been here, you have entered into some ten activities, all of which put you into good physical condition and improved your coordination. But that does not complete the job. You must keep up this condition at all times. Remember this one thing: your physical condition will never stay stationary. It will either improve or retrogress, depending upon how much exercise you receive. It will be the duty of each and every one of you to improve. Don't slack up on your exercise; let's win this war, now!

W. G. HOWSMAN
Physical Training Director.

GROUND CREW

MISSION FIELD
Ground Crew

GIBBS FIELD
Ground Crew

It has been said that an airplane is as good as the man who flys it. In the same vein, the condition of the plane reflects the skill and ability of the man who services it.

We who fly at Ryan are fortunate in having one of the finest service organizations on the West Coast behind us. It is, therefore, fitting and proper that we express our appreciation to these men pictured on this page, and to the many others who contribute to the safety and reliability of the ships we fly.

In expressing our appreciation, we deem it relevant to make mention of the reasons underlying the proficiency of our line crews. It is not coincidence that Ryan crews excel. Behind their smooth efficiency lie careful personnel selection, months of intensive training, and years of experience on the line.

More than this, their training and experience are kept up to the minute by constant study. Each innovation in aircraft design brings new problems to the crew. Every pilot has individual ideas which the crew must consider. They must be mechanics, psychologists, and salesmen in one.

Because they are all these things—and more—the Class of 42-I doff their caps in unison to the Ryan line and ground crews. We know without saying that they will continue to "Get 'em up and keep 'em up."

EDITORIAL COMMENTS FROM CADETS

☆ ☆ ☆

It is a popular misconception among Americans that the greater part of the Philippine Islands are untracked jungles populated by aboriginal natives.

The facts are, that, since Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Harbor on May 1, 1898, the Philippines have been a progressive, forceful, and patriotic addition to the territory of the United States.

The Filipino people are keenly aware of their freedom under democracy, and are eager to maintain it. To preserve and develop the only democracy in the Orient is the primary Filipino objective in this war.

The Philippine Islands are now in the center of the Western Pacific Theatre of War. Many of my compatriots, fellows I went to school with, are giving their fortunes and lives to preserve their ideals. All we ask of the people of the United States is help toward a common goal that we have found too difficult to achieve alone.

—Avn/c I. V. ESCALONA.

☆ ☆ ☆

This war has taught us that modern warfare can no longer be considered a local condition. It calls upon the best we all are capable of producing, and permeates the life of the tiniest hamlet within our borders.

It follows that all who are in the armed services cannot serve on the fighting front. Some must be kept here, in spite of their burning desire to fight shoulder to shoulder with their comrades, to train more—and still more—men to bolster our defenses and pace our offense.

We dedicate this page, therefore, to the officers who are supervising our training, and wish to go on record as saying that we are glad to have been trained under them, and hope some day to fight under their command. A salute, gentlemen, to those who are seeing to it that "We'll be there, followed by more!"

Avn/c J. A. SPARGUR, JR.

SERIOUS VERSE

The following poem, written by John Gillespie Magee, is one of the finest expressions of a pilot's feelings to come out of the present war. Magee was killed in action while serving with the R.C.A.F. shortly after this poem was published.

☆

☆

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds . . . and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of . . . wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

—John Gillespie Magee.

LAMENT TO A WASHOUT

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
To be a pilot I think I'll try
And see if I can learn to fly.

There are some, of course, who never tried,
But we speak of those who have applied;
Of the men who tried the Army way,
To do their darndest day by day.

Of those who couldn't make the grade,
'Cause it wasn't meant to be their trade,
We speak of them without remorse,
For—though they follow another course—
We know that they will still be trying
To help America KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Avn/c Capt. S. H. Viner.

In Appreciation...

In the daily life of an Aviation Cadet, there is indeed little time to spare. From dawn through the late hours of the evening he is continually on the run, flying and studying to maintain the high standards which have been set for him. Without the help of those who so willingly gave up their valued time, this edition of The Windsock would never have been possible.

To Lt. McGough and his fellow tactical officers, we wish to express our deepest gratitude for their full cooperation and advice.

To Mr. Bob Montague and Mr. William Wagner, we shall say, "No finer pictures were ever taken for a Windsock."

To each and every member of The Windsock staff, we are deeply indebted, not only for their splendid work, but for their promptness which enabled us to run ahead of schedule.

A special mention goes to Aviation Cadet Martin Williams, whose all-around help on this edition was invaluable.

Last but not least, we would like to extend our hearty thanks to all those who contributed and whose names were not mentioned.

THE EDITOR.

CLASS OF 42-I

HART, ALVIN G., Lieut.

Born in Salt Lake City, Utah, and being inducted into the heavy field artillery from a swell magazine agency managership in Nampa, Idaho — we have Lieutenant Hart. Noted for his raunchy landings and lucky wedding. We find him striving to lead a heavy bomber group into combat.

LA SPINA, G. L., Lieut.

Back in "old New York town" was born Lt. G. L. La Spina who queried "What's that?" twice when asked education and occupation. His education and occupation both were pretty darn good, we would say, as he came up from the ranks in the Q.M.C. A real son of Brooklyn (a swell baseball player) whose autograph is on the Gibbs field wind tee (for obvious reasons) he aspires to pilot a P-39.

ALLEN, NORMAN I.

He was born in Ogden, Utah, where he was a student at Weber Jr. College and also attended the University of Utah. He seems to usually do the wrong thing at the right time and likes bunk fatigue. His ambition is to walk down the street without seeing a sailor or marine.

BULLOCK, F. E.

Mr. Bullock was very fortunate after being born in Corning, Iowa, to spend his latter years in National City, California and attend San Diego State College. He loves to box and play football. He is now looking forward to a date with a P-38.

CHURCHILL, LEON F.

He is a native of Phillipsburg, Kansas, where he spent three years at Fort Hays Kansas State College. Being a salesman by trade, he is now selling himself to the Air Corps as good material.

COFFEY, R. M.

He is a native of Spokane, Washington. After spending a year at Marin Jr. College he became a surveyor. He now wants to bring back eleven pairs of Jap ears and a Jap glass eye. He is famous for flying his own separate pattern.

MEDVEDEFF, H. C., Lieut.

Born in Harbin, China, and hailing from Seattle, Washington, is handsome Lt. H. C. Medvedeff who before deciding to try for a permanent commission in this man's Army, attended University of Washington and after graduation helped protect our forests. Lt. Medvedeff excels in skiing, ice skating and rifle shooting. He has that fighting spirit shown by the fact that he is the first 42-I man to come back fighting from an Army elimination ride.

BUSHNELL, WILLIAM E., Lieut.

A Mechanical Engineering degree from University of Missouri led Lieut. Bushnell to Aviation Ordnance and thence to Ryan's. This son of Brookfield, Missouri, will be remembered here for his short landings and those "hard" room inspections. Is hoping for a commission in the Air Corps Regulars.

BAKER, W. L.

Born and raised in Fresno, California, where he spent a happy year at Fresno State College. As a chemist in later years he now has the ability to sleep under the most adverse conditions. He wants to slap the Japs and get home to the Mrs.

CHAPMAN, G. W.

Born, raised, and went to school in Spokane, Washington. He takes pride in his football and making zig zag take-offs. He now wants to see Tokyo through the gunsight of a P-39.

COBEL, A. A.

He was born and raised in Ellensburg, Washington. After obtaining a B.S. in Bacteriology he became proficient as a sanitarian. His goal has now been set for gold bars and wings.

CONNER, DUDLEY B.

Was born and raised in Malvern, Iowa. He later married a sweet little girl and started raising chickens. He wants most of all to be a navigator on a round trip visit to Tokyo and leave some high powered calling cards.

DEICHL, J. A.

Born in St. Xavier, Montana, and later resided in Billings, Montana. He attended Gonzaga U. in Spokane, Washington, where he played ice hockey. His main ambition is to drop a "Molotov cocktail" from the belly of a B-26 on Herr Hitler's rendezvous.

DOOLEY, C. D.

Born in Caruthersville, Missouri, and grew up in Lilbourn, Missouri. He retired as a farmer to become a pilot and try to endure the wing pinning on ceremony. He is famous for making beautiful wheel landings in a stage.

DYRUD, J. L.

Born and raised in Maddock, North Dakota, Mr. Dyrud obtained a B.A. degree at Concordia College where he became a music instructor. He loves to hunt and go horseback riding and is famous for philandering around. He will be happy when he gets his bars and wings.

EMMER, W. N.

Wally came into 42-I from the infantry and so far his marching has been a great help! Born in Omaha, Nebraska, and calling St. Louis, Missouri, home, he finds open post his favorite sport and his Army ambition is to get to basic—from there—?

ESCALONA, I. V.

Has a vital interest in the war, since his birthplace and home, Pangasinan, Philippine Islands, is now in enemy hands. Attended school in the Philippines before coming to the States, where he graduated from the Conrad, Montana, High School. Is an expert radio operator; a formidable foe on a tennis or volley ball court. He waits the day he can defend his home from the air.

EVANS, HOWELL B.

Claims to be a native of Quitman, Mississippi, and to have spent two years at Lincoln Jr. College at Wisson, Mississippi. After knocking himself playing football he then became a tobacco salesman and he now wants to be a flying instructor. (Poor fella).

FRY, D. A.

This young pilot is still trying to stick pins in his balloon landings. Hailing from Boise, Idaho, where his heart is safely being watched by Judy; he plans to accomplish his mission in the Pacific area and to return to her.

GARDNER, J. H.

As an aerial gunner in an A 20 C, Jim got tired of just riding, and decided to push one through the skies. A native son of Riverside, California, he wants to be a good flying officer over Berlin or Tokyo in the least amount of time.

GOULETTE, T. W.

From the lumber industry to a lumbering PT-22 came Mr. Goulette—his only trouble at Ryans was hitting a volley ball with only one hand—for shame!! From Spokane, Washington, he wants to return as soon as it is over with his wings and bars.

GRANT, J. E.

The famous hedge hopping dodo, but he's learned! From Lawrence, Kansas, he attended Kansas University and is a civil engineer. His favorite sports are gig lines and football. The ambitions are those wings and an understanding of solo rules.

HALL, J. C.

Born in Portland, Oregon, and attended the University of Oregon, after graduation found a place in Oregon's lumber industries. His understanding of "Pretty" Dodos' problems and his furious attacks on Navy Dive bombers will long endear him to Ryans—Happy Days, Captain Jack! !

HARTER, R. L.

This embryonic B-24 Jockey was an integral part of the Rayon Industries before enlisting in Air Corps. Since then has found his ignoring of red and green traffic flags most disconcerting to his instructor. A ping pong professional, we hope he keeps his eye on his basic instruments half as well as he does the little white ball.

HASLUP, L. H.

This shrewd, level headed voyageur is one of our marching demons. His dodo days were spent impressing the upperclassmen with his amazing ability to ponder on small requests. Golf being his favorite sport, he'd love to raise a few divots in Japan's turf with an A 20 A.

HOLLIS, J. T., JR.

This HP was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, but is famous at Ryans for being a swamp rabbit from Marion, Louisiana. It was while attending Louisiana Tech that the flying bug bit him. The first in his flight to solo he wants to become an Army Flight Commander.

HUPPERT, C. C.

First three-pointer made at Dale, Indiana. Started flying kites at three, winged through Arsenal Tech at Indianapolis and then made steep turns at U. C. L. A. After his first taste of flying he couldn't keep his feet on the ground. Decided the Air Corps was the only thing, and his ambition is "nothing short of a B-19."

KORTEMEYER, H. A.

Another Army experienced Cadet this young pilot is from Salem, Oregon. Being famous for ringing the wrong bells while O.D. he seems to us to have the right stuff for the Air Corps. His ambition is a P-38 and a chance at the little yellow beasties.

LAPSENSOHN, R. I.

This dreary world was just brightened by Lap in New York. Since then he has dropped his landing flaps all over the U. S.A. Was forced into the cavalry, but couldn't sit in the saddle, so the urge to take off landed him at Ryan Country Club. His ambition is that commission and that wonderful gal back home.

MANNING, RICHARD L.

This lucky chap was born in Portland, Oregon. He lived a happy life tripping around in San Francisco. His occupation is a student in the daytime and a glamour boy at night. Squash is his favorite sport and he now plans on squashing Japan.

McCASLIN, F. W.

Santa Maria's Chamber of Commerce sent us this lad, why we don't know. It was a slow sort of sabotage. Being around a primary school, Frank was sure to get the bug. Skeet shooting as a hobby makes him want a dead pigeon in the form of a Jap.

MILLER, W. J.

Of Portland, Oregon, is W. J. Miller, who holds the undisputed record of 66 gigs all in one week. Breezing through University of Oregon and Portland University in two years, Mr. Miller joined the measles section which cut into his social life here at the Ryan Country Club. Still we think he will make a darn good navigator.

MURPHY, E. L.

Just a student at L. A. City College and hailing from Des Moines, Iowa, comes Edward L. Murphy whose claim to fame is breaking every known flying regulation. Mr. Murphy circulated throughout the company for the first two weeks after he got out of the hospital when we finally caught up with him and assigned him to a squad. He (Ho Hum) wants to fly another pursuit ship.

JONES, L. D.

Button beak came to us from Bakersfield where he attended Bakersfield High. He is so very famous for making 90° turns and passing this ability onto 'his" dodos. His ambition is that of finding those wings and bars by Christmas.

LANDRY, H. J.

Born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, he finished his education there before moving to Los Angeles. Was busily engaged persuading people to keep their credit good when his nation called. Wants to be a Navigator, and find Tokyo some dark night.

MAHER, E. F.

A salesman from St. Louis, Missouri, Ed talked himself into the Air Corps and is now well on his way toward those wings. A capable fellow who has a tendency to ground loop, we wish him luck on his way, and hope he stops the g.l.'s.

MAYES, D. R.

One of San Diego's own, Dave is a sure thing for this school. Attended San Diego State and the University of California. He wants a flock of B-24's over Tokyo and wants to date a Geisha girl—but this doesn't keep him from dreaming of beauteous blondes in class.

McGREGOR, R. L.

Born and bred in Ogden, Utah; attended Weber J. C. in his home town. Helped the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads build highways before enlisting. Noted chiefly both here and at home for his dramatic ability. Plays basketball for recreation, and hopes to develop his eye thereby, since his ambition is to pilot an A-20 with such dash that he'll retire a lieutenant colonel.

MINOGUE, J. F.

Native son of California, arriving at Atwood and making his present home at Anaheim. Attended Fullerton J. C. for two years before going to work for Southern California Telephone Company, the job he left to become a cadet. Claims distinction for his naps in ground school, and is looking toward the day he will pilot a B-24.

MYERS, W. S.

An Okie by birth, he made a westerly correction and now claims Merced, California, as home. Studied at the University of California before going into the grocery business. Relaxes on the nearest golf links when he gets a chance. When he lives down his reputation for ground looping, he wants most of all to be present at the destruction of Tokyo.

NEIL, GEORGE

The first of the "lost battalion" to get lost this Missouri bad man came out to sunny California from Springfield. After getting his book learning at S. W. Missouri State Teachers' College he left the classroom to prepare the egg for Berlin.

RODENBURG, J. H.

An H.P. who is lucky on everything but blind dates, Mr. Rodenburg worked at "anything that is overpaid and underworked" before coming to Ryan to confuse the instructors. Ft. Smith, Arkansas, claims this son who just wants the gals hearts to beat faster.

RYAN, J. C.

Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, he has traveled extensively. Attended school in California and at the University of Alaska. A machinist by trade, he tapers off at the end of a hard day with boxing and hockey. Wants to translate his present passive resistance into active fury at the controls of a heavy bomber.

SANDIFER, J. D., JR.

The "focal point of Heaven," Pleasant Hill, Louisiana, claims Mr. Sandifer. Chief test stand operator, he spends his solo time dogfighting with his instructor and flying over the city looking for Freda's house. Drilled for oil before starting on the long road to the wings.

SMITH, CLARE A.

An "Okie" by birth and Californian by adoption, to Ryan came former traveling salesman Smith who took three weeks to find that he could not fly. One of the football-basketball players, either is not ambitious or his ambition is a military secret.

SOLIDAY, R. H.

An aircraft technician of West Lawn, Pennsylvania, Soliday was the first man to ground loop in 42-I. Ice hockey shows he does other things besides fly a Ryan. Just wants his wings.

TAYLOR, STANLEY

Another native son, born in Sacramento, and now living in Simi, California. Attended Santa Barbara State College before becoming an aviation cadet. Likes baseball, especially from behind the catcher's mask. Was tripped up by the measles, but hopes to do his part navigating for a Ryan H.P.

PEEBLES, R. M.

An unreconstructed rebel from Philadelphia, Mississippi, grinned his way through Decatur Junior College at Decatur, Mississippi. Came from school into the Air Corps. Likes football. Hopes his luck in the air will be much better than his luck on blind dates. (Ed. note: So do we.)

RUDOLPH, R. A.

Started high in life by arriving in Sedalia, Colorado. Product of Douglas County, Colorado's estimable school system, he lent his knowledge to DuPont at Louviers, Colorado, before joining the Army. Has served in the Infantry and Field Artillery. Hopes his fellow cadets will forgive him for his cross-tee landings and help him get this mess over with.

SANDERS, J. W.

Comes from Natchitoches, Louisiana. Preceded his service with the Louisiana State Police with two years of college. Likes to play and watch football. A good soldier, he wants to make the Army his career. Noted locally for his vociferous score-keeping on the volley ball court.

SEVERSON, H. S.

Looked upon life first quite coldly from Cooperstown, North Dakota, but he warmed up to it after moving to Santa Monica, California, which is his present home. Was a lineman before enlisting. Wants to attain the coveted title of "Chief" and pass all his check rides. (Ed. note: Don't worry, you're a cinch for both.)

SMITH, R. R.

An Iowan through and through. Born in Estherville, Iowa, and now lives in Iowa City. Received his M.A. from University of Iowa, and directed band and orchestra for the Public Schools of Duluth, Minnesota. Likes to hunt, either his native Iowa quail or Jap and Jerry pursuits. Is a C.P.T. pilot trying to grow Air Corps wings.

SPARGUR, J. A.

From Des Moines and Drake University and Jean came Firestone man Spargur who held a couple of swimming championships before deciding to make a date with a couple of his friends who are now with the Air Corps in Australia. It is rumored that Spargur is responsible for Mr. Bessey's vacation (which he is taking to recover his voice.) Wants those wings!

THIGPEN, J. E.

Comes from "way down yonder" in Bay Springs, Mississippi. Graduated from Mississippi College at Clinton, Mississippi. Will be long remembered at Ryan for volunteering for a check ride. When he gets the urge to exercise, he sits quietly till the urge passes. Wants to get the war over and return to his red Mississippi mud.

TWITTY, K. E.

Cotton buyer of Lilbourn, Missouri, after finding that he could not adopt the coordination of African cubas to a Ryan, spent his time making books on who would be the next washout. Missouri University, he intends to aim bombs, you know where.

VINER, SYLVAN H.

Of "Frisco," Mr. Viner did not want to be a corporal so they made him a captain. Between flights he spends his time writing "I am flag blind." One of the credit jewelry sharks, plays hop skotch and wants to snaproll a B-24.

WARRILOW, DAVID P.

Came off the line at Pontiac, Michigan. Studied Chemical Engineering at the University of Michigan, and worked in the field of Industrial Chemistry before becoming an aviation cadet. Is proficient in front of the goal in anybody's hockey league, and hopes to turn his engineering knowledge to navigation.

WEBBER, D. L.

Of San Diego and San Diego State College, Banker Webber's claim to fame rests in trying to spin in at 200'. Basketball on the courts of Ryan and an ambition to straighten slants from their eyes are Mr. Webber's pet dreams, usually in Meteorology.

WILLIAMS, M. E.

Born in Colorado Springs, he wandered to Washington University, St. Louis, and has wandered more or less ever since. He enlisted as a cadet at McChord Field, Washington, and wants to head an ex-service man's organization after he completes his service as a navigator.

BROWN, R. W.

Comes from Erie, Pennsylvania, where he shone in the field of equipment merchandising. Studied engineering at Penn State. Spends his spare time in a green convertible with a Pennsylvania license, and likes the work of a pursuit pilot.

DRESBACK, J. T.

Came off the tree at Lemon, South Dakota, and later resided in Rochester, Minnesota. After attending Minnesota Business College he became a salesman for a vacuum oil company. His ambition is to navigate a B-31 over Tokyo and pay the slap happy Japs his compliments with a load of bombs.

VAN TASSEL, N.

Madison, Wisconsin and University of same state gave us Mr. Van Tassel who is just a student. Wants wings and medals to show the gals back in the dairyland of America.

WEANT, W. B.

Holder of the coveted title "Little Joe the wrangler" Weant attended Lonoir Rhyne College and graduated from Feiffer Jr. College at, believe it or not, Misenheimer, M. C. Aspires to the Golden Rule so far as the Axis is concerned. "Do unto others as they would do unto you, only do it to them first."

WALLACE, R. B.

Tipped his first bottle in Omaha, Nebraska, which has been his home ever since. A quick man on the folding cabbage, he was employed by the First National Bank of Omaha. Divides his spare time between carousing and choir singing. Wants to translate his ability on the gridiron into competence at the controls of a military plane.

WHITE, D. G.

Born in Coldwater, Kansas, exactly 110 years after Abraham Lincoln, he is a Kansas farmer through and through. Likes baseball and football for diversion, breeds cattle as an avocation. Learns his principles of flight the hard way, by trying to take off without turning on the gas. Supports a program to plow under every third row of Japs.

BELL, J. W.

Was gathered in from a grove near Miami, Florida. A home boy, he spent most of his business life and leisure time in Miami. Polished off a hard day's work in the food brokerage business by roaming through the Keys in a sailboat. Wants to get the war over with, principally because it keeps him away from Knoxville, Tenn.

CANNON, C. A.

A true Georgia peach, having budded in Glennville, Georgia, and blossomed in Atlanta, his present home town. Plays and watches football for recreation, and has some strong opinions on the outcome of the war.

GLICKFELD, LESTER

Enriched the world with his presence at Newark, New Jersey. Moved to Miami, attending the University of Florida. Is an authority on tomatoes, and his pet tomato is still in Miami. He wants to take his wings back to her as a token of affection.

☆ ROSTER OF CLASS 42 • J ☆

STUDENT OFFICERS

ARNESON, EDWIN P., 1st Lt., FA-Res.
RAWLINS, PHILLIP C., 1st Lt., Inf-Res.

AVIATION CADETS

ALEXANDER, ERWIN J., JR.
ALIER, LOUIS A.
ALLEN, DOUGLASS M., JR.
ALVEY, JOHN H.
ARMSTRONG, JAMES C., JR.
ARNOLD, RUSSELL H.
BAILEY, JAMES H.
BAKALAR, JOHN E.
BARKER, CLYDE E.
HINMAN, ROBERT L.
RICHASON, LEE F.
RISK, SHARON C.
ROBINSON, KENNETH E.
ROTHENBERG, ABRAHAM H.
ROTTIER, DONALD L.
RUPPELT, ELLIS A.
RUSSELL, MICHAEL
SAEMAN, WILLIAM C.
SAGMILLER, JAMES B.
SAKER, EDWARD P.
SCHINDLER, WILLARD T.
SCHNELLE, HENRY W.
SCOLMAN, JAMES W.
SCHWARZ, PHILIP A.
SCOTT, DONALD L.
SEDMAN, ROBERT E.
SEVY, GEORGE M.
SHADE, WILLIAM A.
SILVERMAN, ABRAHAM
SIMS, KEITH E.
SKINNER, MAYNARD F.
SODERBERG, WALLACE N.
SMITH, CLARENCE D., JR.
STALICK, JOHN L.
STROECKER, EDWARD F.
SUTPHEN, HARRY S.
SWANSON, KENNETH J.
TATE, HOWARD C.
TAYLOR, EDWARD C.
THAXTER, FLOYD W.
THOMPSON, WILLIAM R.
TREITZ, JOHN G.
TURNBULL, RITCHIE A.
TURNEY, JOHN T.
TYLER, EARL L.
UDY, FRANK N.
VANDYKEN, ALEXANDER J.
VERBERG, MERLIN H.
VINCENT, FREDERICK W., III
VOEHRINGER, PAUL W.
WAINWRIGHT, LYLE R.
WEED, EDWARD R.
WELLER, ROBERT B.
WESTBROOK, MALCOLM R.
WESTON, ROBERT J.
WHITE, RICHARD N.
WHITEHURST, RAY E.
WILCOX, VERNON D.
WILLIAMS, CALVERT L.
WINTER, WILLIAM A.
WITTMAN, JACK S.
WOLKOFF, EUGENE M.
WOODIWISS, RALPH R.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

The First Ride

THROUGH THE GOSPORT

"Well — Blurb — taxi out to the runway. We have the green light — take off on the cement strip. Climb over the Marine Base. Not too far, now, that's restricted territory, and so is the Naval Base to your left. We're now over Speer's, and ahead is Mission Field — but stay away from these — We're over the mesa — don't go over Linda Vista, and Rosedale is out of bounds, too. Stay away from Gibbs Field, or an upperclassman will tangle with you."

"Keep away from that Marine Training Camp, and don't fly over Murphy Canyon. Now head back to Lindbergh Field — be sure never to fly west, north, or south of it — don't land on the red light! — and stay to the left of the parking strip — taxi slowly to the line, 'S'-ing as you go — PARKING BRAKES!!!"

"Well, Blurb, what do you think of the free air? Isn't it marvelous not to be tied to the ground?"

Avn/c R. N. MANNING.

How Come?

Now 42-I is making this book,
To impress the Dodos to follow,
But some of the stuff they are writing down
Is exceedingly tough to swallow.

They informed the Dodos of 42-J
Our efforts were definitely needed,
And so, with the gig list to goad us on,
Their request was obediently heeded.

Now they tell us we're "raunchy", exceedingly so,
In fact, quite the worst of them all,
That they simply don't want us at Basic,
'Till we really get on the ball.
But we can't be as bad as they paint us,
And I'll tell you the reason why
For 42-H claims the worst of them all was
That RAUNCHY class 42-I.

Avn/c R. A. TURNBULL

Did You Ever See...

Little Joe Weant when he wasn't taming livestock?

Spargur when he wasn't free-lancing as an instructor?

Severson when he wasn't "correcting" the Dodos?

Maher without his chevrons?

Jones and Goulette when they were marching in step?

Myers landing on a B-24?

Webber awake in Meteorology?

Miller when he wasn't running off gigs?

Emmer when he wasn't beefing about the Dodos?

A meal where we didn't have ice cream?

Manning without his golf clubs?

Such a place as the Ryan Country Club?

Such a Class as 42-I?

Avn/c N. VAN TASSEL.

(Ed. note: Did you ever see Van Tassel when he wasn't commenting freely?)

KRYPTIC KOMMENT

It's funny how the upperclassmen can give the Dodos advice on everything except how to stay awake in class.

Avn/c K. SWANSON.

THE ANDES FROM ABOVE

By Avn/c H. L. HASLUP
as told to
Avn/c M. E. WILLIAMS

Like most other present-day vagabonds, I appreciate the value of air transportation. But it took a personal experience to bring home to me just how vital a service the airplane renders.

In the latter part of July, 1941, I was vacationing at Mendoza, Argentina, a popular winter resort. Mendoza nestles at the foot of the Andes and, in July—midwinter in Argentina—is a mecca for skiers and skaters. The Andes are particularly high and rugged to the west of Mendoza, and their cold, white fastness filled me with an irrepressible desire to fly over them.

There are three airlines operating out of Mendoza to the Pacific slope, so it was no trouble to find a plane. I chose Panagra—a subsidiary of Pan-American—as the best-equipped and most reliable line, and bought passage from Mendoza to Santiago, Chile.

But it was not as simple as that. For ten days after I chartered passage, I chafed in my hotel room while impassable storms raged over the mountains. Finally, on the morning of July 30, I was informed that my plane would leave at 9:00 A.M. I hurried to the Mendoza airport where, after some bustling and delay, we took off and pointed our nose toward the vast expanse of cliffs and crests to the west of us.

We climbed to 16,000 feet before approaching the pass we were to fly through. To our right, growing more impressive as we approached, rose Aconcagua, the Monarch of the Andes. Even at our altitude, Aconcagua seemed to rise almost endlessly into the sky. The summit was obscured by clouds of wind-driven snow, and a long snow plume trailed from the lee side of the summit.

The whole scene was one of indescribable grandeur. The peaks were softened by the heavy blanket of snow, and seemed to snuggle together for protection against the bitter winds. Only Aconcagua, with its sharp crags bared to the teeth of the blasts, defied the elements.

We passed from the highest part of the Andes down into the rolling foothills that surround Santiago. Here we saw lazy, pleasant valleys, dotted with vineyards and small farms. Santiago is rightfully called the winery of South America, and the grapes from the vineyards surrounding the town are responsible for the excellence of Santiago wine.

We came out on to a plain, and circled over Santiago, a busy town that serves as distribution center for a rich and well-developed area around it. We set our wheels on the runway of Santiago's spacious and modern airport just seventy minutes after taking off at Mendoza. But that seventy minutes had been the richest in all my wanderings. I had seen beauty that I could only imagine existed, and had seen it the only way possible. To appreciate the glories of Nature's wonder, one must fly over them. It gives one the proper perspective, both of the mind and the eye, and blends each thing into the place that Nature intended it to occupy.

To those who wish to remain in Aviation after the war, I recommend South America, both for pleasure and for profit. Air transportation will seek out and distribute the treasures of one of the world's richest storehouses, and those who help will be richly repaid.

The End

You trust its quality

U. S. GRANT HOTEL

Modern Accommodations

★

Excellent Cuisine

★

326 BROADWAY

SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

51 74

LINDBERGH FIELD CAFE

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

★ ★ ★ ★

Rendezvous of Cadets

UNIVERSAL SHOE CO.

WE ARE CADET HEADQUARTERS FOR YOUR

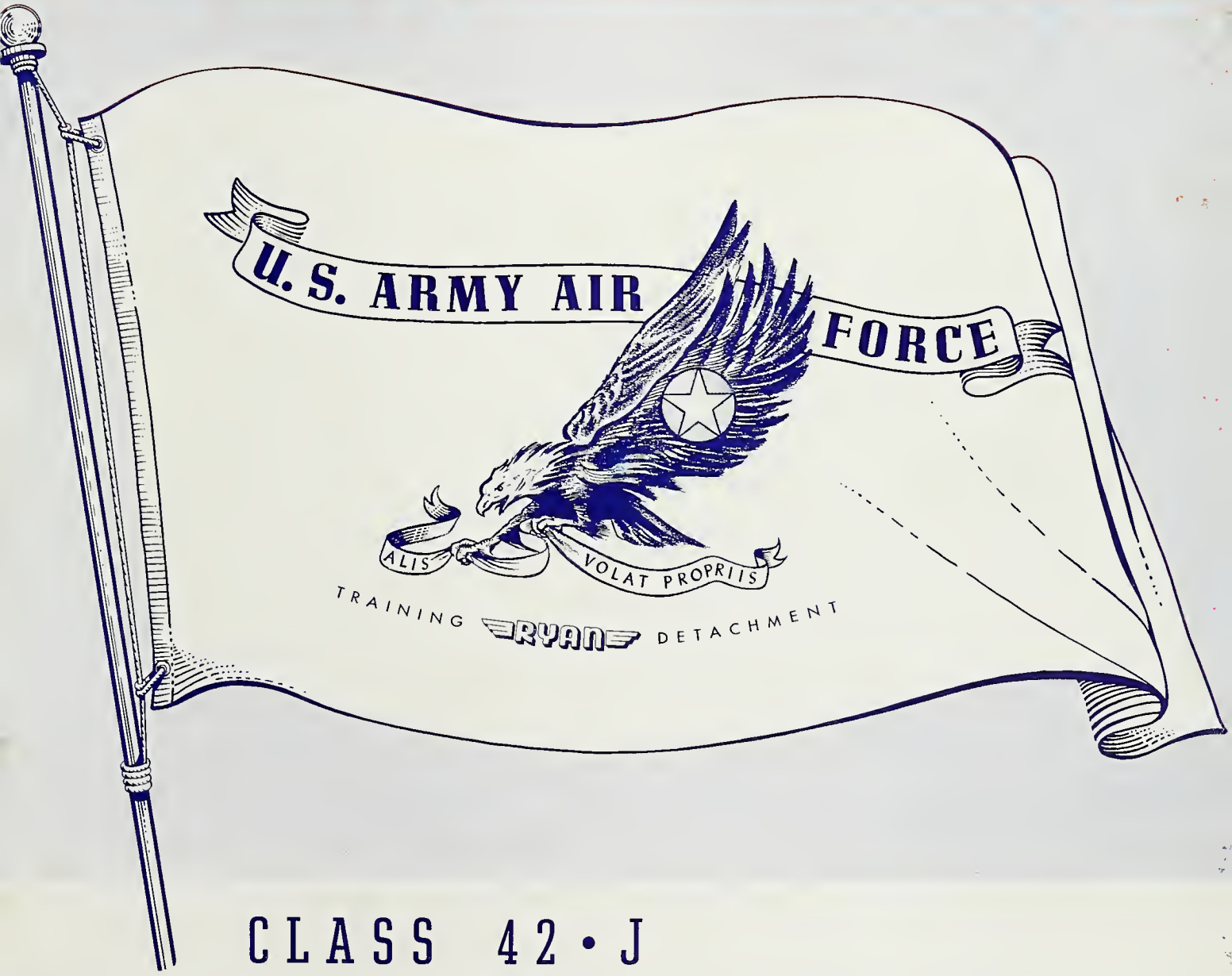
Shoes and Shoe Repairing Needs

946 FIFTH AVE. 1154 FIFTH AVE.

SAN DIEGO ★ CALIFORNIA

U.S.
MAR

Windsock



CLASS 42 • J

PUBLISHED BY THE AVIATION CADETS
AIR FORCE TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD • SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

JUNE • 1942

A BODY AT REST WILL REMAIN AT REST—ESPECIALLY HAZLUP!

WHEN IN DOUBT, GIG 'EM!

VECTOR

NOSE POWER ACCESSORY SUPERCHARGER ?

DEVIATION = 3°E
VARIATION = 17° W
COMPASS COURSE = ?

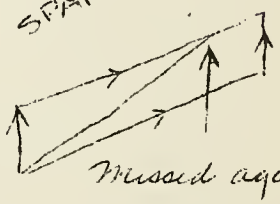
QUESTION, SIR!

Call for Mr Rother in the Rec. Hall!

CEE-WILL I PASS MY ~~10~~ ~~30~~ ~~50~~ ~~60~~ hour?

YEAH, BASIC! YASSUH, BOSS, AHS SPANISH! ?

BOX TRUSS



Missed again

A PBY is identified by peculiar cumulus humilis

Windsock

DETONATION
PRE-IGNITION

$\rho = .00238$

angle of incidence

$\pi = 3.1416$

00.51
00.32
+ P 9472
Mabel

SAND IS IDENTIFIED BY BROWN DOTS.

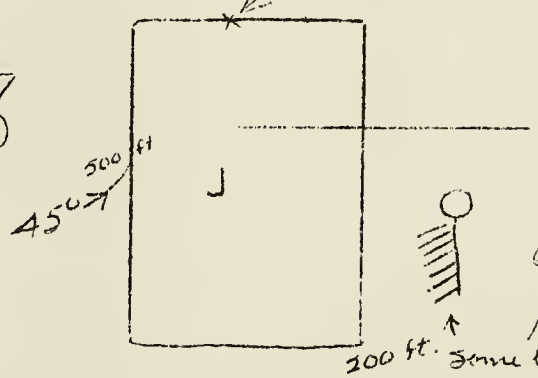
SLIP = df between geometric pitch + effective pitch (I think)

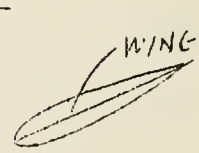
IF YOU CANT EAT IT, TAKE IT WITH YOU!

KEY POINT

Honest, Mr. Prescott, I didn't see that cow!

TRACK = ?





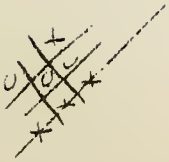
WING CHORD

Some breeze!

RXT = D

ALTOSTRATOFRAMOLUS

Jackson 3104
Ext. 3



Good morning, Maxine!

$A = \pi r^2$

DEDICATION

To the ideals of flying incidents, in appreciation of our Ryan Training we so dedicate this book.

To Revel in tradition and respect our predecessors represents our aims.

Through circumstance, we feel fortunate to be able to dedicate.
Through hope, we desire to consecrate.

WINDSOCK STAFF MEETING.

R. B. Weller; R. R. Woodiwiss;
R. N. White; E. H. Ruppelt;
F. W. Vincent.
(reading from left to right)
and
R. J. Weston
(under the table)

EDITOR
Fred W. Vincent III

Advisor - - - 2nd Lt. Alvin R. Holman

Typing and Composition
Miss Edwina Reichardt

Associate Editor
Richard N. White

Associate Editor
Robert J. Weston

Cartoon Editor and Composer
Ellis A. Ruppelt

Photography Chief
Ralph R. Woodiwiss

Portrait Photographer
Edward R. Weed

Personel
Wallace N. Soderberg

Editor 42-K Contributions
Allen, D. K.

Business Manager
Robert B. Weller

INTRODUCTION

What man among us will not be able to recall and cherish memories of our novice pilot training? Those tragic moments of anticipation of a coming flight check: The mental anguish of our conscientious instructors as we repeated "bone-head" after "bone head". Then, too, there were our heart-filled mouths as fellow classmates grazed the wires or dipped a wing close to the ground.

Three months ago most of us made the transition from civilian life to Cadet training life. In these three short months, we have realized a flying education comparable to three years of civilian pilot training.

We are an average lot of men, hailing from all walks of life: Mechanics, lawyers, Engineers, Butchers, Bankers, Clerks, and Salesmen. The dirt has been removed from our fingernails: beard and face powder have been replaced with clean sun tan cheeks; a shine is on our shoes and a new glow in our eyes.

To depict this transition and to show how many of them were made and the men who made them is the basic endeavor of this, our class book.

Editor

IT IS RUMORED THAT MR. SCOTT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS STRIPES.

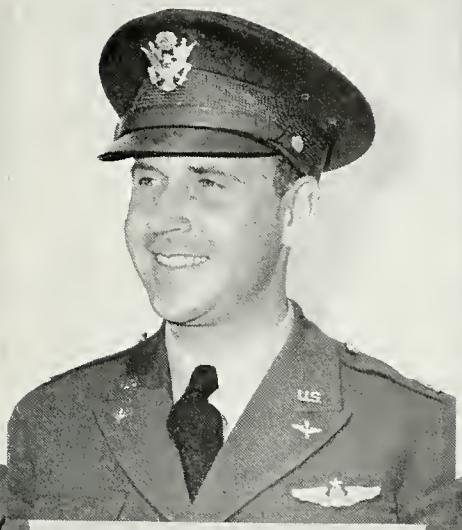
CADET OFFICERS

STAFF

Rottler, Donald L., Battalion Commander
Weed, Edward [illegible], Adjutant
Stroecker, Edward F., Sergeant Major

Company A	Company B
Hall, Jack C., Captain	Winter, William A., Captain Weston, Robert J., Captain (Actg.)
Barker, Clyde E., Lieutenant Shade, Wm. A., Lieutenant	Treitz, John G., Lieutenant White, Richard N., Lieutenant (Actg.)
Scott, Donald L., First Sergeant	Hatch, James W., Jr., First Sergeant
Ruppelt, Ellis A., Platoon Sergeant Sedman, R. E., Platoon Sergeant	Wolkoff, Eugene, Platoon Sergeant Wittman, Jack S., Platoon Sergeant (Actg)
Sevy, George M., Supply Sergeant	Vincent, Fred W., Supply Sergeant
Armstrong, J. E., Corporal Richason, Lee. F., Corporal Bakalar, John E., Corporal Saeman, William C., Corporal Bailey, James H., Corporal Soderberg, W. M., Corporal	Tyler, Earl L., Corporal Wainwright, Lyle, R., Corporal Voehringer, Paul W., Corporal Woodiwiss, Ralph R., Corporal Williams, Calvert L, Corporal Weller, Robert B., Corporal

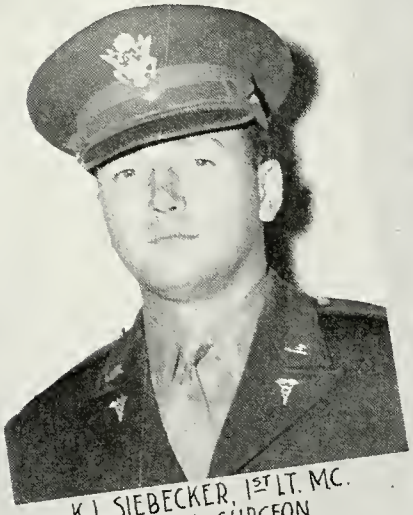
M. R. WILUCKI, CADT. M.C.
FLIGHT SURGEON



D. W. HAARMAN, MAJOR A.F.
COMMANDING OFFICER

E. R. BANE, 1ST LT. A.F.
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

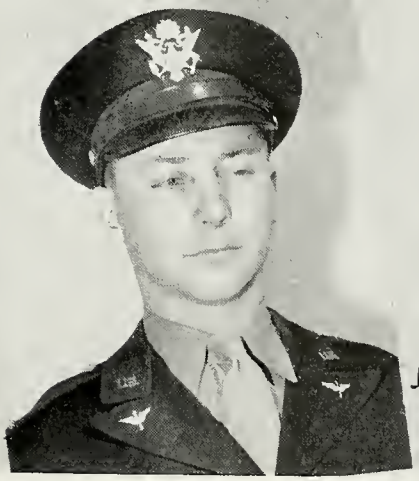
L. E. WHITE, 1ST LT. A.F.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS



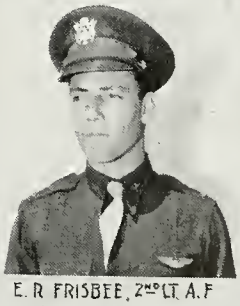
K. L. SIEBECKER, 1ST LT. MC.
ASSISTANT SURGEON

L. A. GARNER, 1ST LT. A.F
OPERATIONS OFFICER

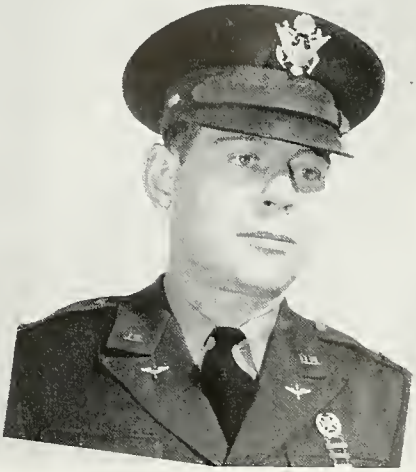
J. D. ANDERSON, 1ST LT. A.F
SUB-DEPOT SUPPLY OFFICER



J. F. WEAR, 2ND LT. A.F.
RECRUITING OFFICER



E. R. FRISBEE, 2ND LT. A.F
ASST. OPERATIONS OFFICER



O. A. ISHAM, 1ST LT. A.F.
ASST SUPPLY OFFICER

TO 42J

It has been the endeavor of the men at this Detachment to give each of you the fundamentals of all phases of training that you will retain during your career with the Army Air Forces.

You have completed your tasks competently and it is with pride that we send you on to Basic.

Congratulations, men, and may your Basic and Advanced training be successful.

DONALD W. HAARMAN

Major, Army Air Forces
Commanding

85% MORE SAFETY

Congratulations, 42 J and my sincere wishes for your success. The continuance of that success will depend to a great extent upon your enthusiastic cooperation in the Army Air Forces' new campaign against accidents.

The Accident Prevention Program for Army Air Forces stepped into high gear last week as Colonel Samuel R. Harris prepared to inaugurate a large-scale program of guidance to increase flying safety.

Although the A. A. F. constitutes the safest flying body of men in the world, the tremendous expansion of the Air Forces in recent months has necessitated renewed precautionary measures to reduce the accident rate.

Colonel Harris has appointed regional Safety Directors who will be in direct charge of ten key flying regions in the United States. Everyone from generals to privates will be expected to conform to strict regulations created to reduce flying accidents.

Analysis of Air Force accidents has shown that only 14% are due to mechanical failures. Of all accidents, 85% are chalked up against "Personal Error", and most of these are classified as "Carelessness", "Disobedience of Orders", "Error of Judgement", etc.

Colonel Harris has declared "War" against such practices here on the home front so that men and planes will reach the combat front. And Colonel Harris has an outstanding background for such an assignment. His entire military career has been devoted to flying. Graduating from West Point in 1926, he received his wings at Kelly Field in 1927. In 1930, Colonel Harris went to Wright Field and while there, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross "for extraordinary achievement" as a test pilot.

His Flying Safety Directorate has initiated an all-embracing program which involves rigid inspection, accident prevention research, and constant training in safe flying principles. The first step will be a series of regional meetings devoted exclusively to Flying Safety which Operations and Public Relations Officers of all fields will attend.

It is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of complete and constant participation of all Army Air Forces personnel, particularly you future officer pilots, in the recently declared "War" against the Axis partners, "Carelessness", "Disobedience of Orders", and "Error of Judgement".

A. G. Ross, Captain Army Air Force
Adjutant

TO 42 J

In reviewing your achievements while at this station, you should not fail to recognize the many personal gains. You can't complete the sixty hour program here without gaining in your ability to make quick correct decisions under pressure; to properly divide your attention and yet concentrate on details; to deal with new and unexpected situations; and to think clearly and work hard.

These are qualities which will help you in your chosen job in this war and which will surely help you take your place in the world that follows.

The officers and men of this detachment, your instructors, and all the others who have an interest in your progress share your pride in achievement.

To those whose aptitudes lie in fields other than piloting and whose discovery of this fact has been a personal blow, we can only say that the measure of any man isn't so much in how he gets on, but in how he reacts to his temporary reverses. Certain it is that a job is waiting for each man who wishes to distinguish himself in this fight.

It's going to be a tough old scrap so let's get on with it. Congratulations 42 J. Carry on!

Lewis E. White,
1st Lieutenant A.A.F.
Commandant of Cadets

Congratulations on completion of your first stage of becoming a military pilot.

It shows awareness to the value of maintaining constant vigilance for prevention of aircraft accidents. 42 J has a record to be proud of -- NO ACCIDENTS!

Carry this record throughout your training and career as a pilot -- by remembering at all times that safety rules and regulations are designed to make records such as you have set, for the others to live up to.

James B. Fishburn,
2nd Lieutenant, A.A.F.
Jr. Asst. A F Supervisor

TO THE AVIATION CADET DETACHMENT

The necessity of maintaining a strict silence regarding all military matters cannot be stressed too strongly.

Remember that our Country is at war and each bit of information regarding methods used, nur er of men trained, length of training, and where trained, can be of great value to the enemy.

The War Department Bureau of Public Relations has been set up for dissemination of all military information and should be released only with its approval.

You are all making a great effort in taking the Aviation Cadet training, and keeping "mum" on all military affairs increases that effort as well as helping to "win the war".

"Serve your country by silence!"

James B. Fishburn,
2nd Lieutenant, A.A.F.
Jr. Asst. A F Supervisor

ALCOHOL THE DOUBLE DEALER

Alcohol can truly be called a "Double Dealer" or "Double Crosser". This would seem to be an odd statement to make to the laity, when to them alcohol is considered merely a stimulant. Here we find our first refutable statement. Alcohol is <u>not</u> a stimulant, but a depressant which paralyses or depresses the higher mental function, causing us to do and act as animals would, since it first inhibits or paralyses our higher mental function. This would be its first deal -- that of damaging our reputation and making us libel to venereal infection as "Bacchus and Venus" tread to the same path.

The second deal, and it is a bad deal, comes thru the damage that alcohol does to our nervous system. That damage is permanent and caused by the toxic or poisonous effect that it has on the nerves themselves. Remember our nervous system does not have the ability to recuperate as readily as other tissue and you can readily see the damage that results tend to be permanent.

(Alcohol the Double Dealer cont.)

What then is alcohol used for? It can be used on the skin surfaces as an antiseptic and could be used as an anesthetic for surgical procedures, in an emergency lets use it only for those purposes and we will all benefit.

Melvin R. Wilucki,
Captain, Medical Corps Surgeon

LOOKING AHEAD

Gentlemen, as you leave your first phase of flight training and prepare to enter the secondary or basic course, there is little of the work of the recruiting offices or of the Aviation Cadet Examining Boards that you haven't already seen in action. There is one thing, however, that you should remember. The procurement objectives of the Army Air Forces remain as they did when you were chosen.

Look around you to see if the fellow in the next room or in the barracks across the area is any different than the "flying cadet" who was pictured in illustrated magazines several years ago. Come back six months or a year from now. The cadets who will be undergoing the same training that you have finished will be just as intent of purpose, just as physically fit, and just as ready to quickly absorb the training as you all are. It is the aim of every cadet examining board and recruiting office in the country to have those who follow you just as apt as you men.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating" -- so, after you have been commissioned and have fully completed your training, you may well look for officers just as well trained as you have been. Remember that the Air Forces of the United States are the best in the world -- mainly because they have the best men and materials with which to work.

John F. Wear,
2nd Lieutenant, A.A.F.
Recruiting Officer

The editorial staff wishes to thank the officers who have contributed to this section of our Windsock.

We have realized throughout our primary training that you men were here to help us and to serve as examples of what we should hope to be. The whole class of 42-J feels that you have accomplished your purpose. It was a privilege to be here -- you have made it justifiably so.

INSTRUCTORS

J. FUNK, F.C. "D"

C. PRESCOTT, F.C "C"

S. CRAFT

T. WILSON

D. KNAPP

FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS "A"

FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS "B"

J. RITTER

S. JOHNSON

D. LINK

E. MELCHIOR

S. BONNET

S. BROWN

W. HOLM

V. B. KRUG

J. TATE

"HERO MATERIAL"

"Get the nose down!!"--"Don't carry rudder thru a turn!!"--"Stay off those brakes!!" "Don't, do, stop, look", all of these are familiar to you. We, your instructors, have tried to give you our best during these past few weeks, we feel justly proud to say, "that's my boy", we follow your progress on through basic and advanced; we watch for notice where you have been decorated for distinguished service; and every single one of you are hero material.

Though we may have yelled at you, criticized you sometimes severely, it's all in our effort to give you a good foundation upon which to build your career. May your success continue!

S. B. Craft,
Civillan Instructor

"ONWARD TO BASIC"

To you, the class of 42-J, may I impart these few words: You have so earnestly and diligently began one of the most important careers; I might even say a career that is so important, that in time will prove that it has been time worth spent; when someday we all hope to see a certain goal reached, a goal that at this time may depend wholly or partially upon you, the men of the United States Army Air Forces.

We all realize that at a time like this, there is one thing that remains foremost in our minds, and that is to protect our freedom. It will take you and many more like you to reach this goal. It is not only taking planes, but sturdy, dependable, strong-minded determined men like you to do it.

During your brief stay in San Diego in primary, you have learned the fundamentals of flying; something you must never forget for a moment. If you remember and put to practice all you have been taught here in primary, the second and third phases should be much easier to conquer. Without sound fundamentals you can accomplish nothing. In your second phase of flying things may appear a little more complicated and even contradictory, but remember in flying there are no short cuts. Put to practice and good use, all you have retained and let determination lead you on.

There is no such thing as an H.P., and if you will try to be just a good sound sturdy dependable pilot, and not pretend to be the best in

("Onward to Basic" cont.)

the Air Corps, you will find everything will appear a little more pleasant in your surroundings no matter where you may be. You have all tried very hard and proved that you possess most of what it takes or you couldn't say, "I'm on my way to Basic!"

What you have learned and will learn and retain may terminate as the deciding factor at this critical time. You men are playing one of the most important roles in this crisis and remember the public is depending upon you for protection with cheer and applause hoping that through you men of the air we may retain our freedom.

Freedom, something that has always been and always will be cherished by loyal Americans. Onward to Basic, 42-J!

D. C. Link,
Flight Instructor

KEEP YOUR WINGS LEVEL

Keep your wings level and your heads too. You are in a business now where the half-way method is out. You have a big task ahead, one which requires your utmost and conscientious concentration. You will have to toe the mark as you have never done before. You have a wonderful opportunity at your finger-tips, to grasp or foolishly cast aside.

You have the best chance in all the world to prove to yourselves and your fellow country-men of what true metal Americans are made.

You have a gift that not every man possesses, a gift which will take you to limitless expanses of conquest, achievement and beauty. You must give your all, for flying is not merely getting there and back, it requires a feeling; a man has to put his soul into it to do the job as it should be done.

Last, but not least, you have the further opportunity to consecrate your abilities to as just a cause as ever a nation stood for. You must be unerring and steady. Keep your wings level!

E. Scofield Bonnet,
Flight Instructor

LIFT-DRAG RATIO/ANEROID ALTIMETER/CABANE/BAROGRAPH/FAIRING/RIGGING POSITION/SPINNER/

TO THE MEMBERS OF CLASS 42-J

As the date of your graduation from the Primary Stage of training draws nearer, I look back upon these past weeks since your arrival as one of the most interesting periods I have experienced since joining the staff at this Training Detachment. As most of you know, this is the first class in which I have acted in my present capacity and it has left an indelible impression that will remain with me as an event equally as interesting as this phase of training has been to you.

I wish to express my appreciation for the fine spirit, cooperation and efforts that you have exhibited during the course of training. Through this, it has been a pleasure to have had the opportunity to work with you in this first step into the field of military aviation.

As you go on to the Basic and Advanced phases of your training, each of us wish you the best of luck and wish you every success in reaching the goal of a military pilot and a finished product.

John K. Funk,
Flight Instructor

Men of 42-J your progress through this Primary course is the foundation on which your basic and advanced flying will be built. If you were considered an H. P. while at primary, it does not necessarily mean you will continue in the top ranks of your class without putting forth the effort and concentration that you did here at Primary.

We have taught you the fundamentals of flying in the short time you have been here, but your technique and judgment should improve with experience. When entering Basic and from there to advanced, the conscientious and industrious student will endeavor to do his best right from the start because he realizes the value of the training he is getting.

Here is wishing you the best of luck and continued success for the future!

V. B. Krug,
Flight Instructor

This being my first class "42-J", I would like to say that I have greatly enjoyed instructing and being associated with you students. I will always remember this class -- "head in the bucket", "snap no more", "buss sleeper", and "heavy rudder". I might further state that the fellow instructors I work with have been very congenial. Both students and instructors have the spirit of cooperation.I feel is necessary to accomplish the goal in mind.

Steve Brown,
Flight Instructor

NO, NO, MR. WHITE — OVER THE WIRES!

EM FLYING!

VICTORY TO 42-J

Col, S. R. Harris, the Director of Flying Safety, in a recent issue of "Air Forces News Letter" writes:

"A smashed-up Army bomber in a midwestern cow pasture, is more of a victory for the Japanese than a Flying Fortress brought down over Burma".

That is very true, I urge that you learn and follow the four basic safety rules of the Flying Safety group.

I also feel that when a class of cadets, such as you men in 42-j, complete their Primary training without having damaged an airplane, it is a victory for our side. It may be classed as only a skirmish, but I assure you it is a fine start, and deeply appreciated by all your instructors here.

After having worked with you, I am more than ever convinced that the fate of the Axis powers is sealed.

Stay on your toes and win that next victory -- "those silver wings".

Clarence L. Prescott,
Flight Instructor

DON'T STOP NOW!

If a telegram were to be sent to you men of 42-J, I would compose it as follows:

CONGRATULATIONS ON FINISHING PRIMARY STOP YOUR FUTURE TRAINING WILL BE THE SPECIALIZED USE OF FLYING FOR MILITARY PURPOSES, BUT FUNDAMENTALS WILL STILL EXIST STOP YOU REALIZE NOW THAT FLYING IS ONE-THIRD PILOTING SKILL, ONE-THIRD ANTICIPATION, ONE-THIRD SOUND JUDGMENT STOP LAST TWO-THIRDS MARKS A USEFUL AVIATOR STOP THE ENDEAVOR OF RYAN INSTRUCTORS IS TO START YOU TOWARDS THAT GOAL STOP YOUR COOPERATION WAS APPRECIATED STOP CARRY THAT SAME SPIRIT TO BASIC AND ADVANCED, AND ACCEPT OUR BEST WISHES FOR YOUR CONTINUED PROGRESS STOP OUR COUNTRY NEEDS USEFUL AVIATORS.

E. C. Melchior,
Flight Instructor

LATERAL AXIS/DIRECTION OF MOTION/DOWNWASH/ATHWARTSHIP/AERODYNAMIC DRAG/ACCELERATION/

INDIVIDUAL ABILITY

Congratulations, members of 42-J, you have successfully completed the first leg in your quest for wings.

Here in primary we have tried to teach you the basic fundamentals of flying. Your progress in the future will depend upon your individual ability to apply yourself in developing the smoothness and precision required to make you a pilot whom the Army will be proud to award its silver wings.

Keep your heads up, men, remember you want to be "the oldest -- not the hotest pilot in our Air Force".

Warren Holm,
Flight Instructor

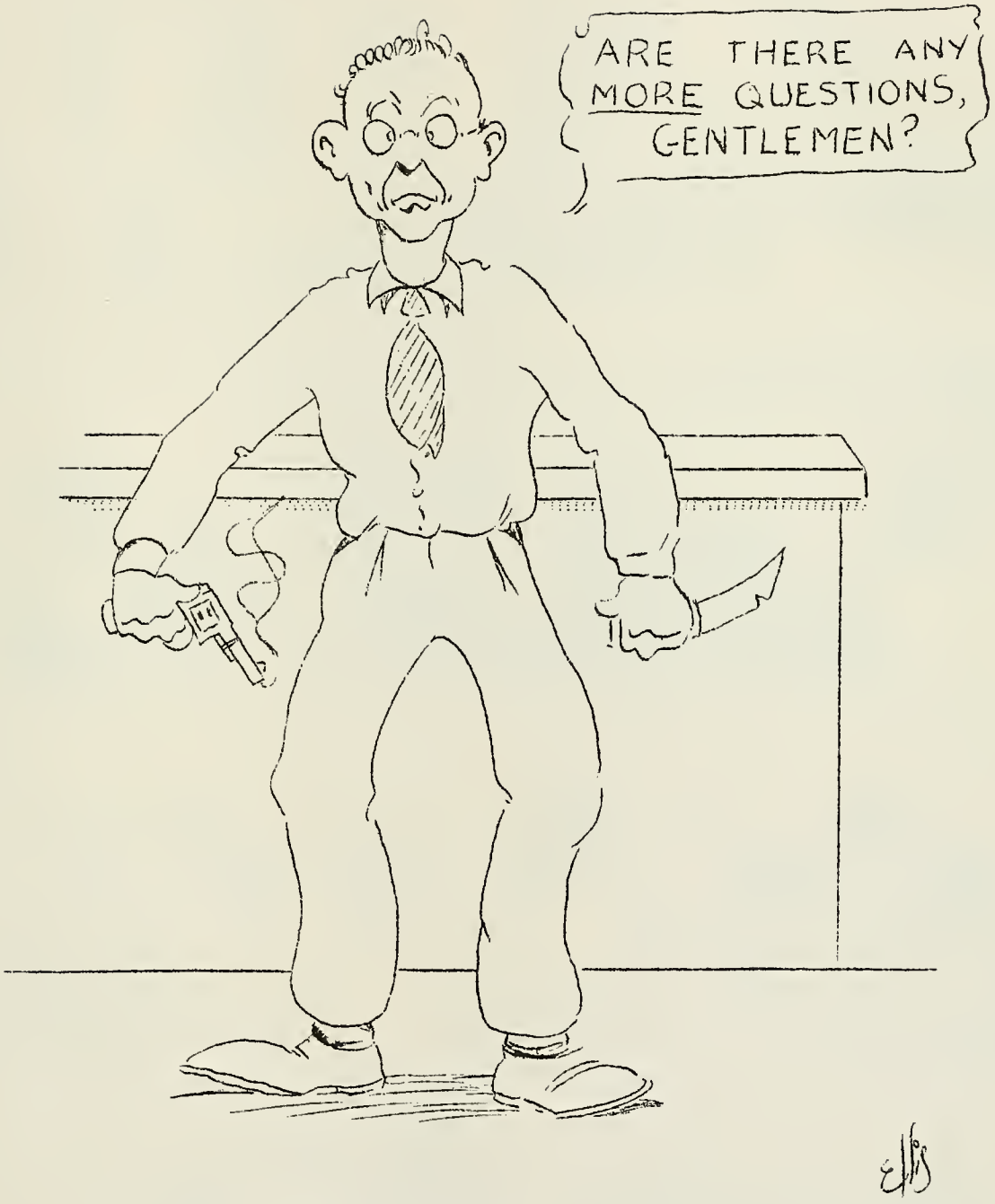
"TIME CHANGES"

Eight short weeks ago, on your arrival at Ryan School of Aeronautics, I was amused at the mystified and sometimes woe-be-gone expressions on your faces. However, as the course progressed and you added to your store of knowledge, my amusement was changed to a sense of satisfaction and pride in your accomplishments. Now, we instructors vie with each other in stories of "our boy's" prowess.

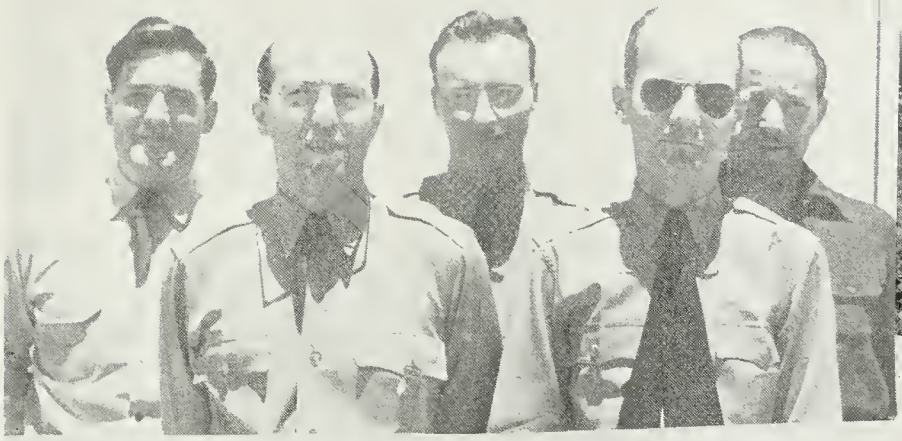
It all goes to show "what a whale of a difference" a few weeks make. Your next eight weeks of training will make just that much more difference, by comparison, and your progress will be watched by your instructors with as much interest, enthusiasm, and pride as was shown here.

Remember, you are "Our Boys".

T.F. Wilson,
Flight Instructor



INSTRUCTORS



GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

HEMENT VALLEY

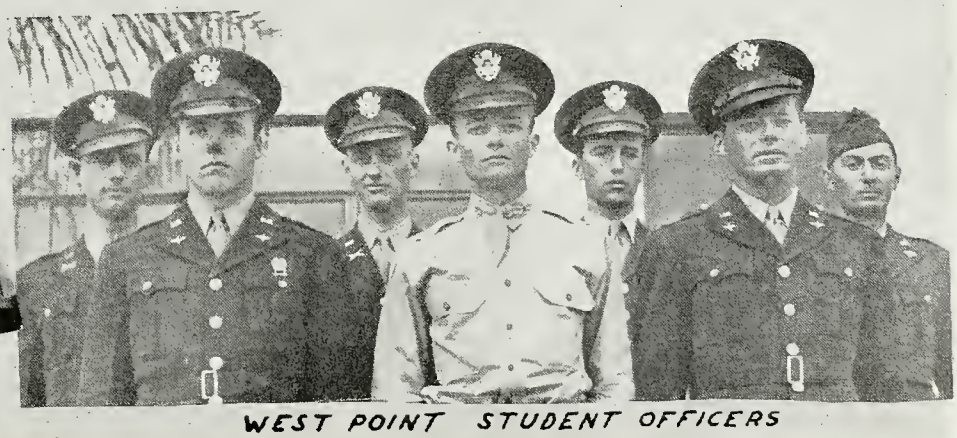
GUESS WHO?

GROUND CREW - MISSION

GROUND CREW - GIBBS

STAGE HOUSE - GIBBS

REC. HALL



WEST POINT STUDENT OFFICERS

PUMPED/BRAKES HELD/CONTACT BOTH/GOSSPORT/NOSE HIGH/ELEVATION INDICATED/APPROACH/OVE

MAKE YOUR FITTNESS FIT

As long ago as 1930, our enemies realized the value of physical training for all of their armies, especially their pilots. They learned that the pilot who was in the best physical condition was the one who lasted the longest under combat strain and came out of the "BLACKOUTS" first. Knowing this, they set up a strenuous physical training program compulsory for all pilots. According to reliable reports this program is still in effect today.

Our Air Force is now trying to catch up to and surpass the enemy. In doing this, they established a physical training program for you and provided you with equipment and instructors. To get the most out of this program during your training period and after you are in combat duty, it is up to each and every one of you as members of this, your Air Force, to have the goal of physical perfection as one of your aims. If you do this, we will make short work of this war.

Wm. G. Howsmon,
Physical Training Director.

REASONS REASONING

Lest it be forgotten that ground school instructors are splendid men, interested in education, welfare, future and happiness of the aviation cadet. Let me bear witness they are all of that, in fact as a recent arrival it is a pleasure to make that observation and to be granted an opportunity to extend a greeting.

Our few brief hours together were necessarily serious ones. Our government has engaged us in a tremendous business. Both Cadets and Instructors are cooperating in their all out effort. It is distinctly a privilege to be able to work with and direct some activities of selected American youth, well-disciplined and ambitious to solve problems in a classroom, during flight or in a world society.

Memory will bring to mind our ups and downs, be it blue Mondays, an exam, or assignment of a colored taste. The instructor may be ashamed of his sense of humor, or did Mother Nature give him the dirty look? Just like he didn't choose his cadets, so the cadets didn't choose him. The instructor does what he can to assist mental development, the cadet does or does not do the best as expected of him. The cadet may sleep through a lecture. Who has lost but himself and the tax payer? Forgive the instructor if he appeared not to notice. Why should he awaken the sleeper? It was he who had lulled the lullaby.

Albert Gnagy – Navigation Instructor.

CLASS 42 K

As training programs have been speeded up, and subject matter has been eliminated from some of the ground school courses, we have felt more and more to be under pressure to try to teach all the things we have felt that you may need to know, in the time which has been allotted to us. It has been gratifying to have had your intense interest, expressed as a group, in your studies, for teaching is not a one-sided affair. May the knowledge which you have gained here stand you in good stead when the time comes that you need it.

Best wishes for a long and a happy career in flying!

Stewart Matson,
Superintendent of Ground School

"A TOAST TO THE HOST"

Mr. Therrien, who is now vacationing, was unable to write for our class publication, so we, in place of him, will comment upon the relationship which we have enjoyed as his students.

In extending our thanks to him, and acknowledging the values which have come from our hours in his classes, we can at the same time, express our gratitude to the entire ground school personnel.

Mr. Therrien, like each of our instructors, has gained the respect of 42 J — as an admirable personality, teacher, and man.

From our class to you, Mr. Therrien, every wish for a pleasant vacation (we're certain you deserve it), and good luck with the future classes who, too, will profit by your knowledge and the scholarly manner in which you present it.

For 42-J

Avn/C W. N. Soderberg
42-J

FORMATIONS FOR FOUNDATION

Gentlemen of 42 J, it has been a pleasure to know and work with you. Taking into consideration all the formations you meh must crowd into one day, I am glad to say that you have held up the technical side of your training very well.

It has been a hard row to hoe, and, if you do as well with the ones coming along, you will be a credit to the Air Corps.

Thumbs up,

Edward Pye,
Ground School Instructor

"TIME AND TIME AGAIN"

Here as elsewhere, we fully realize the meaning of the slogan "Time is Short". It seems as if it were yesterday that the Class of 42 J arrived at Ryan, and today you are leaving. Because of the short interval of your stay here, it has been necessary to make your ground school training intense and concentrated.

Despite the brevity of your primary training, your class has shown itself to be outstanding in eagerness to learn. Your instructors have attempted to teach you as much as possible. However, the value that you receive from your courses depends upon your eagerness to learn and your curiosity about all things that concern your aircraft and its flight.

Because your class displays this quality of eagerness to learn, our enemies will realize that while our "Time is Short", their "Time will end soon".

Gilbert W. Hofeller,
Ground School Instructor

NO, I HAVENT BEEN TO BURMA— I PLAYED BASKETBALL AT RYAN.

" SOLO "

(THANX TO MR. GRIMM)

1st Lt. E. Arneson
1st Lt. Rawlins
R.H. ARNOLD
W.H. Shade
W.J. Schindler
P.A. Schwarz
H.W. Schnelle
J.W. Colman
D.L. Scott

J. L. STALICK

P. W. [illegible]HRINGER

W. A. WINTER

STUDENT OFFICERS

1st Lt. Edwin P. Arneson (Field Artillery)

Lt. Arneson became a native of San Antonio, Texas on June 6th, 1917. Like all true Texans the California Chamber of Commerce has yet to convince him that California has anything much to compare with Texas. The Lt.'s College was Texas A. & M. where he majored and graduated in Civil Engineering in 1938. Not to be content with the long hard grind of becoming an engineer this student officer found time in college to participate vigorously in ROTC and to take part in College Athletics. The Cadets who have had the misfortune of meeting Lt. Arneson on the hand ball court or in our other athletics, have found him to be of mien ability, being surpassed only by the superior tan of Athletic Director Hausman.

Mr. Pye's grade book shows this Officer's marks to be among the highest. Lt. Arneson, however, is not content to retain classroom logic for reference only, but being a man of action, he experiments with it on the flight line. Flaps, as we all know, increase the lift of the wing though they slow the ship down. After over-shooting during a stage one sunny afternoon, Lt. Arneson found it necessary to taxi from the far end of Gibbs to the take-off end. To subdue any Barney Oldfield taxiing habits, he naturally left the flaps down. Of course, the pattern of the stage had tightened up a bit as the fellow had caused him to drop out. With this scene in view, nothing would suffice but to get high as possible as quickly as possible, thought the Lt.; again he left the flaps down for his take-off putting them up only after making the first turn, so that there would be little loss of altitude. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Pye are now colaberating to prevent any confusion on the students' part over proper use of said flaps.

1st Lt. Phillip C. Rawlins (Infantry)

Lt. Rawlins created his first disturbance on January 20th, 1917, in Milburn, Oklahoma. He found his college in Oklahoma A. & M. where he took an active part in every field including Glee Club, Football, Track and ROTC, being a Cadet Colonel in the latter as well as Captain of the ROTC honorary, Scabbard and Blade. Lt. Rawlins was early called to duty, on July 5, 1939, and since that time has served 23rd with Chemical Warfare School, with 37th Infantry Division until ordered to report for Air Corps Pilot training.

Spins were Lt. Rawlins' particular weakness, for he always left his safety belt unfastened in order to make a quick getaway in case the Ryan wouldn't come out. This officer could always more easily orient himself

("Student Officers" cont.)

with the belt fastened for at the top of each spin-turn it was quite easy to leave the seat for a quick look before being slapped back into it.

The Lt's. present incentive is to keep a date in Tokyo with three fellow officers (Time Censored). He joined the Air Corps to support attacks of the old 23rd and 37th.

We of 42-J felt we knew Lt. Rawlins before coming to Ryan. Both he and Lt. Arneson have helped us over some of the elementary hurdles and if we can help either of them support their old outfits, "we'll be there, followed by more".

HAPPY DAZE

Our class safety record of no accidents speaks for itself, but there are a few flying incidence that will be well worth calling forth that we all may profit by the humility suffered by some of the boys who "give her the gun". Who will soon forget Mr. Thompsons' oversight of minor things such as a green flag, an inverted tee, and the oncoming Ryan during the power approach stage? What could be more apropos than recalling Mr. Haslup's (Ichabod) Sears Roebuck Patterns, Mr. Weston coming through the clouds, but not out of the fog until he found, through habit or instinct, the Sky Room of the El Cortez. Yes, then there was the Erstwhile Mr. White who couldn't quite decide whether to take off under or over the wires and settled it by horsing the ship over and gaining flying speed by dropping down. Then, too, we had a few men who thought S'ing while taxiing was for Do Do's only, those men dubbed as Barney Oldfield's of the Airways included such noblemen as Lt's. Rawlins and Arneson, the afore-mentioned Mr. Thompson, and genial Frank Udy. Mr. Whitehurst and Cadet Captain Rottier, also were adept at this particular type of maneuver. No day could quite be complete without Photo Chief Woodiwiss or Editor Vincent landing without their ships acting asmisspent tennis ball, three bounces being the minimum allowed for each landing. We know that none of the students like to recall how hard it was to keep those Navy and Marine planes off their tails, and once in a while, gosh, it would be difficult and sometimes take a long time to keep out of the classmates who were simultaneously doing loops, vertical reverses, spins, stalls, chandelles, snap and slow rolls, or combinations of all. Remember how easy Pylon eights were for Jack Wittman. "All you have to do is get your Pylon, put the plane in a bank and keep it there; easiest maneuver of the bunch". Somehow, this seemed to be a one-man stand. Mr. Weller suggests that the B 24's slip stream; which was only a mile away when he dragged poor 112 all over Lindbergh in a ground loop, be warmed up to suit his time of arrival. Flight Instructor S. B. Craft would say, "You can do better than that".

Avn/C R. Weston

ALIER, LOUIS A., Age 21 Flight C
New York, N. Y., Wingfoot Club, Pan American Society, Radio Operator, hobby: dancing, is known as the Bronx Bombardier.

ALVEY, JOHN H., Age 27 Flight C
Wausau, Wisconsin, clerk with Telephone Co., hobby: radio, "Quiet John".

ARMSTRONG, JAMES CO., Jr., Age 24 Flight C
Knightstown, Indiana, Plumbing and Heating, hobby: sports, "The Sheik".

ARNOLD, RUSSELL H., Age 21 Flight C
St. Mary of the Woods, Indiana Rose Polytechnic Inst., "Gee, I sure wish those corporal stripes didn't look so much like a PFC, -- sort of gives me the jitters."

BAILEY, JAMES H., Age 20 Flight C
Cincinnati, Ohio, Miami University, University of Cincinnati, hardware business, hobby: photography, hopes to build the planes he flies.

BAKALAR, JOHN E., Age 21 Flight C
Hammond, Indiana, University of Idaho, Indiana University, DeMolay, worked with DuPont de Nemours & Co., hobby: athletics. Certainly can "sweat a freckle".

BARKER, CLYDE E., Age 27 Flight C
Parkersburg, West Virginia, West Virginia University, B.S., Football Coach-High-College-Pro., -- experience as football coach will make him a good flying instructor.

HALL, JACK, C., Age 25 Flight D
Portland, Oregon, University of Oregon, Phi Kappa Psi, Lumber Business, hobbies: golf and night "flying" -- "Wish there was room in a P-47 for my wife."

HASLUP, LLOYD H., Age 23 Flight D
Coronado, California, University of Virginia, St. Elmo Hall, hobby: golf. Ichabod has had the bull by the horns ever since he left South America.

HATCH, JAMES W., Jr., Age 23 Flight C
West Hartfold, Connecticut, Yale University, Hartford Golf Club, Bachelors Club, heat transfer engineer, hobbies: yachting and night clubbing. Campaigned hard for chief.

HINMAN, ROBERT L., Age 22 Flight D
Woodside, California, Stanford University, Chi Psi, Personal Department-Standard Oil Co. of California. Motto - "If your night life is too strenuous, catch up on your sleep in class.

HOWE, CHARLES M., Age 23 Flight ?
Milwaukee, Oregon, Oregon State, Multnomah, Pi Kappa Phi, Zeta Chi Junior Accountant and wants a spare knee.

MAYES, DAVID R., Age 20 Flight C
San Diego, California, San Diego State College, University of California, service station attendant, clothing salesman. "Unusual weather we're having here in San Diego!"

MURPHY, EDWARD L., Age 23 Flight C
Hollywood, California, Los Angeles City College, hobbies: dancing and sports. "He's one of the better looking holdovers -- that Math might come in handy to figure holes in Jap planes.

RICHASON, LEE F., Age 21 Flight C
Grand Rapids Junior College, Men's Union, hobbies: Model Airplane Building and photography. Like a lot of other Cadets, Mr. Richason gave up worrying about drafting procedure after Dec. 7th.

RISK, SHARON C., Age 22 Flight C
Winnetka, Illinois, Princeton University, Elm Club, worked with Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, hobbies: collecting firearms, photography, stamp collecting and sports. Enjobs flying Army officers.

ROBINSON, KENNETH E., Age 21 Flight C
Cleveland, Ohio, Miami University, worked with factory inspection-U. S. Aluminum, hobbies: sports and dancing, -- if fast talking is an indication of success -- hats off to A-1 Navigator Robinson.

ROTTIER, DONALD L., Age 27 Flight C
Miami, Florida, 6 mos., Coast Artillery, 13 mos. Air Corps, 3 years E.N.G. Cadet Captain, hobbies: hunting, fishing, ping pong. Can't understand how his automobile is moved during the night.

RUPPELT, ELLIS A., Age 23 Flight C
San Bernardino, California, San Bernardino Valley Jr. College, Indian Paint Brush Club, four years U. S. Navy, Isometric Draftsman, hobby: cartooning. Hopes that Vincent can oblige him for bigger and better closed posts.

RUSSELL, MICHAEL, Age 22 Flight C
Akron, Ohio, Fraternal Order of Eagles, pipe-fitter, hobbies: photography and music. If you're not out of bed by the first bell -- wait for the second.

SAEMAN, WILLIAM C., Age 21 Flight C
Seattle, Washington, University of Washington, Tau Phi Delta, Telephone Repairman and purse seiner. Changing lines is nothing new here. We often wonder if the Gibbs wires offer a challenge to this H. P.

SAGMILLER, JAMES B., Age 21 Flight C
Puyallup, Washington, commercial fisherman, hobbies: model airplanes, musician, dancing, swimming. Wants to take a "flyer" on marriage, also".

SAKER, EDWARD P., Age 22 Flight C
Cleveland, Ohio, Clerk-Cashier, Musician, machinist, hobbies: art, music. "Dodo's Friend".

SEDMAN, ROBERT E., Age 20 Flight C
Wheatland, Wyoming, University of Wyoming, Experience in Regular Army (Air Corps), hobbies: hunting and music. By the looks of this gal from L. A., Sedman does his <u>huntimg</u> where there is <u>music.</u>

SCHINDLER, WILLARD, T., Age 19 Flight C
Flint, Michigan, General Motors Institute of Technology, soda jerk, hobbies: outdoor sports, hunting, fishing. "Windy".

SCHNELLE, HENRY W., Age 26 Flight C
Wheeling, West Virginia, DeMolay, worked with Natural Gas Co. of West Virginia, Gulf Oil Corp., John S. Naylor Co. It may be truly said that Mr. Schnelle's position with the Natural Gas Co. isn't indicated by his conversation.

SCHWARZ, PHILIP A., Age 27 Flight C
Jamaica Estates, Long Island, New York, St. John's University, B. A., A. I. D., Sigma Tau, Regular Army, Junior Underwriter, Met. Life Ins. Co., Advertising and Investigating-Barkclay Bldg. Corp. Sleeping is his best hobby.

SCHOLMAN, JAMES W., Age 21 Flight C
Rice Lake, Wisconsin, University of Wisconsin, Lineman with Wisconsin Bell Telephone Co. Another pattern cutter.

SCOTT, DONALD L., Age 22 Flight C
Riverside, California, U. C. L. A., Riverside J.C., Occidental, B. A., Kappa Sigma, farming, hobbies: dancing and horseback riding. It was suggested a plow be put on Don's landing gear, just to make him feel completely at home.

SEVY, GEORGE M., Age 21 Flight C
Branch Agricultural Jr. College, Phi Sigma Psi, Livestock and farming, hobby: flying. First man to hit the line on revellie.

SHADE, WILLIAM A., Age 23 Flight C
Burlingame, California, Concordia College, St. John's College, Concordia Seminary, Cachophony Club, Jaysee, Forensic Clubs, Dramatic Clubs and Glee Clubs; salesman, Station Mgr. for Union Oil Co., Mgr. of Creamery, clerking experience, hobbies: reading, public speaking, music and dramatics. Keeps a well-filled list of addresses on hand.

SIMS, KEITH E., Age 21 Flight C
Salt Lake City, Utah, University of Utah, hobby: travel. Mr. Sims was one of the boys who was able to put his athletic coordination to good use -- the first solo -- the 50 hour check success. Perhaps the first to fly pursuit over Berlin.

SKINNER, MAYNARD, F., Age 24 Flight C
Wisconsin Central State Teacher's College, hobby: roaming the beautiful woods and streams of Wisconsin with Eileen (his wife). Mr. Skinner is known as "Wrong Way Skinner" mistook L. A. for Oceanside on his cross country flight.

SODERBERG, WALLACE N., Age 20 Flight D
Salt Lake City, Utah, A Capella Choir, Barristers, Hotel work, shoe salesman, hobbies: dancing, music, and reading. Plans on making the Japs jump to the tune of his 50 caliber.

STALICK, JOHN ., Age 21 Flight C
Rock Springs, Wyoming, Pueblo Jr. College, clerk with Montgomery-Ward. Tomorrow we'll call him the "flying sailing navigator".

STROECKER, EDWARD F., Age 24 Flight C
New Mexico Military Inst. Jr. College, B.A. in Accounting, Regular Army, four years Bank Accountancy and teller, hobbies: hunting and fishing. Known as the "Alaskan Kid".

SUTPHEN, HARRY S., Age 27 Flight C
Bement, Illinois, farming, salesman, dock foreman, truck driver, transport, hobbies: hunting, fishing, swimming. Strange, we can't remember Mr. Sutphen having gray hair in Santa Ana.

SWANSON, KENNETH J., Age 25 Flight D
Tacoma, Washington, South Dakota State College, Laborer, would gig his best gal.

TATE, HOWARD C., Age 24 Flight D
Salt Lake City, Utah, University of Utah, Southern States, Missionary Society, meat cutter for five years, missionary in southern states, hobbies: music archery, dancing. Will receive advice from anyone on pattern flying.

TAYLOR, EDWARD C., Age 25 Flight D
Wapakoneta, Ohio, member of Elks, regular army, chief announcer at radio stations WLOK and WFIN, hobby: swimming, -- nickname: "Ivory" (99-99/100% pure!)

THAXTER, FLOYD W., Age 24 Flight D
Rose Lake, Idaho, Regular Army Air Corps, hobby: hunting and fishing. Nickname -- "Squirt".

THOMPSON, WILLIAM R., Age 19 Flight D
Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Eau Claire State Teacher's College, Hi-y, hobby: sports. His meat -- flying against the pattern and red flags.

TREITZ, JOHN G., Age 22 Flight D
Louisville, Kentucky, Construction contractor. "Pahdon mah south'n draw'l."

TURNEY, JOHN T., Age 20 Flight D
Northwestern, C. Y. O., Bookkeeper, hobbies: golf and other forms of athletics. Has the best laugh in Ryan

TYLER, EARL L., Age 27 Flight D
Los Angeles, California and Braceville, Illinois, Business school, regular Army, clerk and steno, hobbies: sketching and reading, "Sphinx".

UDY, FRANK N., Age 21 Flight D
Salt Lake City, Utah, University of Utah, Theatre experience and admirer of feminine charm, hobbies: skiing and figuring out ways to meet glamour girls without getting classed as "fresh". Mr. Udy has three ambitions: 1-to develop a P-39 expander, 2-get on the business end of a gossport tube, 3-exterminate the "Country Club" chorus -- "you know why".

VANDYKEN, ALEXANDER J., Age 21 Flight D
Grand Rapids, Michigan, hobby: sports. The "Flying Dutchman"—what would a Saturday gig line be without Mr. Vandyken?

VERBERG, MERLIN H., Age 21 Flight D
Grand Rapids, Michigan, Michigan State College, College Coop House, Hobbies: Numismatics and Mr. Verberg's biggest hobby: VOLLEYBALL.

VINCENT, FRED W., Age 23 Flight D
Portland, Oregon, University of Oregon, Phi Gamma Delta, Motor Transportation Consolidated Freightways, hobbies: skiing, tennis, bridge, dancing, and traveling. Was working in Montana when the war broke out and hopes to return when the war is over. Believes there should be fewer guys like Ruppelt.

VOEHRINGER, PAUL W., Age 26 Flight D
Ballston Spa, N. Y., Regular Army, hobbies: sketching and playing the harmonica. Took up the study of Biology at Ryan.

WAINWRIGHT, LYLE R., Age 24 Flight D
Oak Harbor, Ohio, Civilian Air Reserve, Hardware business, Hobby: boating. "Curley" Wainwright they call him.

WEED, EDWARD R., Age 18 Flight D
San Bernardino, California, San Bernardino Valley Jr., College Order of DeMolay, hobby: model airplane building and flying. Our mascot.

WELLER, ROBERT B., Age 24 Flight D
Chicago, Illinois, De Paul, buyer of women's accessories. If a formation gets in my way, I'll make it.

WESTBROOK, MALCOLM R., Age 23 Flight D
Croswell, Michigan, Cleary Business College, two years in traffic office at Mueller Brass Co., three years service station attendant. Hobby: fishing and hunting, and giving his evening report to his wife just at the finish of mess. His ambition is to shoot down 196 Japs, cripple several more and then go back to Michigan and show the home-town folks those coveted wings. Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Westbrook who were married during Mac's training here at Ryan.

WESTON, ROBERT J., Age 21 Flight D
Hollywood, California, U.C.L.A., University of California, University of Oregon, Kappa Alpha, publicity writer, thespian at large, hobbies: ping pong, writing letters to a certain party in Oregon. Hopes that they make some pursuit jobs for guys with long legs by the time he gets his wings.

WHITE RICHARD N., Age 26 Flight D
Boise, Idaho, Whitman College, Beta Theta Pi, Gneral Motors Acceptance Corporation, Cashier of Glenns Ferry Bank, Ltd. hobbies: hunting, fishing, skiing, sports, and flying. Believes that the seat of a B-24 would just fit him.

WHITEHURST, RAY E., Age 26 Flight D
Flint, Michigan, Triple Diamond, Salesman for International Harvester Co. Trucks, hobbies: swimming and sports. Mr. Whitehurst sez: "Life begins at forty".

WILCOX, VERNON D., Age 27 Flight D
Bellingham, Washington, Brigham Young University, B. A., Blue Key, Theta Alpha Phi, Instructor of Commercial Subjects and Office Practice, hobby: dramatics, contributes his success to his black satin gym trunks and numerous rechecks.

WILLIAMS, CALVERT L., Age 20 Flight D
Escondido, California, University of California at Los Angeles, 20-30 club, Bookkeeper in bank. Mr. Williams is very good at doing Chandelles in his room.

WINTER, WILLIAM A., Age 26 Flight D
San Francisco, California, Cogswell, Santa Clara, Kappa Tau Sigma, Mantle Club, Y.M.I., Regular Army, surveying, drafting, laborer, concrete and steel Inspector, Estimator, hobbies: sports -- outdoor and indoor with emphasis on the U. S. Grant Hotel. Known as the smiling Irishman.

WITTMAN, JACK SO., Age 21 Flight D
Cleveland Heights, Ohio, one year of semi-pro baseball, two years of professional minor league baseball and three years theatrical business. Hobbies: sports. Mr. Wittman is a major league flyer.

WOLKOFF, EUGENE M., Age 24 Flight D
Decatur, Michigan, University of Chicago, West Michigan College of Education, Michigan State College, Alpha Tau Omega, Country Life Club., Regular Army, Farming, Grocery clerk, Salesman (Farm Produce), hobby: fishing. "You ain't kidding?!"

WOODIWISS, RALPH R., Age 25 Flight D
Fenton, Michigan, General Motors Institute, Y.M.C.A., Phi Sigma Phi, Abrasive Engineer foreman of tool cribs at AC Spark Plug Co., hobbies: golf, table tennis, baseball, and basketball. Mr. Woodiwiss states "If I can squeeze my fat chassis into a P-39 I shall be very contented.

4
666

NO, NO, MR. RUPPELT, 220 MILES AN HOUR IS TOO FAST FOR A SNAP ROLL!

WITH PRIDE TO THE POINT WE POINT

Gentlemen, it would be impossible to weigh in words our anticipation of your arrival. Frankly, to state we expected to be confronted by Ogres would be putting it mildly. We pictured, perhaps from a Green-Eyed Monster's standpoint, men of great stature and the thought of a smile on one of your faces never entered our heads.

It was both a thrill and a pleasant surprise to see you marching up from the Pilot room, and we began to realize you were human just like most of us. That first night a lot of us took the liberty of becoming better acquainted with you and by morning, we found ourselves wondering what endowed us with our original fears.

When we see you men on the street, dressed in your whites, we point with pride and explain to our dates that you are our companions, sharing equally with us the desire to conquer the blue.

Most of all, we of 42-J appreciated your helpfulness in answering our questions and the keen interest you have taken in our problems.

Some day in the future we hope we may again be together, perhaps dropping bombs over Tokyo and Berlin.

Editor

SAN DIEGO, A CITY

Though our visit to your town has been a short one, we will spend a lifetime remembering your hospitality. The Hotel Grant, Mission Beach, Balboa Park, the San Diego Club, and many of your other fine amusement centers have afforded us the acme of enjoyment.

We have been in your homes, dined at your tables, squired your daughters and talked with your sons. Each meeting has reflected friendliness and good-fellowship. Our towns make up the nation; we feel that yours represents it.

We, the Cadets of 42-J, thank you San Diego for helping us to be a part of you.

Editor

"FEMININE VIEWS ON 42 J"

May 8, 1942 – We advanced timidly down the "Little Club" stairs to be present at 42-J's debut. Masterfully taken over by a large, but not too formidable reception committee, we were exposed to the new flight which "carried on" from there -- shall we say, "Proficiently?"

After the usual formalities of who's who, where and why, with customary Air Corps accuracy our new chums got to the point, in a manner somewhat like this:

1. Long discussion on the wonders of flying.
2. Then, "Flying's like -- well, like driving. You do drive, don't you?"
3. We innocently reply, "Oh, yes — I have my own car!"
4. "And aren't you worried about tires?"
5. "Oh, no -- Papa just bought me five new ones!"
6. "Well -- are you worried about a date?"

And the fun was on!

In the course of events, we discovered it only took two cadets at most to make a session of "hanger flying". We learned, (with appropriate gestures,) just why chandelles, pylon eights, snap rolls, and all the rest. Those of us who were fortunate enough to attend that institution of higher learning up Mission Valley had ample demonstrations. Frankly, we ate it up! And discovered too, that enthusiasm is a wonderful thing, and that we far preferred said "hangar flying" to a conversation about the comparative methods of dye-casting or dog catching.

It was about that time that the position of "Chief" was again available; and for the first time in Ryan history we witnessed a spirited campaign. Competition, at the time of writing had narrowed to two candidates, Mr. Hatch and Mr. Vincent. May the "worst" man win!

Then, too, came the epoch-making "closed post" weekend, a revelation into the procedure of Ryan At War. The dodos, however, didn't seem to enjoy their detail later. That was the weekend we made the discovery that 42-J loves fresh air and sunshine on the upper ramp, consequently reducing those of us who stop by of a Sunday afternoon to a clammy state of embarrassment. Stock quotations which came from the informality of

("Feminine Views on 42 J" cont.)

closed post will long be remembered, such as Mr. Weston as Donald Duck; "Mr. Verberg warming up for Mr. Vincent"; and, Mr. White, did you ever find out when your date is going to be married?

In such entertaining company, eight weeks whipped by in no time at all, and 42 J is changing fields. It's been fun and we'll miss them. We do hope the old line will work as well in another post. Or do we?

Joan Janney
and
Betty Reed

"HATS OFF TO MR. WOLKOFF"

Can't something be done to relieve Mr. Wolkoff of all active duties on Mondays in order that he will have time to massage his right arm and shoulder? After all, anyone who attempts to salute all the non Coms he might meet on the streets of San Diego must be deserving of some special consideration. Could Mr. Wolkoff be polishing the apple for some future date when one of those men might be his top sergeant?

"IT'S REALLY SO SIMPLE"

"Serve in Silence", "Keep your Lip Zipped" and all the other wartime mottoes designed to combat loose talk mean something to Private Fatty Gonda, of Cochran Field, Georgia. The other day a visiting captain observed Private Gonda at work on an airplane motor. He walked up and questioned the soldier, asking him if he knew exactly what makes an airplane run. Private Gonda reckoned he did, so the captain asked him for an explanation. "You see this little cover, sir?" Private Gonda began. "Well, that is the gas tank cover. Now please follow me to the back of the engine, sir. See that hole there? That's the exhaust stack. And confidentially, sir, what goes on between those two holes is a military secret!"

Taken from,

"BEHIND THE HEADLINES IN OUR ARMY"

DO ~ DO'S

ED NOTE- (ALL THIS, OF COURSE, IS IN THE PAST. ANY RESEMBLANCE OF THIS DODO TO ANY OTHER DODO LIVING OR ROASTED IS PURELY ON. PURPOSE.)

TO YOU FROM A POINTER

We left our gray-walled citadel for Ryan School with just one purpose. That one purpose and privilege was to learn to fly.

With the advantage of flying under the best instructors, the attainment of our first aim now rests with our individual ability and application.

However, there is another lesson, approaching in importance of our primary aim, which we have learned in our stay here with you.

We have learned to know our future companions in arms, the future officers in the Air Force. Do you want to know what we think of you, you who have come in from civilian life to become officers in your country's air force?

First, we admire and even envy your enthusiasm for flying. We like your friendliness: We respect you as men: We like to think of fighting side by side with you.

This lesson of knowing our fellow officers is an invaluable asset in our training. We only hope that we have given you at least some small lesson in return.

So, God Speed, or as you say, "Happy Days" Misters, in basic and advanced. May we meet again with silver wings on our breasts and spread eagle on our caps.

Sincerely,
A Pointer Do Do.

L. A. Ivan - 42K

NECKS AND CHECKS

Oh! It's farewell to the upperclass,
As off to Basic they go.
And what happens to them there,
We'd surely like to know.

May they carry on the Spirit,
And make a swivel of their necks.
For that's the way, So I've been told,
They pass their Army Checks.

A/C Eugene B. Lucas - 42K

THE MEN WHO FLY

I want my wings as much as to live,
And for them some day, my life I'll give.
To soar in the clouds, a stick in my hand,
To fly forever and never to land.

God gave man wings to soar up high,
Showed him heavenly trails to fly,
He gave him the stars, the sun and wind,
To fly a course to his journeys end.

Each time I land I breathe a sigh,
I say a prayer for the men who fly.
Some ask no fame. Some want applause,
But all are flying for freedom's cause.

Avn/C Cal Hewes
42 K

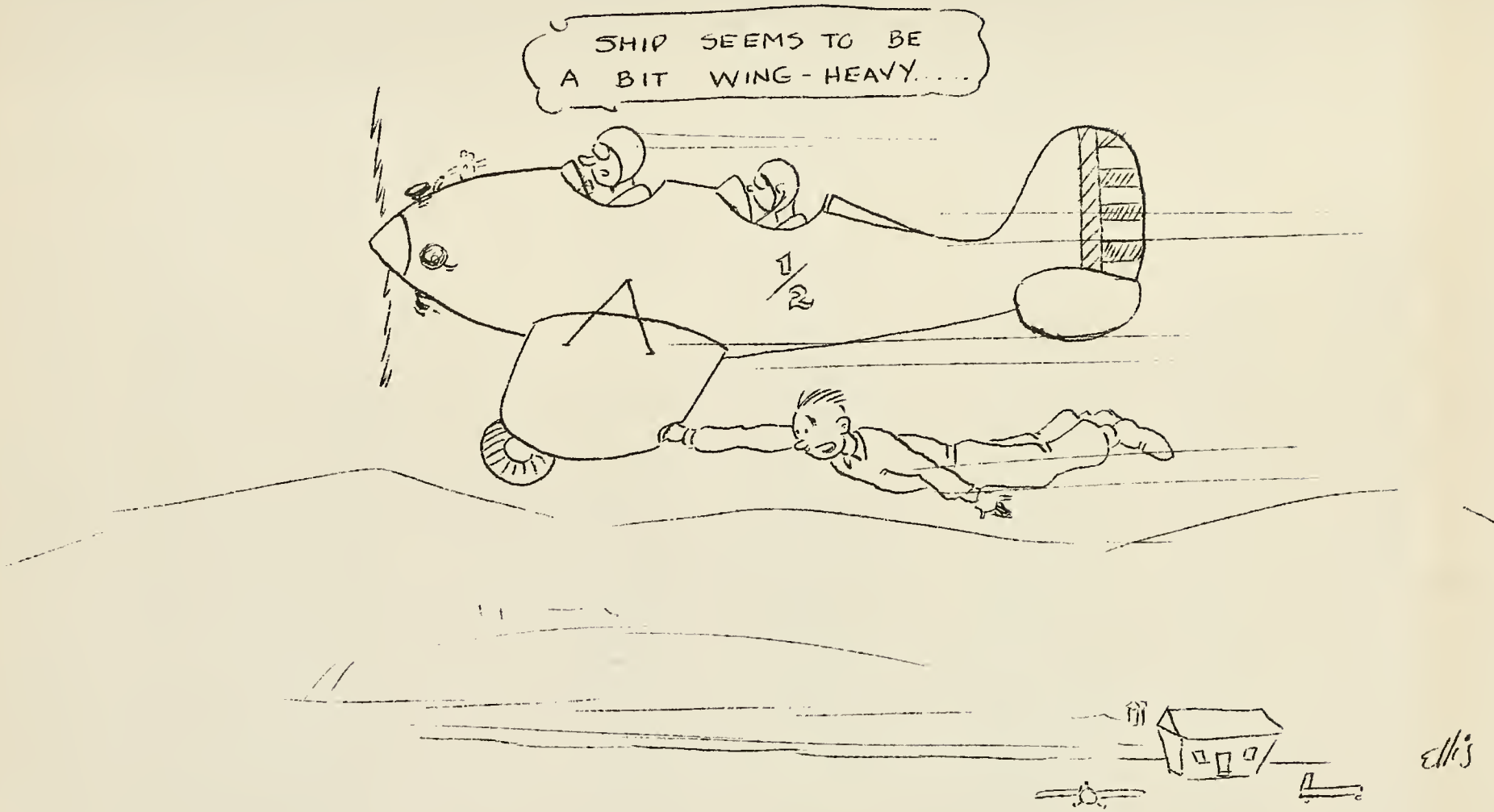
THE BOYS OF "42"

Guess you'll go down as the best
That ever fought a war,
Not for the love of fighting,
But loving what it's for.

Your fathers fought the last one,
And what a bloody fight!
They threw you a torch from Flanders,
To light you through the night.

So, remember the Spirit of "76",
Cause you've got a job to do
Your fathers gave it to Kaiser Bill,
But Adolph's up to you.

Avn/C E. G. Mc Cracken
42 K



THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DOUBT AS TO JUST
WHEN THE PLANES ARE TAXY ING....

OPTIMUM/CAVITATION/INDRAFT VELOCITY/ASPECT RATIO/STABILITY/RESULTANT FORCE/COMPONENT/

NEVER WHOOPS TO WINDWARD

(A Bit of Retched (correct) Advice to 43-A)

Gentlemen, it is a discouraging but true fact that a number of you are going to become mightly ill on that very first ride. Yes, even the best of you -- those with the lacquered linings -- are going to find that your stomachs are not air-minded.

Now there are a number of ways of regurgitating in an airplane. You can lean weakly over the side of the cockpit, bend forward toward the floor, sit as you are and let the chips fall where they may, or, as one ingenious fellow did, remove your helmet and use it for a receptacle. But all these, while they furnish immediate re 'ef, leave ugly evidence and require a cleaning job on the ground. There is only one ideal method and that, if you will pardon me, is mine.

First, when you feel that your stomach is climbing steeper than your airplane and approaching a stall, wiggle the stick as a signal to your instructor to look back. Then by proper coordination (and coordination is the essence of good flying), point off the starboard (or port) side, and as your bewildered instructor banks steeply to that side to see what's what, you heave ho overboard, clear and free.

After landing, insist you weren't the least bit sick; ist wanted to determine the proper banking angle. If you stick to your story you can't be accused of being airsick -- there's no evidence. Rid yourself of the corpus delecti. That's the trick.

Avn/C Lundberg, J. K.
42-K

TODAY AND TOMORROW

The first man in our class soloed today! His take-offs, perhaps, were a trifle irregular, his landings a shade rough. It was an awe inspiring sight, to see; an erstwhile groundling soar off on his first flight toward glory, and to watch the tense, but eager hopeful faces of his fellow Dodos as they watched in pregnant silence. Watched? Yes, for today, but not tomorrow. That first man has shown them that it can be done -- that they can do it. He has done more than solo for himself. He has given each of those men on the ground a little more confidence, a little extra desire; and tomorrow -- well, we'll have a lot of others wearing their goggles on their helmets instead of on the ground.

We've gotten under way. We'll be there --followed by more!

Avn/C Lilley, J. G.
42-K

FIGHTING MEN

Oh, war is grim and war is bold,
and many the tales they tell,
Of Picketts' charge at Gettysburg,
through flaming pits of hell.
Of Little Big Horn and Custers stand,
and wild the bugles blow
To the forlorn sweep of the Light Brigade,
and the men of the Alamo.

But when you write of fighting men,
to history's scroll add on--
How the naked Igorotes rode
the tanks at old Bataan.
Write not of dashing heroes,
spurred and booted cap-a-pie;
But of simple men, of heathen men,
men unafraid to die;
They did not seek an armored shield
to magnify their deeds,
But clamored up with warrior shouts
and rode their iron steeds;
There face to face they met the foe,
no quarter gave nor sought;
The only men that ever tamed
a rolling Juggernaut.

Aye, war is grim, and war is bold,
and heathen Gods are strange,
And Christian prophets ever strive
their ancient ways to change;
But when the roar of battle sounds,
all men find equal place,
For color is a pewter stamp
high courage knows no race.
So when you speak of mighty duds,
remember to add on--
How the naked Igorotes rode
the tanks at old Bataan.

Avn/C M. Lyle
Submitted by - Avn/C N.J. La Forest
42 K

FREE AS A BIRD!

The Dodo is a bird with wings,
But alas! He cannot fly.
He runs along the ground and flaps
His wings and vents a cry
Of rage to find that, tho he flaps
And flaps and flaps and cries,
He cannot soar above the ground,
No matter how he tries.

With patience of Prometheus bound
His instructor tells him o'er
And o'er mistakes he must correct,
If he would learn to soar.
At last the time comes when he must
In eight hours plus a nite,
Take it up and set it down
Alone, boy! What a sight!

Avn/C F. B. Mc Laughlin
42 K

FLYING!

NO, SON, I'M NOT A HOLDOVER - I'M STILL WAITING FOR KELLY TO BRING BACK MY LAUNDRY!
ellis

CONCLUSION

If in the time to come each of us can live and learn as much as we have lived and learned during these past brief eight weeks at Ryan, what a life it will be. Each day from the barracks to ground school, and hence to the flight line and return was so full of relationships and experiences which we feel will always be remembered and regarded as among our best.

The Windsock staff has all worked equally hard in an endeavor to fill our class organ from prop ro rudder with material for concrete recollection of the personality of Ryans' personnel and our classmates of 42-J. Miss Edwina (Eddie) Reichardt's work on this publication expresses the spirit we wish to personify.

Because of standards and policy some of the material which was so gratiously offered could not be used, nevertheless, it certainly was appreciated. The cooperation and spirit of all those who have contributed has been splendid.

It is the hope of all of us who have imparted our energies towards the creation of this book that we have accomplished our Basic endeavor. "To depict this transition (from Civilian to Cadet mode of living) and to show how many of them were made and the men who made them."

So, -- 42-J now says "So Long for A While" to their instructors, their San Diego gal friends, Ryan School of Aeronautics and a very special goodbye to the officers and men of this Air Force Detachment who have so successfully guided us.

42 J

Soderberg, Weston, and Vincent,

Collaberators

- END -

37 9.6

37 96

WINDSOCK

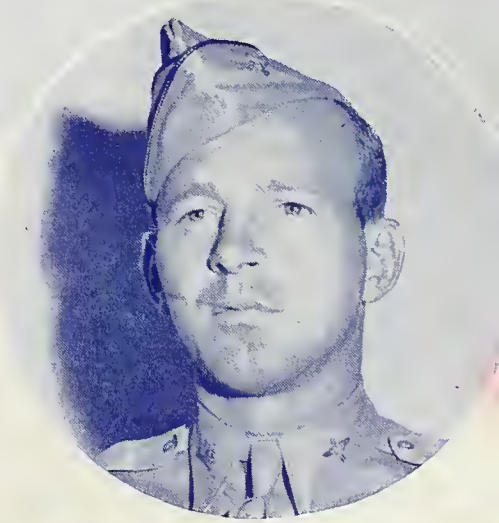
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCE

ALIS VOLAT PROPRIIS

TRAINING RYAN DETACHMENT

CLASS 42 • K

PUBLISHED BY THE AVIATION CADETS
AIR FORCE TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD • SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



A. F. RODEMEYER
Aviation Cadet Captain
Class 42-K

JULY • 1942

THE WINDSOCK

DEDICATION

To rambling conversations on the lawn in the lingering evenings of summer; to the sharp, clean bite of wind on a drifted hill....

To highballs and hot baths at the end of a working day, and the lovely luxury of aimless Sunday mornings; to papers over coffee cups and radios by firesides – honest news and Li'l Abner and Bob Hope for all; to the cheerful thunder of a baseball crowd and the angry harangue of the soap-box crank; to jokes about Scotsmen and Irishmen and Jews told on themselves to each other in friendship; to bank nite at the movies and cotton candy when the circus comes to town; to carefree, casual flights through unrestricted skies, and golf balls which, when lost, can be replaced, and tires for sale on every other block.....

To kisses stolen with impunity and the beautiful silent language of held hands; and to the brief but tender morning embrace of husbands leaving wives, and sons mothers – not for long.....

To these and all the million other petty wonders of freedom in peace, remembered with a fierce wistfulness, we dedicate this book. To the great wonders, the fundamentals, we can write no fitting dedication. The eloquence of your presence here can not be outdone.

THE EDITORS

Douglass M. Allen, Jr.

Editor

2nd Lieut. Alvin R. Holman

Advisor

Henry F. Grimm

Cartoonist

Miss Edwina Reichardt

Secretary

William P. Brierty

Photographic Editor

James T. Lyons

Associate Editor

Richard A. Houston

Associate Editor

FOREWARD

A windsock, as you well know, is a sleeve, open at both ends. If it is not inflated, it is formless; if it does not indicate the direction of the wind, it is useless.

Our prolific contributors have kindly inflated this particular WINDSOCK sufficiently to give it form. If it does not indicate the proper direction, does not recapture enough of the atmosphere and flavor of our life here that you may some day wish to bore your grandchildren with it, then we, the editors, are at fault. Should this be true, we hope you will be content with our sincere apologies. It will be difficult to get your money back.

IN MEMORIAM

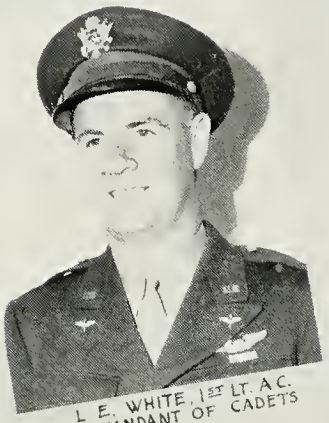
While this magazine has been in the process of compilation, a fundamental change has come to the Ryan Cadet Detachment. The Dodo, or Doodoo, as he was called with an affectionate sneer, has gone the way of the original dodo bird, the isolationist, the automobile tire. In uncertain health for several months, but apparently holding his own, he suffered the shocking, final relapse on Tuesday, July 7, at 18:20 p.m.

Looking at the blooming, young gentlemen of 43-A who rose, Phoenix-like, to replace him, we can not say that we have any fundamental regrets at his passing. Nevertheless, we shall miss him. He was a quaint bird - a unique, if not altogether fitting ornament to a serious war effort; a fine testimony to the American sense of humor.

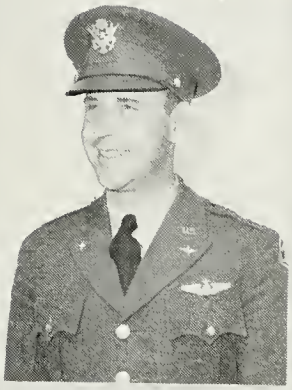
We are glad, therfore, that these pages contain a representative section of Doodoo memorabilia. We hope it serves to arouse pleasant memories in you, who have known the Doodoo, and due caution among underclassmen to come, who have not, but might once again should they step too far out of line.

The Doodoo is dead. Long live the G.I. gentlemen who replace him.

OFFICERS



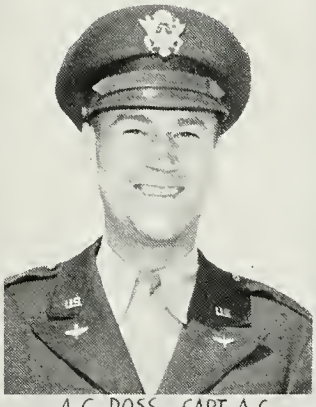
L. E. WHITE, 1ST LT. A.C.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS



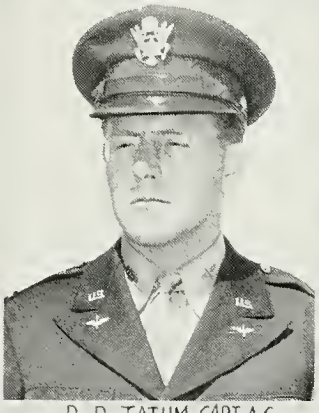
D. W. HAARMAN, MAJOR A.C.
COMMANDING OFFICER

E. R. BANE, 1ST LT. A.C.
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

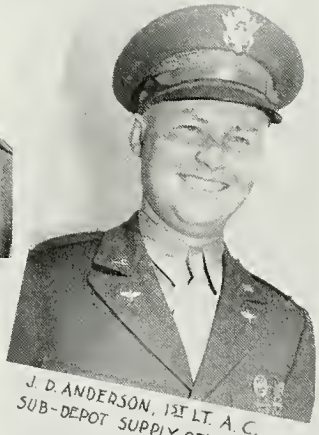
L. A. GARNER, 1ST LT. A.C.
OPERATIONS OFFICER



A. G. ROSS, CAPT. A.C.
ADJUTANT



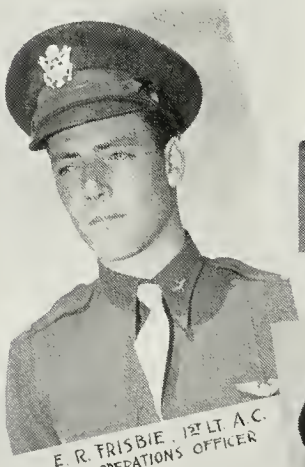
R. P. TATUM, CAPT. A.C.
PERSONNEL OFFICER



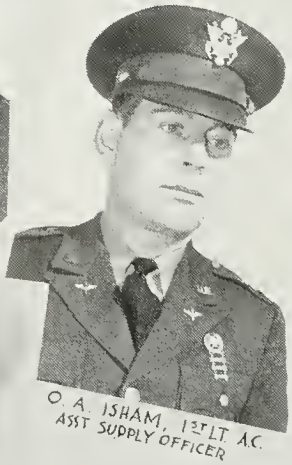
J. D. ANDERSON, 1ST LT. A.C.
SUB-DEPOT SUPPLY OFFICER

M. R. WILUCKI - CAPT. M.C.
FLIGHT SURGEON

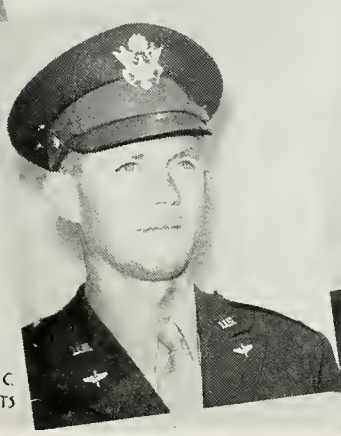
K. L. SIBECKER, 1ST LT. M.C.
ASST. SURGEON



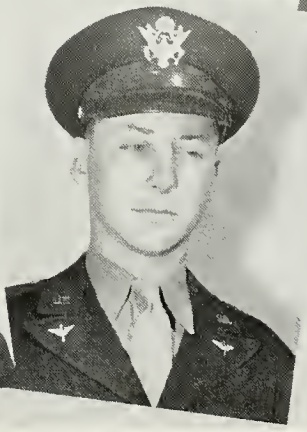
E. R. FRISBIE, 1ST LT. A.C.
ASST OPERATIONS OFFICER



O. A. ISHAM, 1ST LT. A.C.
ASST SUPPLY OFFICER



A. R. HOLMAN, 2ND LT. A.C.
ASST. COMMANDANT OF CADETS



J. F. WEAR, 1ST LT. A.C.
RECRUITING OFFICER

TO 42 - K

To Class 42-K, my heartiest congratulations upon splendid work and successful completion of the first phase of your training.

It is with pride that we note the achievements of former cadets of this detachment who have finished their training successfully and have made outstanding records for themselves in various phases of combat and non-combat duty. It will be with pride that we follow you through the completion of your training and performances of duty to which you may be assigned.

Enter into whatever type of training you may be placed with the realization that as you go into service you must be a better man than your enemy. Make every second count and realize that your efforts will be for your own good and for the principles to which we are pledged.

With this in mind, best of luck in your future training and careers to follow!

Donald W. Haarman,
MAJCR, AIR CORPS
Commanding

MEN OF 42-K:

Congratulations upon the successful completion of your primary stage.

It has been our purpose here to help you develop such qualities as initiative and fortitude which too often are under-rated in flying training.

Keep working hard and thinking out your work as you go. Remember that most of your training is self-training.

As you go forth to basic and advanced and then into tactical, you will become increasingly aware that yours is a serious trust. If you continue as you have started here, I feel certain you will not fail that trust.

Good luck to all of you!

Lewis E. White,
1st LIEUT. A. C.
COMMANDANT OF CADETS

CALM, COOL AND EFFICIENT

Three words that carry a tremendous meaning and mental image of something we are striving are: Calm-Cool-Efficient. Obviously we cannot be efficient if we are not cool and calm in the face of an emergency. Therefore, it behooves us to acquire those assets which will give us these desirable attributes. The importance of securing this goal cannot be over-emphasized as we are in the midst of a titanic struggle that we cannot afford to lose and which we will not lose if we meet each training as well as each tactical problem with clear, calm reasoning.

There is no reason why we cannot achieve our goal of efficiency since we are all endowed with certain natural characteristics which are common to the human race. The largest factor however, is to cultivate these natural traits and characteristics to such a degree that by sheer habit we react and respond in an efficient manner. How then is the best manner to cultivate this habit? Basically we must live in a manner which tends to put us in the best possible physical and mental condition. This is secured by adequate diet with moderate amount of exercise and sufficient sleep. The amount of exercise and sleep cannot be told in exact figures since individual differences preclude any possibility of standardization. Suffice to say, exercise should never be carried to the point of exhaustion or to a degree where one feels tired rather than refreshed at its conclusion. Likewise, the type of exercise taken should be one enjoyed and not one done as a daily chore.

Mental relaxation is as important as your technical schooling since no nervous system can be burned at its highest peak any more than an electric bulb can be burned brightly indefinitely. It is these periods of mental relaxation that allow the nervous system to recuperate.

The flier who, while in a theatre or at a dance continues to think or talk about planes, motors, or flying experiences that day or in the past is not relaxing. It does not matter that these experiences were happy ones, or that you enjoy flying or even that you recount these experiences as a matter of pride; all contribute to carrying your usual duties out beyond their normal scope. This in turn produces eventual fatigue which is detrimental to your nervous system and will prevent the calm, cool responses you must attempt to cultivate.

Likewise, your hobbies and sources of entertainment should be diametrically opposite to your duties commensurate, however, with your physical and mental characteristics and the limitation imposed by

(Calm, Cool and Efficient cont.)

environment.

By cultivating this type of living it becomes almost habit and when emergencies do arise we are able to meet them calmly with intelligent response rather than a blind, blundering reaction.

Melvin R. Wilucki,
CAPTAIN MEDICAL CORPS
FLIGHT SURGEON

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

Congratulations to you cadets who are graduating into Basic, and to the boys whose aptitudes lie in other fields - don't give up! Our Air Force needs many skilled bombardiers, navigators and ground officers. You, too, can do your part.

Speaking from personal experience, I can say it is and will continue to be a tough scrap. Let's win it, 42-K!

W. E. Murray,
1st LIEUTENANT
ARMY AIR FORCE

(Back on leave from action in the Pacific, Lt. Murray has flown his P-40 through the battles of Pearl Harbor and Bataan; has a Zero and a Mitsubishi 96 to his credit. Lt. Murray received his training at Randolph and Kelly Fields, was commissioned and entered pursuit flying in 1939.- Editor)

INSTRUCTORS

"O.K., it's all yours!"

"A" FLIGHT

"B" FLIGHT

WORDS OF WISDOM

You of Class 42-K have just completed your first stage of flight training. You have now built up a foundation of flying ability upon which all future training is based. A few words of wisdom relative to this new-founded ability can be best expressed by excerpt from the well-known text entitled "And Lo, He Was A Pilot, But Without Sense". (Remember the following are words of wisdom from which any of us can gain profitable thoughts.)

ITEM 1: For I have watched him on the ground; Lo, for an hour have I heard him tell of himself, till he thinketh he is the best pilot ever.

ITEM 2: Verily, men do foolish things, thoughtlessly, knowing not why, but an airplane doeth naught without reason.

ITEM 3: Let not thy familiarity with airplanes breed contempt, lest those become exceedingly careless at a time when just care is necessary to thy well being.

ITEM 4: Much more praiseworthy is he who can touch tail-skid and wheels to earth at one time, than he who loopeth and rolleth till some damsel stands in amazement at his daring.

ITEM 5: He who breaketh the undercarriage in a forced landing may in time be forgiven, but he who taxieth into another plane shall be despised forever.

ITEM 6: Beware of the man who taketh off without looking behind him; verily I say unto you, his days are numbered.

ITEM 7. A reproof entereth more into a pilot of sense than a hundred compliments to a fool.

ITEM 8: Better is a dancing partner with two left feet than he who laggeth behind a formation and keepeth not his appointed place, for the leader breedeth wild thoughts.

ITEM 9: As a plate of cold soup, yea even as a kiss from one's sister, so also is a flight without purpose or objective - it lacketh kick.

(Words of Wisdom - cont.)

ITEM 10: As a postage stamp which lacketh its glue, so are words of a caution to a fool. They stick not, going in one ear and out the other, for there is nothing between to stop them.

ITEM 11: Hear instruction and be wise and refuse it not; thus wilt those fly safely. Length of days, and long life, and peace shall be added to thee.

****

Class 42-K, please do not interpret Item 1 thru Item 11 as any reflection on any of you either individually or collectively. You have performed well while here. We are proud of you and we wish to express our sincere hope that you will continue to do a commendable job as you progress with your Air Force Training.

R. J. Kerlinger,
DIRECTOR OF FLYING

RELAXATION

One bright sunny afternoon (typical "B" Flight weather) when classes were over in high school, I joined some schoolmates in a little friendly competition in the form of high jumping. As usual, the bamboo pole was set higher and higher, and I was striving my utmost to exceed the highest setting my competitors were clearing, but, unfortunately, was hitting the pole in every attempt. Suddenly, I realized that every muscle in my body was tight from the time I started running until I made the final spring, and I decided to relax completely, exerting no effort until I reached the standards. This resulted in my clearing eight inches more, without a miss, and I was so amazed at the improvement that I'll never forget the incident.

If you prospective pilots can realize when you're getting tense while flying, and then if you can successfully refrain from exerting yourselves until exertion is warranted, your progress in basic and advanced training will be a thing of beauty.

("Relaxation" cont.)

My advice to you who are entering basic training is best expressed by two statements which I committed to memory during my elementary flight training.

"In order to obviate mechanical tendencies, you should keep in mind the attitude of the airplane in flight rather than the position of the controls".

"Your progress throughout the course will be directly in proportion to the degree of relaxation you attain, with alertness of mind".

G. Ben Johnson,
B FLIGHT COMMANDER

LOOKING NORTHWARD

I have been asked many questions pertaining to conditions in the Canadian Elementary Flight Schools; questions such as, "How much time of day is devoted to flight?" etc. I am glad to be able to give you at this time some idea of life as a flying cadet in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

First of all, upon enlistment cadets are sent to what is known as a Manning Depot where they are inducted into army life in general. While there, they fly the Link Trainer (visual) to get the feel of the controls. They also receive data on 'chutes, such as how they are opened and repacked. After eight weeks there they are posted to flight training at one of the many schools throughout Canada. Upon arrival, they are assigned quarters and receive their flight gear. They are very eager to fly, of course, and do so on the second day after arrival. The schools are contract schools as they are here, staffed with air force personnel consisting of the Chief Flight Instructor, his two assistants, instructors and ground crews. Each instructor has four students assigned to him for flight training and supervision during his stay on the station, two seniors and two juniors. Each student receives 60 hours total time including 5 hours instrument flying under the hood, plus 5 hours night flying. Requirements call for 10 hours dual prior to solo regardless of previous time. Instructors issue reports after 8 hours to Chief Flying Instructor, stating whether or not students can be soloed in 10 hours. If this is impossible, the instructor must relinquish the student to

("Looking Northward" cont.)

another instructor for 2 hours at which time this instructor informs the C. F. I. as to progress of student. If soloed at 10 hours, he remains with this instructor; if not, he gets the third instructor who is given 2 hours to solo him. Twelve hours is the maximum allowed, and if not soloed by that time, which is seldom the case, he is posted for an air force progress check with the Station Commanding Officer, which amounts to a washout as a pilot. Should that be the case, he is immediately sent to some other branch of the air force - Wireless Operator, Navigator, Observer, Gunner, etc. Each student receives about 5 hours air work consisting of straight and level, turns, stalls and spins, climb and glide. He is then returned to the pattern where he remains until that trip around alone, when God has control - remember? After solo, he remains for 3 hours on the pattern thumbing his nose at the instructor, who is watching from below, pulling his hair and reading his prayer book. All landings are from 90° approach onto runways, and woe be unto you if you drift off them in the approach. After this, students are given additional dual and solo in forced landings, spins, stalls, and steep turns. The time arrives now for the 20 hour check, consisting of the above maneuvers plus good judgment in all work performed, flying at all times safely. You now start flying in your shorts, as it is hot under the hood. You will understand what I mean very shortly at basic when you start chasing that needle, ball and airspeed. It's just like riding on the roller coaster, those first few periods. After thirty minutes of this, it's a pleasure to come out from under the hood and do some acrobatics. The final check, given at 50 hours, calls for precision in forced landings and a spell under the hood, consisting of turns to predetermined headings, blind spins, and recoveries from unusual positions.

The remainder of the course is spent on any deficiencies found in this check ride. Those posted to Single Engine Schools step right into a ship known in the states as the North American AT-6. If posted to Twin Engine School you may fly one of several types used, Avro Aunson, Lockheed, or Cessna, to name a few. All check rides are given by Air Force Officers and training may be discontinued at any time during course if they so order.

As this goes to press, you of 42-K will have completed your stay at Ryan School and are to be congratulated for your honest endeavor. In behalf of the entire flight staff, I wish you God speed in your quest of those silver wings.

L. C. Arnold,
CIVILIAN INSTRUCTOR

(Mr. Arnold is a former R.C.A.F., primary instructor. - Ed.)

Come to think of it, Sir,
it <u>did</u> feel kinda
sluggish!

DARE-DEVIL PILOTS

During your Primary Course here at Ryan, you may have felt that you were bound too much by rules and regulations - that if you could go out and "Cut Loose", you would really find out something about this flying business.

As you progress in your flying career, you will more clearly understand the wisdom of this close supervision. All of your instructors fully realize the first hours of your solo flying are very critical.

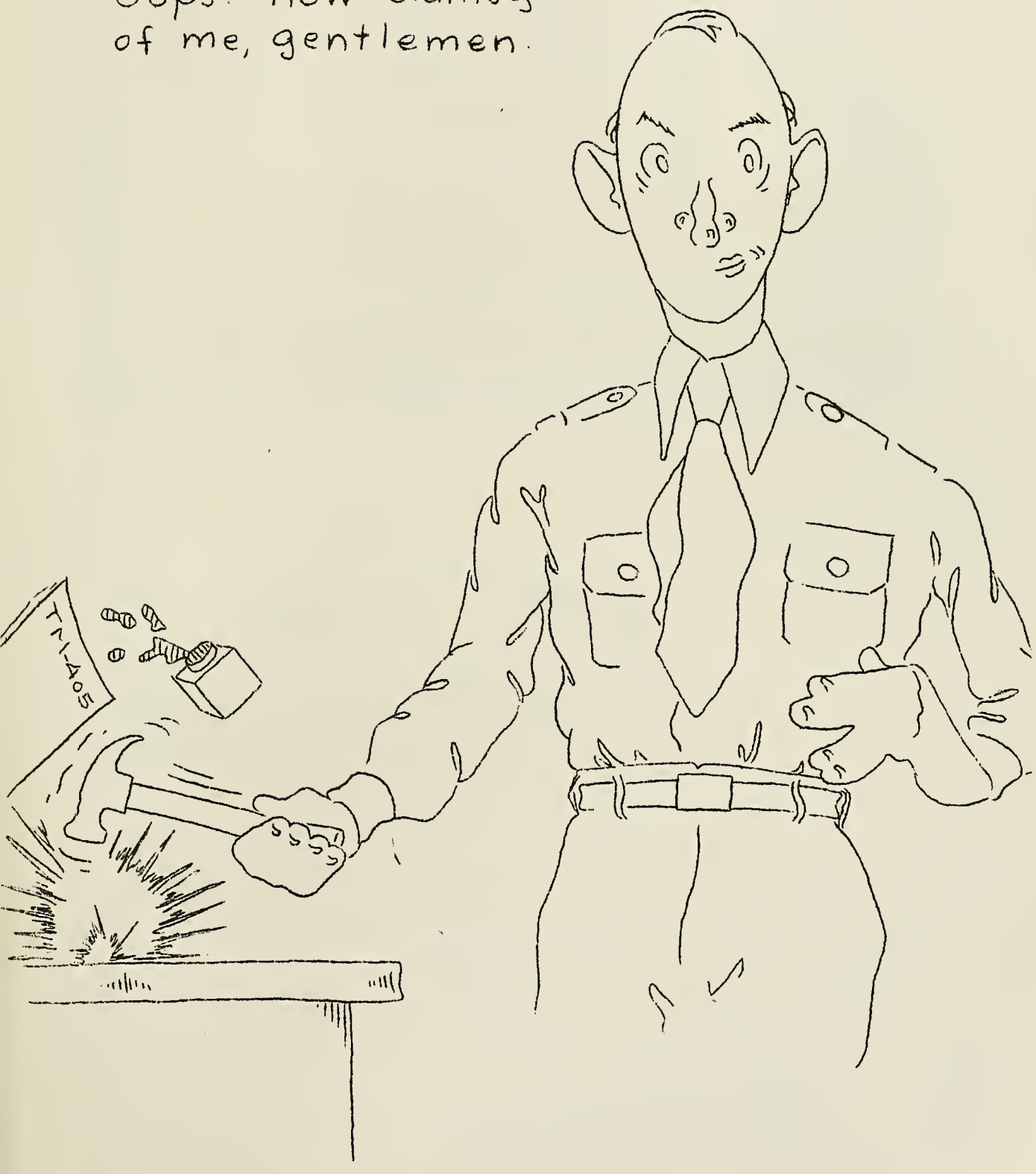
In the early days of commercial flying, when a student was "On his own" after the first solo flight, his instructor would commonly remark, "If he lives through the first 200 hours, he will make a good pilot". A large percentage never did reach the 200 hour mark.

Now, of course, it is a part of the instructor's responsibility to supervise the student's solo work and see that he gets through the critical period.

What the Army Air Force needs is not dare-devil pilots, but men who can be trained to a high degree of cool-headedness and who have the ability to call into instant action, all their knowledge and skill, when the emergency is greatest. Dare-devils rely too much on luck and nerve.

So, be patient when your day to "cut loose" comes, and you will have the technique and judgment to back it up.

P. A. Larson,
FLIGHT COMMANDER


Oops! How clumsy of me, gentlemen.
TNT-405

GROUND SCHOOL FACULTY

MR. GNAGY, MR. PYE
MR. THERRIEN, MR. HOFELLER
MR. MATSON, MR. ULM

GIBBS GROUND CREW

MISSION
GROUND CREW

PROGRESSION CHECK

Progression is an essential factor in all learning processes. This premise is unquestionably appropriate in the daily life of all aviation cadets. Each day appreciable progress must be made. There is no time for "retakes". Physical conditioning is a learning process, which, also, involves the factor of progression. For example, it would obviously be most unwise for a baseball coach to start his pitchers out in the spring with a nine inning ball-game. Such is the case in any type of conditioning program for the body.

To measure the progression of aviation cadets in the physical training program, a fairly reliable testing program has been set up. Statistics from this program show that few cadets fail to show a marked improvement in their scores. In a recent memorandum from headquarters at Santa Ana, two interesting cases were cited. Cadet "X" was a highly specialized athlete, having played two years of professional football. Cadet "Z" was more than average type, with a more or less limited background in physical activity. Both cadets were tested and retested simultaneoulsy while participating in an identical conditioning program. In a majority of the events in the testing program both cadets showed remarkable improvement. One may, therefore, conclude that proficiency is not necessarily a pre-requisite for marked improvement. Yes, even the "motor moron" can progress in the Air Force Physical Training Program.

In conclusion, progression is not guaranteed by mere participation. To gain full advantage of the physical training program, one must "put out" in each class, not just go through the motions.

Each of you must account for yourself. We hope we have given you the foundation that will enable you to do so.

Wm. G. Howsmon,
PHYSICAL DIRECTOR

121
645

APOLOGIES TO ROD W.

CADET OFFICERS

STAFF

Rodemeyer, Alfred F. – Battalion Commander
McLaughlin, Frank B. – Adjutant
Lutz, Burt W., Jr. – Sergeant Major

Company A

Hodgin, H. H., Captain

Henington, H. M., Lieutenant
Johnson, C. O., Lieutenant
Houston, R. A., First Sergeant

James, W. A., Platoon Sergeant
Hooper, M. L., Platoon Sergeant
Josephson, H., Supply Sergeant

Hoover, R. E., Corporal
Jones, F. W., Corporal
Hewes, C. H., Corporal
Israelson, E. P., Corporal
Jones, A. E., Corporal
Jarik, G. J., Corporal

Company B

Jones, W. D., Captain

Minogue, J. F., Lieutenant
McPeters, F. C., Lieutenant
Kinnard, R. B., First Sergeant

Lane, H. W., Platoon Sergeant
McCracken, E. G., Platoon Sergeant
Allen, D. M., Jr., Supply Sergeant

Mc Collum, H. S., Corporal
Lehne, H. L., Corporal
Lucas, E. B., Corporal
Kennedy, R. V., Corporal
Konkle, C. E., Corporal
Lyons, J. T., Corporal

Lt. Dowell
Lt. Lamb
Lt. Lanierre
Lt. Moran
Lt. Reyes
Lt. Smith
Lt. Weigel
J. E. Abbott
D. Allen
W. P. Brierty
O. W. English
R. Fischel
K. F. Brimm
R. L. Hancock
H. L. Pennington
W. E. Mansel
C. F. Reyes
F. H. Hodgin
L. L. Hollaway
M. L. Hooper
R. S. Hoover
R. A. Houston
L. L. Israelson
G. W. Ivan
W. A. James
G. J. Jarek
C. G. Johnson
F. W. Jones
L. J. Jones
W. D. Jones
M. Josephson
T. A. Joyce
J. A. Kennedy
R. J. Kennedy
E. L. Kenner
R. B. Kinnard

R.H.Koebcke

J.E. Konkle

J.W.Kotnour

L. L. Kurz

J.LaForest

A. Lahey

H.W. Line

L.H. Larson

J.Y. Lilley

C. Linton

J.K.Lundberg

J. Lutz

W.D. Lutz

J.T. Lyons

H.S.McCollu

E.G.McCracken

P.B.McLaughlin

W.McNeill

F.C.McPeters

J.J.Minogue

F.F.Meyer

A.T. Seith

F.E.Swank

T.Westbrook

R.C.Orphan

E.B. Lucas

J.R.Williams

BIOGRAPHIES

STUDENT OFFICERS

DOWELL, CHARLES W.
2nd Lieutenant, 'r Force. Commissioned in Cavalry; assigned to Air Force for duty.
Home: 4067 Monroe Street, San Diego.
School: Herbert Hoover High School and Ramona Union High School. San Diego State College (not long enough to do any good) Curtiss Wright Tec. School, Glendale, California.
Ambition: Fly the four-motored jobs;then can drop something more than a firecracker.
Commissioned: April 4, 1941in Cavalry, ordered to duty June 6, 1941.
Service: Enlisted March 3; 1937 to June, 1937. 3rd Coast Artillery, San Diego, June, 1937 to June, 1939, 11th Cavalry Monterey, Calif'rnia, June, 1939 to October, 1940, Air Corps, March Field California.

LADD, CHESTER REED
2nd Lieutenant, C.A.C.; 24, Flight B.
Home: 4681 50th Street, San Diego.
School: Herbert Hoover High School, San Diego, California and West Point Preparatory School, Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco.
Athletics: Wrestling, soccer, gymnastics.
Commissioned: May 29, 1942
Service: Private, E Battery, 6th C.A.C. from February 24, 1936 to July ' 1937, Private, Hq. Detachment (W.P.P.S.) from July 1, 1937 to June 2, 1938. All service at Ft. Scott, San Francisco, California. Entered U.S.M.A. July 1, 1938, graduated May 29, 1942. Commissioned in Coast Artillery with assignment to Air Corps.
Ambition: To get to Basic.

MANIERRE, CYRUS EDSON, Jr.
2nd Lieutenant, Cavalry; 21; Flight B.
Home: Lake Forest, Illinois.
School: The Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania; West Point.
Athletics: La Crosse, Boxing, soccer, track, re-mount training.
Commissioned: May 29, 1942 in Cavalry with assignment to Air Corps.
Service: Entered U.S.M.A. July 1, 1938; graduated May 29, 1942.
Ambition: Get wings, shoot Japs, learn to play polo.

MCRAN, JOHN R.
2nd Lieutenant, 22, Flight A
Home: New Hyde Park, New York.
Commissioned: May 29, 1942 to infantry.
Ambition: To get a schooner and go to the South Sea Islands. That's why he wants this war finished off quickly.

WEIGEL, ANDREW H.
2nd Lieutenant, Cavalry, 25; Flight B
Home: 20 Hoburg Place, Montclair, Jew Jersey
Schools: Monrovia Hi, Los Angeles Jr. Col., West Point Prep School, Fort Winfield Scott, California.
Athletics: Track, fencing.
Commissioned May 29, 1942 in Cavalry with assignment to Air Corps.
Service: Entered U.S.M.A. July 1, 1938, graduated May 29, 1942.

ABBOT, J. E. Age 22 Flight A
Homeport - Spring Valley, California. San Diego State College, United States Military Academy Class of '44. Served in Coast Artillery two years. Sports.- Jack's idea of paradise: P-39C's by day and pretty size 14's by night!

ALLEN, D. M., Jr. Age 24 Flight B
Homeport - Cincinnati, Ohio. Yale. Crew at Yale. Worked as newspaper reporter in Cincinnati. "Doug" was editor of the "Windsock" and is ambitious to find out if B.T.'s float as well as P.T.'s.

BRIERTY, W. P. Age 20 Flight A
Homeport - Boone, Iowa. Boone Hi. Wentworth M.A., United States Military Academy, Class '[illegible]rr. Track man. Hobby is models - animate and inanimate.

DIXON, A. C. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Salt Lake City, Utah. University of Utah. U.S.M.A. class of '44. Would like to navigate a B-24 to Salt Lake City.

ENGLISH, O. R. Age 20 Flight A
Homeport - Pueblo, Colorado. Colorado School of Mines. U.S.M.A. class of '44. Likes sports. "Bitter Ollie's" ambition is to find a plane built to the size where his pillow isn't necessary.

FISHEL, R. R. Age 24 Flight A
Homeport - Denver, Colorado. U.S.M.A., class of '43. Rocky Mts. Wrestling champ. Led cheer section at the "Point". "Mighty Mite's" ambition is to get a tan to go with the body.

GRIMM, H. F. Age 20 Flight A
Homeport - Fort Monroe, Virginia. Virginia Polytechnic Inst. U.S.M.A. class of '43. Soccer. Cartooner for the "Windsock". Pete's ambition is to develop a plane with a new type of landing gear giving threefold "prop" clearance. (Known here as "Half Prop Hank".

HANCOCK, R. M. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Terra [illegible]ute, Indiana. Wabash College. U.S.M.A. class of '44. Hobbies: poetry and D-oids. "Oh, yes, another day in which to excell."

HENINGTON, H. M. Age 20 Flight A
Homeport - Houston, Texas. University of Texas, University of Houston, Trackman. Worked as ass't. metallurgist. His hobby is that of horses and flying. Plans to raise planes and horses in Texas.

HENSEL, W. E. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Buffalo, New York. U. .M.A., class of '44. Liked track, hocky, and cross-country. Wild Bill leaves San Diego badly in need of sleep.

HEWES, C. H. Age 19 Flight A
Homeport - Cottonwood, Kansas. Cottonwood Hi. Horse, hunting, swimming, and golf. Twenty months infantry service. Cal used to work as a jockey. His ambition is to ride one to win for Uncle Sam.

. CDGIN, H. H. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Fort Collins, Colorado. Montana School of Mines. Four months Signal Corps service.

HOLLOWAY, L. L., Jr. Age 20 Flight A
Homeport - Ada, Oklahoma. Ada High. Football and boxing. Served fifteen months Air Corps Service. Worked as a butcher. Likes radio and sports for recreation. He wants to get Texans to admit that Oklahoma is the best state.

HOOPER, M. L. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Houston, Texas. La Porte Hi. Audited for Internat'l Harvester. "Win the war for Texas" is his ambition.

HOOPES, W. [illegible] Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Houston, Texas. University of Houston. Typewriter salesman. Liked model planes and sail-boating. Wants to set his bombsight on a Jap Transport.

HOOVER, R. E. Age 23 Flight A
Homeport - Harper, Kansas. Lodi Hi. Served one year infantry-three and a half months Air Corps. Worked as a plumber. Wants to go into pro-ball when the work at hand is done.

HOUSTON, R. A. Age 23 Flight A
Homeport - Houston, Texas. San Antonio Vocational and Tech. School. Clerk, Traffic Dept. R. R. likes to swim, play tennis, and ride. Wants to be a missionary (militant) from Texas to Tokyo.

ISRAELSON, E. P. Age 27 Flight A
Homeport - Hillman, Minnesota. Little Falls Hi. Loves to hunt. He wants to be bombardier on a B-24.

IVAN, G. A. Age 23 Flight A
Homeport - Bridgeport, Connecticut. Penn State. Served in Field Artillery. U.S.M.A. class of '44. "Gabby", the only man who can strafe a truck column and do figure S's across a road at the same time.

JAMES, W. A. Age 25 Flight A
Homeport - Godley, Texas. Godley Hi. Wrorked for Greyhound Bus Lines. Served one year Air Corps. Wants to put Hitler on a one-way ticket, down.

JARIK, G. J. Age 22 Flight A
Homeport - Chicago, Illinois. Herzl J. C. Worked as a shipping clerk. Let's go back to Texas - home of the coyotes and beautiful wimmen.

JOHNSON, C. O. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Ada, Minnesota. Moorhead State Teachers. Played football. Served two years in Field Artillery. Wants to be a good flyer and a raunch shavetail.

JONES, L. B. Age 23 Flight B
Homeport - Lubbock, Texas. Texas Tec. College. Has worked as auto mechanics and display, engineer. He hopes to be among the best manipulators of the bombsight.

JONES, W. D. Age 25 Flight B
Homeport - Sweetwater, Texas. Sweetwater Hi. Worked as an auto-truck salesman. Willie has the record of having a baby daughter while at Ryan. His ambition is to get over his raunchy ways so he can be a good influence on her when he gets home.

JOSEPHSON, H. Age 23 Flight A
Homeport - Detroit, Michigan. Wayne U. Herb's ambition is to fly the way he drives a car - look out Nippy.

JOYCE, T. A. Age 22 Flight A
Homeport - Kokomo, Indiana. Kokomo Hi. Tommy was a sports addict. He now is going to train in ground school armament, fixing the guns to win the war.

KENNEDY, J. A. Age 21 Flight B
Homeport - Chicago, Illinois. Little Joe gave 'em the works at Loyala U., Chicago. Worked as a bank clerk. He's trimmed to the size of a P-39C and is goin' to fly them.

KENNEDY, R. V. Age 24 Flight B
Homeport - Soldier, Kansas. Holton Hi. Spent nine summers with Kansas National Guard and one year Federal service. Farmed. Ambition is to keep the Japs from tickling him.

KENNER, E. L. Age 24 Flight B
Homeport - Santa Fe, New Mexico. Trinidad Hi and got his feet off the ground, first, working as a telephone lineman. Still is a lineman and approaches girls and Gibbs with a professional eye.

KINNARD, R. B. Age 25 Flight B
Homeport - Pendelton, Indiana. General Motors Inst. Tech. Played ball and worked as a heating engineer. He wants to establish a new heating system for Tokyo.

KOEBCKE, R. E. Age 22 Flight B
Homeport - Francesville, Indiana. Francesville Hi. Worked as a farmer. Hobbies: hunting and fishing and the new one - dropping bombs.

KONTLE, C. E. Age 21 Flight B
Homeport - Amarillo, Texas. Amarillo Hi. Worked in Motor Supply. Ambition is to navigate to Texas and shop for diamond rings.

KOTNOUR, J. W. Age 24 Flight B
Homeport - La Crosse, Wisconsin. La Crosse Central Hi. Worked as blacksmith at Allis Chalmers. Little Joe's ambition is to figure out which end to saw off so he can fit in a P-39c.

KURZ, R. L. Age 22 Flight B
Homeport - Clawson, Michigan. Clawson Hi and Henry Ford Trade School. Three years service in Navy. Ambition to get a furlough to show off his uniform to the girls after eliminating the Jap Air Force.

LA FOREST, N. J. Age 25 Flight B
Homeport - Wayne, Michigan. Wayne Hi. Worked as parachute rigger, served six years in the Navy. Ambition: to not be the best, but the most careful navigator in the Air Force.

LAHEY, W. A. Age 26 Flight B
Homeport - Chicago, Illinois. Austin Hi. Played ball for the American Legion Baseball team. Bill is now going to be the best bombardier in the "Big" class.

LANE, H. W. Age 25 Flight B
Homeport - Los Angeles, California. Boone Hi. Worked at North American Aircraft. Served four years Navy. Puts his bid in for one of those "hot" P-51's and any blondes.

LARSON, R. A. Age 22 Flight B
Concordia Kansas. Concordia State Teacher's College. Football and worked as a tree surgeon. Wants to fly where the women won't chase him.

LAWRENCE, M. L. Age 20 Flight B
Homeport - Los Angeles, California. Art Center School. Manming worked three years as a free lance photographer and advertising consultant. He hopes to take a picture of the hole where Japan was from forty thousand feet in altitude.

LEHNE, H. L. Age 19 Flight B
Homeport - Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Glenbard Hi. Played baseball, football, basketball, and track. Hans is going to navigate many a plane for U. S.

LILLEY, J. Y. Age 20 Flight B
Phoenix, Arizona. Phoenix J. C. Golf. Says this boy from the Valley of the Sun wants to navigate back there after he eliminates the "Rising Sun".

LINTON, W. C.,Jr. Age 22 Flight A
Homeport - San Pedro, California. Serve one year in infantry. U.S.M.A. class of '44. A soldier at heart, Bill will shoot down his zeros from the ground.

LUCAS, E. B. Age 25 Flight B
Kansas City, Missouri. Osawatomie Hi. Worked as refrigeration engineer. One year service in 52nd Pursuit Group Selfridge Field, Michigan. Ambition: develop a canopy for a PT-22 to prevent sunburned noses, and then to fly P-38's.

LUNDBERGH,J. K. Age 23 Flight B
Homeport - Val Verde, Woods Cross, Utah. University of Utah. Served eight months as cadreman in Army of U. S. Insurance adjuster is his line. Johnny plans to use his Dalton Mark VII a lot and soon.

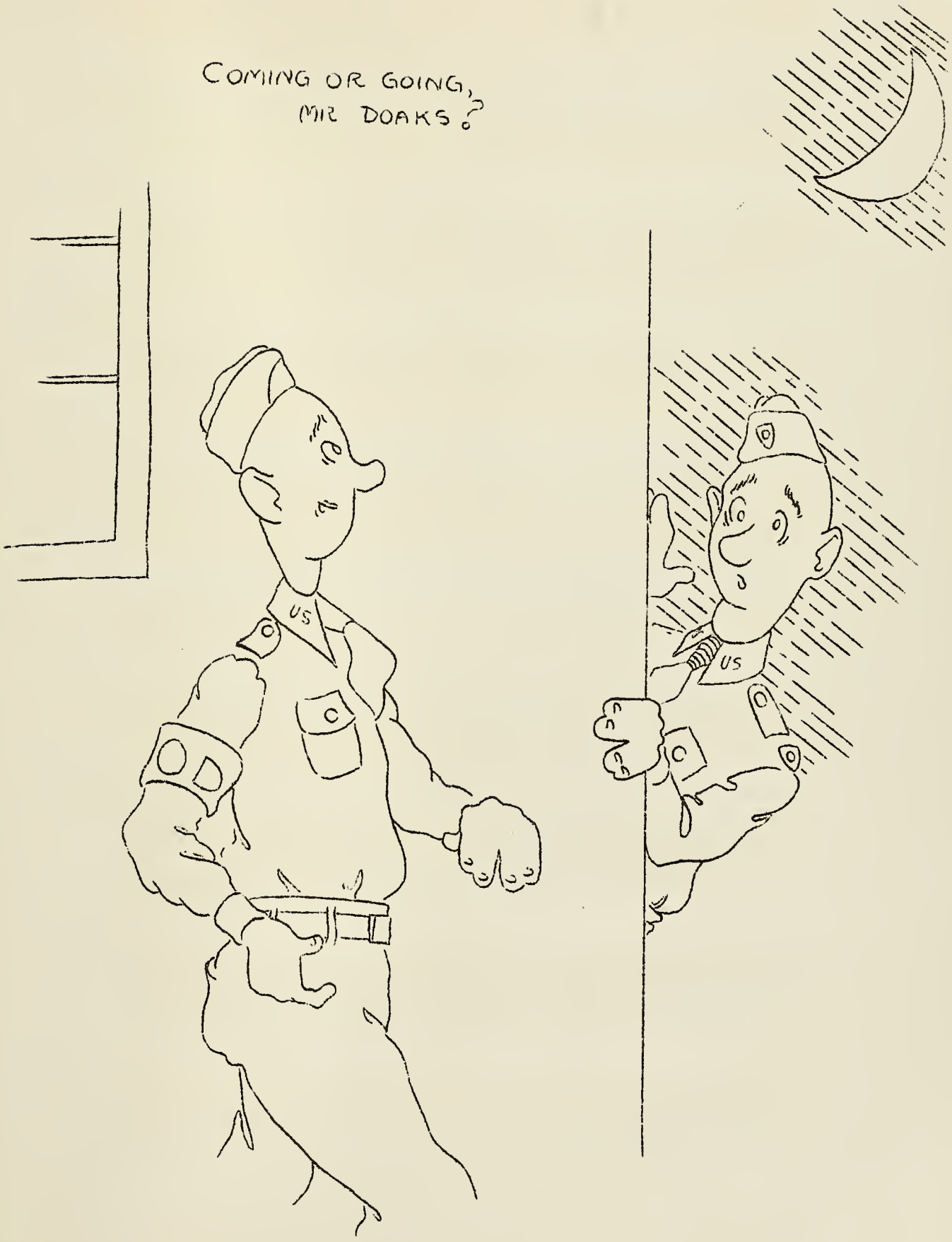
LUTZ, B. W., Jr. Age 20 Flight B
Homeport - Houston, Texas. Texas A and M. Burt's ambition is to fly first, gig second, and eat third.

LUTZ, W. D. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - Miami, Florida. Two years service, U. S. Army. U.S.M.A. class of '44. "I hope Garcia slips up on carrying the word through, this time," Bill says.

LYONS, J. T. Age 27 Flight B
Homeport - Bakersfield, California. Santa Barbara State College, Claremont colleges. Hunted the open air as a mountain-climbing school teacher. Used to go up mountains but now tries to come down on them.

MAC VEIGH, C. S. Age 23 Flight A
Homeport - Wheaton, Illinois. Armour Institute of Tech. U.S.M.A. class of '43. Likes music and cross country running. His ambition is to be an officer and a leader.

MC CONNUM, H. S. Jr. Age 21 Flight B
Homeport - Tyler, Texas. Baylor U. Eighteen months service in cavalry. Ambition is to fly something besides herd bound P.T. 22's.


COMING OR GOING, MR DOAKS?
US
US

MC CRACKEN, E. G. Age 22 Flight B
Homeport - Ashland, Ohio. Ashland Hi. Worked at Western Electric Company. Wants to make Army flying a permanent career-but long.

MC LAUGHLIN, F. B. Age 26 Flight B
Homeport - Syracuse, N. Y. Syracuse U. Taught Finance at Syracuse U. Served one year with infantry. Wants to fly a P-39c next to giving his wife a snap roll in a Ryan.

MC NEILL, W. M. Age 22 Flight B
Homeport - Monticello, Iowa. Monticello Hi. Worked for a year at Douglas Aircraft. Hopes to display the bomb load of one of the Douglas' Ships to Hitler.

MC PETERS, F. C. Age 27 Flight B
Homeport - Hobbs, New Mexico. Worked as store manager for Firestone Co. Have a plattoon to listen to his pep talks at attention, and incidentally get the war over with quickly.

MINOQUE, J. F. Age 23 Flight B
Homeport - Anaheim, California. Anaheim J. C. Served eight months in Army before becoming a cadet. Worked as a lineman for a telephone company. His idea of joy is to snap roll an A-20A.

ORPHAN, R. C. Age 20 Flight A
Homeport - Pueblo, Colorado. Colorado U. U.S.M.A. class of '44. Likes to draw, collect stamps, and take pictures. He wants to take a picture of the desert of Germany.

RODEMEYER, A. F. Age 26 Flight B
Homeport - Escondido, California. Escondido Hi. Played baseball on the Army teams. Served four years Cavalry, one year Field Artillery, one year reception center. Al was battallion commander of the last detachment at San Diego. His ambition is to shine those silver wings.

ROOS, W. F. Age 22 Flight A
Homeport - Salt Lake City, Utah. University of Utah. U.S.M.A. class of '44. His hobbies are model airplanes and pigeons. He wants to develop a new breed of pigeons, having the maneuverability of a P.T.-22 and the size of a B-24.

SEITH, L. T. Age 21 Flight A
Homeport - San Diego, California. U.S.M.A. class of '43. Plays end for Army. Hobbies are music, riding, and holding hands. Ted's ambition is to retract to pursuit size.

SUSANK, E. J. Age 22 Flight A

Homeport – Hoisington, Kansas. St. Joseph's college, St. Benedict's college. U.S.M.A. class of '44. Hobby: rifle marksmanship, ambition – to be able to tell the difference between sunburn and lipstick, at the first glance in the mirror.

WESTBROOK, M. T. Age 23 Flight A

Homeport – La Mesa, California. San Diego State. One year U. S. Army. U.S.M.A. class of '43. While at Ryan, Bill designed a new fool-proof compass. You tie the compass card to the North Pole with a piece of string and —.

WILLIAMS, J. R. Age 24 Flight B

Homeport – Oakland, California. Hinsdale Hi, Illinois. Y.M.C.A. and worked as an electrical apprentice. Hopes to lay a return course from Tokyo to Honolulu.

THE ERSTWHILE DODO

A dodo is a funny bird;
His habits are so queer.
He taxis with his flaps down,
And never looks to rear.

He comes in for a landing,
His downwind leg is wrong;
The instructor raises lots of hell
'Cause the approach is much too long.

His power stalls are one wing low;
His banks are much too steep.
He stalls her in at thirty feet,
And wishes for a jeep.

The weather is unusual -
It usually is, and how!
His ceiling is two hundred feet.
"Look out! Just missed a cow!"

To sum the whole darn matter up,
He's sure a funny jerk.
His life is one long, tedious grind -
For all he does is work.

Avn/C P. J. Kelly
43-A

43-A'S TRYING DAYS

Before the sun has begun to break,
A dodo has to be awake.
He hears a shrill "You're on the line!"
While shivers spiral up his spine.

He knows it won't be long before
He'll have to start his day of chore.
His too brief night of peace and rest
Has been disturbed by some darn pest.

If on the line he starts to sway,
He gets a gig from 42-K.
It's: "Chin in. Tie straight.
Button those flaps,"
Until he wishes they'd shut their yaps.

But we, the boys of 43-A,
Know it was just clean fun,
And hope that all together some day
We'll get a Jap or a brace of Hun.

Avn/C J. Thomas
43-A

BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP
or
"Oh, No You Don't!"

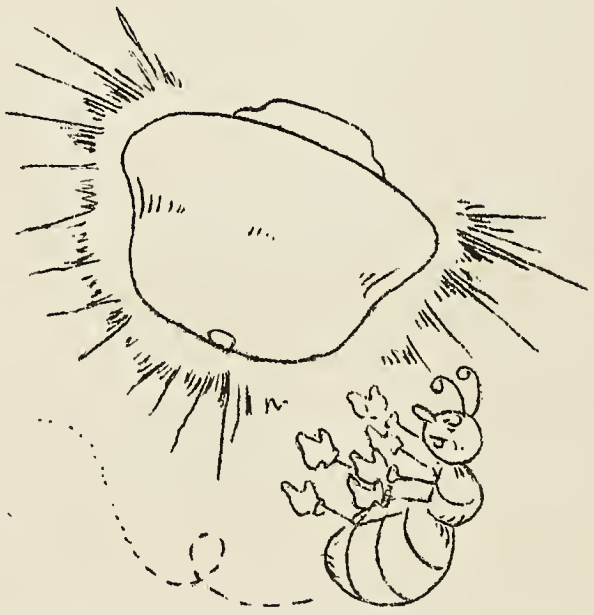
First Day at Ryan:

The newcomer walks into the Rec. Hall and exclaims rapturously: "Boy, look at this! Books, a radio victrola, cokes, telephones - everything!" Then he enters his room. It's luxurious! Fancy ash trays; a top light; a bathtub; big dresser drawers; roomy closets; even beds - beds that are wide and long and have inner-spring mattresses! From Santa Ana straight to heaven - he thinks.

Second Day at Ryan:

The Rec. Hall, he discovers, is not for him until he has soloed. The fancy ash trays must not be used - too hard to clean for inspection. That goes for the bathtub, double! The top light attracts bugs and should never be lighted; and big drawers and closet may hold only prescribed articles (one shirt and flight cap alone in the roomy vastness of Number Three drawer, like mice in Grant's Tomb.) But the bed..... surely it will live up to its promose. Well, the only thing is he must sleep on top of the covers so as not to muss them. In the regulation time in the regulation way only a parachute rigger could remake it.

Avn/C S. B. Hooton
43-A



Hot darn! They left it lit again.

SUPPRESS THAT DESIRE!.

Dodo, are you happy?
Dodo, are you gay?
Wipe that smile off, Dodo!
Bend your knees and pray!

Jehovah, oh Jehovah!
May I never smile again;
May I bow my head in misery
'Til I reach my private den.

Then - Cuss man! Swear man!
Tear your hair and rant, man!
Right hook! Left hook!
Paste that upper classman!

Oh, sing a song of vengeance!
Sing a song of hate!
You'd tear his bloody tongue out,
Were you only out the gate.

But - quiet now, hush now;
You'll only get a gig now.
Yes - quiet now, silence now;
You're acting much too big now.

Better wait until that day when
It's yours to do and say when.
Then - never spare the rod,
For truth an upperclassman's god.

Avn/C L. A. Hart
43-A

THE DANGERS OF FLYING

Oh, Basketball! Oh, Basketball!
I used to like you best of all.
But that, of course, was long before
I joined the Army flying corps.

Then they sent me here to Ryan
To try to teach me Army flyin'-
Broken arms on every fall -
Oh, basketball! Oh, basketball!

Avn/C's J. L. Czach and
J. A. Cunningham

DODO DIDACTICS

We've learned in a week at Ryan
Something that's very queer:
To fly a plane, my friends, is not
So easy as it would appear.

Avn/C R. L. Barnes
43-A

Editor, "Windsock"
Air Force Training Detachment
Lindbergh Field
San Diego, California

Dear Sir:

With the graduation of Class 42-K and the transfer of our San Diego activities to Tucson, Arizona, the final curtain will be rung down at Lindbergh Field on a three-year performance of flight instruction which the Ryan School of Aeronautics was privileged to begin at this airport for the U. S. Army July 1, 1939.

The selection of the Ryan School as one of the original nine contractors to institute this unique plan of cadet flight instruction for the Army gave to Ryan officials and personnel a mingled feeling of pride and responsibility. The splendid record established by the cadet graduates who have received their instruction under our direction speaks for itself. We are proud of the Army students who have been sent to us for training. In transferring these activities to larger quarters at Tucson, we want to assure the officers of the U. S. Army Air Force as well as the students of Class 43-A and others who will receive their training at our new location that the same spirit of cooperation from the entire Ryan organization and the determination to strive to give the best training possible will be our dominant policy.

On behalf of Claude Ryan, the guiding genius of the organizations which bear his name, we wish to pay tribute to the loyalty of our employees who have performed their duties so faithfully; to the Army students who have received their training with us: and to the officers who have been assigned to us for the supervision of this instruction and who have, without exception, been cooperative and understanding in our mutual problems.

The past three years have been crowded with busy, interesting and happy days in San Diego. It is not without regret that we make the transfer from our long established quarters at Lindbergh Field. However, with the experience that we have gained and the splendid cooperation that has been shown by all Ryan employees and Army personnel, we feel sure that the continuance of our program at Tucson and Hemet will represent a forward step in the part that the Ryan School of Aeronautics is privileged to play in this important phase of Army training.

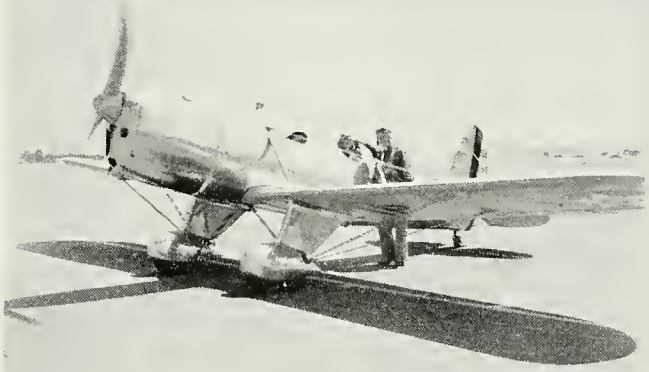
Sincerely,

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

Earl D. Prudden
Vice President

51 74

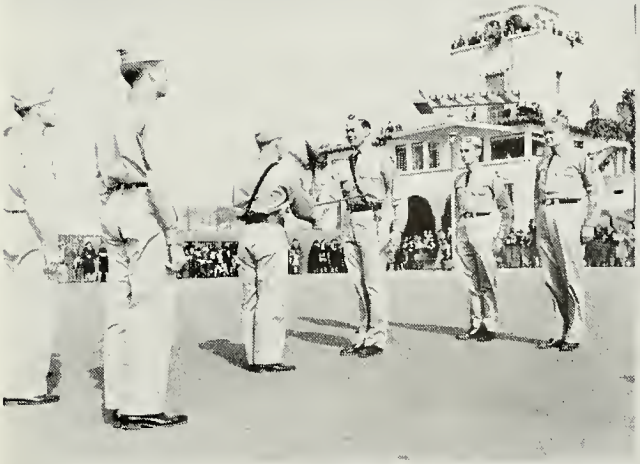
42-K LOOKS BACK



AN INSTRUCTOR TURNS IT OVER TO THE FIRST SOLO STUDENT IN CLASS 40-A

THE FIRST CLASS OF RYAN CADETS ON THE FLIGHT LINE AND THE P.T.-16'S THEY FLEW

RETREAT



PEACETIME CROWDS WATCH THE GRADUATION OF CLASS 40-A, THE FIRST CLASS THROUGH RYAN

CAPT. TRAVIS HOOVER, CLASS 40-B, WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE RECENT RAID ON TOKYO.

51 74

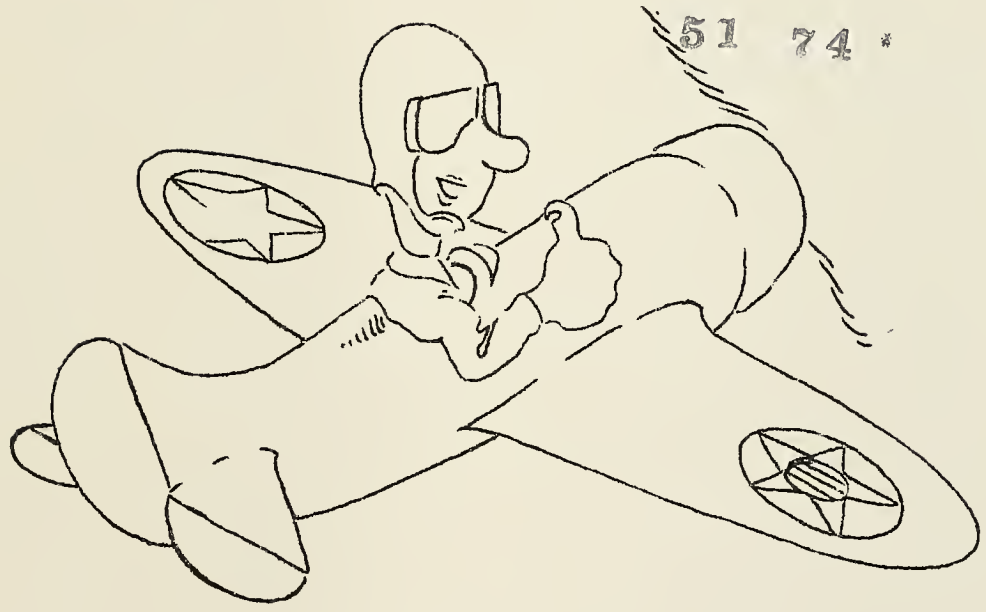
CONCLUSION

This issue of the Windsock brings to a close a certain period of history of the Ryan organization. They are celebrating two decades of development of the industry started by T. Claude Ryan with an old, dilapidated Army Jenny and a pint-sized airport near the waterfront twenty years ago. Since that September in 1922, when Mr. Ryan first started this business it has grown steadily. It inaugurated the first year around scheduled passenger airline in the United States. The original series of Ryan planes provided the basic design for Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis". Ryan was early recognized by his business contemporaries. His organization built the M-1, a high wing monoplane designed for mail service. It was able to carry a load twice as great as that of the plane then used by the Post Office Department. Ryan was a pioneer of the early cabin planes. His M-1 was followed by the M-2 and the Bluebird, forerunners of the early series of Ryan cabin monoplanes.

His was no small part in the physical development of the industry, but equally important is the part he has played in our nation's defense program—that part with which we, as cadets, are concerned. In July, 1939, Ryan was chosen one of the nine Government-approved commercial flying schools. The Ryan institution was one of the first in the country to receive the highest ratings of the Department of Commerce, ratings consistently held until the outburst of war which necessitated concentration of all school activities on military training. Starting with the first class of 35 cadets at Lindbergh Field, Ryan has set the pace for other schools throughout the country. Its record is unequaled and its graduates have told the story of its type of training. Four of its most outstanding students are Capt. Travis Hoover, Lucian Youngblood, Rodney R. Wilder, and Kenneth E. Reddy, all of whom participated in the recent raid on Tokyo. They were among the first classes to graduate. Now, almost three years later, Class 42-K, upon its graduation will bring to a close the training of cadets at this station to follow in the footsteps of Hoover, Youngblood, and the others.

Since their training at Ryan, we have become entangled in the war and for obvious reasons it is necessary that the school be moved. And so on the third anniversary of this school's beginning say Farewell to California.

51 74

BASIC

51 74 *